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THE
MONTHLY LEDGER,

OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY:

TO CONTAIN

Philosophical, Historical, Biographical,
and Moral, Essays,

With ANECDOTES of LITERATURE,

Carefully selected from periodical Publications, and other
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and modern:

Together with interesting

Articles of Intelligence, foreign and domestic,

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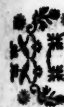
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THE
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THE INTRODUCTION.



N every important undertaking, much, very much, depends on beginning well. When a traveller takes the wrong path, in his first setting out, the mistake, when discovered, is peculiarly discouraging, and, finding himself embarrassed, he may attempt, too late, to correct an error which he should have guarded against in his commencement. It may be easier, with care and attention, to pursue our proper road, than after having made an early inadvertent digression from it to return into it again. The task is not only difficult, but it is with regret that we tread back those steps which we have trod in vain. The path of virtue is the path of peace; in that only we can travel with safety, or rationally hope to enjoy permanent pleasures. Innumerable by-paths diverge in different directions from the ways of wisdom, and many are unhappily betrayed into them; inflamed by passion, and attracted by flattering prospects, we are too easily diverted from the most interesting business of life; and, giving ourselves up to the extravagance of caprice,

THE INTRODUCTION.

caprice, indulge temporary gratifications at the expence of every virtue that gives real dignity to human nature.

I mean to begin this work as I intend to continue and end it; in advocating the cause of virtue, and in attempting to promote the essential interests of mankind. Of all employments that is the noblest and best. Its success may be precarious, its end may be defeated, but its reward is sure. But, when I reflect on the importance of the work, the execution of which I have engaged, at least, to attempt, and the weakness of the abilities which are to have the principal direction and superintendency of it, I am not without fears and doubts respecting the success of my enterprise. My feelings are similar to the man's, who is on the point of embarking on a tempestuous ocean, where many rocks and sands lie concealed beneath the surface of shallow water. I mean, however, to steer my course by the compass of virtue, and to keep a good look-out on every quarter. To present the public with a miscellaneous collection, adapted at once to please the imagination, inform the judgment, and enforce the obligations of virtue, is confessedly an arduous task. But, as to regulate the passions and render them subservient to virtue, is the grand business of life, it is a business I mean to promote among my readers, and not neglect in myself; and I am encouraged by a hope, fondly cherished at heart. that, by my own assiduity and the occasional aid derived from superior abilities, I shall be able to proceed in a manner that may bring no discredit on myself, nor any on my friends, who so freely gave in their names to countenance my attempt and promote the declared end of this publication. My principal wish is to inform all my readers, and it will give me pain to offend any of them, and should I fail in the execution of my plan, they shall have no just occasion to charge me with ingratitude or neglect.

A principal part of this work is to consist of pieces selected from authors in the several walks of science, with whose writings most of the learned are well acquainted; many things therefore, in the Monthly Ledger, which will be recommended by the grace of novelty and convey information to the generality of readers, especially the youth, will make no addition to the stock of knowledge already possessed by the literati; though this class may sometimes meet with fresh accounts of improvements made in the sciences, as well as derive pleasure from occasionally seeing the essence of large volumes comprised in a few pages, with some of the scattered interesting fragments of erudition, collected from the obscure recesses of libraries where they have long lain mouldering,

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in manuscript; and other useful extracts and anecdotes taken from the rude mass of letters.

I have no design of making a review of all new publications, but shall occasionally make extracts from some of both new and old, and recommend such as appear to me to be worthy of note, and contain useful intelligence.

In looking over the list of subscribers to this work, I find it made up of names that will do me credit with the public; and, amongst the rest, many of the literati, whose abilities, employed in a leisure hour, would do credit to the work itself, and might be of lasting benefit to mankind. The man, who, from a laudable motive of doing good, contributes his part to the common stock of virtue and useful science, will, on a review of his works, in the evening of life, derive a pleasing sensation from the testimony of his own conscience, and may reasonably hope, that, when death shall put an end to all his labours under the sun, his honest, though feeble, attempts to promote the rectitude and happiness of society, will be rewarded by his Maker. The correspondence of such men, among the learned and ingenious of every denomination, on any interesting subjects, will be highly acceptable and gratefully acknowledged; but it is not my design to make the Monthly Ledger a repository of obscene, sceptical, irreligious essays, memoirs, and anecdotes; nor of the extravagant productions of a mistaken zeal; at the same time not to exclude pieces decently wrote and evidently tending to advance the cause of general piety and virtue, nor others adapted to inspire innocent cheerfulness: there is a species of pleasantry which the chastest virtue may be allowed occasionally to indulge without offence, and pieces in prose or verse, calculated to excite that species of pleasantry, will be readily admitted; but suffer me to suggest to my readers, if in common conversation we should be on our guard, and watch the door of our lips that we offend not with our tongues, or suffer any word to escape from them that may be offensive to virtue, we should be still more cautious in our literary compositions, designed to be uttered to the world from the press. Verbal errors and inad-vertences, published only within the narrow circle of our acquaintance, are cognisable but by a few, make less impression on them, and may sooner be forgot than those published to the world at large in print, which may be copied and diffused far and wide, and continue to operate as a poison among mankind in succeeding generations, long after their authors are dead and forgotten. Many of the learned, in the decline of life, when conscience resumed the seat she lost, have felt much from a review of their juvenile performances, abounding with
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witticisms, and ludicrous essays on serious and interesting subjects, made at the expence of wisdom and virtue, calculated to undermine the most rational hopes and religious principles of mankind, and to divert their attention from the only source of permanent felicity. The retrospect of the errors contained in their youthful lucubrations has been peculiarly painful, and they would, had it been possible, have expunged them from every record under heaven with their tears. Their morning errors, however, some of them attempted to cancel by a voluntary sacrifice of their talents at the shrine of virtue in the evening of life; it is to be hoped they quitted the mortal stage approved of God, and are numbered among the just. The late virtues of these men I consider as so many beacons, erected on the perilous coast of human life, to apprize succeeding voyagers of the rocks and shoals, where not a few have been irrecoverably lost, and themselves narrowly escaped perdition. The judicious Locke's last words to Collins are a memento worthy of being inscribed on every man's heart, and to be carried along with him in every stage of life. "*This world is a scene of vanity that soon passes away and affords no solid satisfaction but the consciousness of well doing and the hopes of another life. This is what I can say by experience, and what you will find when you come to make up your account.*"

From what I have already said, the admirers of obscene songs and prints, and the lovers of galantry and intrigue, will expect to find nothing in the Monthly Ledger adapted to their taste. It is not for such I design my publication. I mean to point out to my readers the happy medium that lies between the dull apartments of a convent, and the house of riot and debauchery. In the former, the mistaken devotee, a solitary useless figure, sequestered from society, pines away his days in the exercise of numerous austerities and superstitious rites, imagining that he cannot please God without afflicting himself, or be happy in the next world without making himself miserable in this. The latter, a deluded rake, sacrifices health and peace in nocturnal revellings and debaucheries, and, while he boasts of enjoying life, is incapable of relishing its most valuable blessings, nor has a taste for pleasures which the wise and worthy prefer to all others, "*The soul's calm sun-shine and the heart-felt joy.*"

On the origin of LETTERS, from W. MASSEY'S *Essay*.
Printed 1763.

THE invention of letters (and their various combinations in the forming of words, in any language *) has something so ingenious and wonderful in it, that most, who have *ex professo* treated thereof, can hardly forbear attributing it to a divine original. Indeed, if we consider of what vast and even daily service it is to mankind, I think it must be allowed to be one of the greatest and most surprizing discoveries that ever was known in the world. We all know of what general use the art of writing is in trade, in contracts of every kind; in preserving, improving, and propagating learning and knowledge; in communicating our sentiments to, and corresponding with, our friends or others, at any distance, whither letters can be conveyed; and, in fine, by the means of writing, as the most valuable of all its advantages, we have a code or system of divine laws, useful history, indisputable revelations, and moral instructions and precepts, as a constant directory for our conduct in our course through this probationary state of life to a happy eternity.

Writing, in the most ancient language we know of, is called דִּקְדֻק *Dikduk*, which we are told signifies a subtle invention.

We may reasonably conclude that the use of letters was little known in Adam's time, though he lived 930 years, for we have no certainty that he committed any thing to writing; we have no authentic record or register of any epistles written, or messages sent, or contracts made, in any form of characters, for the first thousand years after the creation of the world. I find no intimation of the use of letters in the Holy Scriptures, till the time of the children of Israel's sojourning in the wilderness of Sinai. Josephus indeed tells us that Abraham, when he went to sojourn in Egypt, there taught the Egyptians arithmetic and astronomy; which, if true, doubtless puts it beyond all dispute, that writing was in use in his time; for it cannot well be supposed, that he could teach them those two sciences merely by oral instructions, without the intervention and assistance of letters. The same author intimates, that Abraham brought those sciences with him from Chaldea, and consequently

* Robert More tells us, that the various combinations of twenty-four letters, and none of them twice repeated, will amount to 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000; this is indeed a most surprizing number, and a laborious task it was in that author to investigate it.

frequently that they were in vogue in that country before Abraham was born; but how long we cannot determine.

The ingenious author of *Spéclacle de la Nature* forms an hypothesis upon this subject which has an air of probability; he goes no higher for the invention of writing; than the time when the sons, or immediate descendants of Noah, seated themselves in the wide plains of Chaldea (which in holy writ is called Shinar) after the confusion of languages at Babel.

This hypothesis is strengthened by what Josephus says of Abraham's bringing the science of arithmetic and astronomy with him from Chaldea, and instructing the Egyptians therein; so that, from this supposition, the inhabitants of Chaldea are made the first inventors of letters not long after Noah's flood. But, however plausible this hypothesis may appear, there will always be a strong presumption against it; in that we find not any footsteps or intimations of the use of writing, during that period of time, in the Mosaic records; which are by much the oldest and most authentic of any now extant. Let the art of writing however begin when it will, without doubt the first essays were rude and irregular; and it is generally agreed, that it was first set forth in hieroglyphics or symbols. Hieroglyphics is originally a Greek word; and, in the primitive signification thereof, denotes those figures or images, made use of by the ancient Egyptians, to express the principal dogmata of their religion and moral science. These were at first usually engraved upon great stones or obelisks. Doubtless other nations practised the same in the beginning of writing, but are not so much noticed as the Egyptians, who maintained a set of priests or learned men amongst them to cultivate and improve that science.

Augustine Calmet, in his dictionary of the bible, under the article of *lettres*, has the following paragraph, which I shall recite as relative to and corroborating the argument I have been advancing. "We are assured, says he, that the Egyptian writing, at the first, was merely hieroglyphical; the figures of animals, and other things graven upon stones or painted upon wood; by the means of which they preserved the memory of grand events." That way of writing is perhaps the most ancient of any in the world; we still see many specimens of it remaining upon obelisks and marbles brought from Egypt.

I am not ignorant that some writers, of great fame and antiquity, ascribe the invention of letters to the Egyptians. Tully makes *Hermes*, or the 5th Mercury, whom, he says, the Egyptians call *Thoth*, the first inventor of letters and laws amongst them. Others call this *Thoth* by the name

of Hermes Trismegistus, but are not agreed about the time in which he lived. *Diodorus Siculus* tells us likewise, that this Mercury invented the first characters of writing, gave names to many useful things, and taught men the first rudiments of astronomy. *Plato* also, in his *Phædon*, introduces *Socrates* speaking to the same purpose; and, amongst other things, attributes to *Theuth* (as he there calls him) the invention of letters. But, as we are not informed what language he wrote in, nor what characters he made use of, nor of any other circumstances of the fact, it seems to be only a traditionary story, and therefore not of sufficient authority to set aside the prior claim that is granted to the *Hebrew* or *Samaritan* character. The *Chinese*, indeed, ascribe the invention of letters to *Fohi*, the first of their kings, who is said to have reigned in the times of the patriarchs, *Eber* and *Peleg*, which was 600 years before *Moses* was born; but, as the history of *Fohi*, as well as much of the *Chinese* chronology, is esteemed by good judges to be fabulous, we cannot set the invention of the *Chinese* writing in competition with that in which the books of *Moses* were composed: so that, upon the whole, I cannot find but that the square *Hebrew* character, or that which is now called the *Samaritan*, is of the greatest antiquity of any that has yet been discovered.

The next things I propose to enquire into are, What materials men at first made trials of writing upon? with what instruments or pens? and with what sort of characters? The most obvious materials, that would naturally present themselves to the minds of the inventors of letters, seem to be, in my opinion, stone, wood, and metals; and, while writing was only hieroglyphic, or symbolic, those materials might answer the purpose.

The curious may see a copy of a letter written, or rather engraven, on plates of stone, which *Themistocles*, the Athenian general, sent to the Ionians, in *Herodotus*, lib. viii. cap. 22. Writing upon stone, even in a common affair, is so late as since the return of the Jews from their Babylonish captivity, not 500 years before the birth of Christ; but wood seems to have been the most convenient; and the most ancient books among the Romans were called *Tabulæ*, because they were composed of thin pieces of wood, or boards finely sliced. *Plutarch* and *Diogenes Laertius* inform us, that *Solon's* laws were inscribed on tables of wood; and *Solon* flourished about 600 years before the birth of Christ, in the time of the prophet *Ezekiel*; but, in his time, books among the Jews were written upon rolls of parchment, probably, as appears from that prophet's own testimony; and we are told by *Pausanias*, in

Hesiod on lead

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On the origin of Letters.

his Boeotica, that Hesiod's works were written on lead, and preserved till his time, though much defaced, by the inhabitants of the plain near Helicon.

We have a late discovery of writing upon lead, no longer ago than in the year 304, if the account I am going to give of it be true, and may be depended on. *In a stone chest, the acts of the council of Illiberus, held anno 304, were found at Granada in Spain; they are written or engraved on plates of lead, in Gothic characters, and are now translating into Spanish.*—Gent. Mag. July, 1757.

Pausanias likewise tells us in his *Messenica*, that *Epiteles* dug up out of the earth a brass vessel or urn, which he carried to *Epaminondas*, (about 350 or 360 years before Christ,) in which there was a fine plate of lead or tin, rolled up in the form of a book, on which were written the rites and ceremonies of the great reputed goddesses.

Sepher, which is the Hebrew name for a book, comes from a root that signifies to rehearse or tell, and thereby seems to have relation only to the subject or contents of what is written; the design of writing being to rehearse or tell what we would say by word of mouth. But *Biblos*, the Greek name for a book, is so called from the matter that books were made of; for *Biblos* is an Egyptian plant, on the rind of which, being drawn into the form of leaves and nicely dried, men were a long time accustomed to write; it was also more commonly called *papyrus*, from whence the name of paper is derived in several languages: this is mentioned by *Lucan* in the 3d book of his *Pharſalia*.

*Nondum flumineas Memphis contexere biblos
Noverat; & saxis tantum volucresque feraeque
Sculptaque servabant magicas animalia linguas.*

Which is thus englished by *Rowe*:

Then Memphis, ere the reedy leaf was known,
Engrav'd her precepts and her arts on stone;
While animals, in various order plac'd,
The learned hieroglyphic column grac'd.

Liber likewise, in Latin, denotes the inner bark or rind of any tree, which was used for the same purpose as the *papyrus*; and so the Romans gave the general appellation of *libri* to books. Nay, our English word *book* is supposed to be taken originally from *bocce*; which, as we are informed, in some northern languages, signifies a *beech tree*; and of which, being cut into thin plates, the ancients made their *pugillares*, or *table books*;

books; from hence it appears, that the parts of vegetables were, for a long while, the most common materials for the use of writing; and that, in general, books, and leaves, the part thereof, took their names from *plants* or *trees* in many languages, excepting the Hebrew name *Sepher*.

The instruments, that men first made use of to write withal, were suited, no doubt, to the materials they then wrote upon, which in all likelihood were stone or metals; but in after times, when writing began to be common on tables of wood, covered over with coloured wax, they made use of a sort of bodkin, made of iron, or brass, or bone, which in Latin is called *Stylus*, and in Greek *νεαφειον*, which word was also adopted by the Romans. As to the form of the stile, it was made sharp, like a pointed needle at one end to write withal, and the other end blunt and broad, to scratch out what was written and not approved of, to be amended; so that *vertere stylum*, i. e. to turn the style, signifies in Latin to blot out.

When softer materials than wood or metals began to be written upon, such as the inner rind of trees (especially of the *tilia* or linden tree) and the leaves of palm trees or mallows; or skins, or parchment; or paper made of the Egyptian bulrush; or lastly, paper made of rags; other sorts of instruments were found out and fitted to write withal; of which reeds seem to be the first. Pliny says, the Egyptian *calamus* or reed, as a near relation to their sort of paper, served for that purpose; which, with those reeds that grew near Cnidus, a promontory of Caria, was most in esteem. The *καλαμοι*, or *arundines*, of which frequent mention is made in the Greek and Latin writers, were the pens of the ancients: afterwards *quills*, taken from the wings of *geese*, *ravens*, *turkies*, *peacocks*, and other birds and fowls, were made into pens for the service of writing. Isidorus Hispalensis, who lived about the middle of the seventh century, is the first that I have met with who used the word *penna* for a writing pen. Pens, made of quills, were in use at that time, but how long before I cannot say; however, table books were not then wholly laid aside; for Chaucer, in his *Sompners Tales*, mentions them and the stile, with which they use to write in them, by the name of a *pointel*.

Let me observe here, that wherever the word *pen* occurs in our English translation of the Old and New Testament, we must not understand it of a pen made of a quill, but of an *iron style* or *reed*; for though our name *pen* be derived from the Latin *penna*, yet this latter is never used for a pen to write with, in the Roman classics.

The ink, which the ancients wrote with, was of various kinds in the composition and colours, as we have it now, Black, as at present, was the most common. Pliny says, that the Romans made their ink of foot, taken from furnaces or baths. Some also wrote with the black liquid that is found in the *sepia* or cuttle-fish. Dalechamp, in a note upon the aforesaid chapter of Pliny, observes, that the northern nations (I do not know which he means by that term) write very well with the said liquid, by adding a little alum to it.

On the origin of PRINTING.

THE Chinese look upon themselves as the wisest people upon the face of the earth, wherefore they pretend that they see with two eyes, and all other nations with but one. They would have it thought, that the most famous inventions, made known unto Europeans, have been no strangers to them for a great number of ages. They affirm, that the art of printing has been used amongst them above 1700 years, but their mode is different from Europeans, for their letters are engraven on wood. The author gives his transcript to the graver, who makes his tables of the same with the sheets that are given him, and pasting the leaves upon the table, with the wrong side outwards, he engraves the letters as he finds them, with much facility and exactness. Their wooden tables are made of the best pear-tree; so that any work which they print remains always entire in the print of the table, to be reprinted as often as they please without any fresh expence for setting the press.

The invention of the art of printing, Peter Namus attributes to John Faust, a Moguntine; telling us, that he had, in his keeping, a copy of Tully's Offices printed upon parchment, with this inscription added to the end of it; viz. The excellent works of Marcus Tullius, I, John Faust, a citizen of Mentz, happily imprinted, not with writing ink, or brass pen, but with an excellent art, by the help of Peter Gernesham, my servant; finished it was in the year 1466, the fourth of February. Pasquier saith, that this book came to his hands, and that one of the same impression was to be seen in the public library of Ausburg; another in Emanuel College at Cambridge; and a fifth Dr. Hakewell saith he saw in the public library at Oxford, though with some little difference in the inscription. Yet Polydore Virgil, from the report of the Moguntines themselves, affirms, that John Gutenburge, a knight,

knight, dwelling at Mentz, was the first inventor of this art, anno 1440; to which divers learned persons agree; and that Faust, taking it from him, made proof thereof in printing a book. Junius says, it was the invention of Lawrence Jans, a citizen of Harlem, in the Low-countries, with whom Thomas Peters, a kinsman of his, joined in perfecting it; and that John Faust stole his letters and fled with them, first to Amderstam, then to Collen, and afterwards to Mentz; but it is indisputable, that the art was brought into England by W. Caxton of London, mercer, anno 1471.

The recuyell of the Historyes of Troye, composed and drawn out of dyuerse bookes of Latyn into Frenshe, by Raoul le Fleure, preest and chapelayn to Phelip Duc of Bourgoyne, of Brabande, &c. in the yere 1464; and drawn out of Frenshe into Englishe by William Caxton, mercer, of the cyte of London, at the commandement of Margarete, dutchesse of Bourgoyne, &c. whiche said translacon and werke was begonne in Brugis 1468, and ended and fynysht in the holy cyte of Colen, 19 Sept. a thoulande foure hundrede sixty ande enleven, 1471. That this was the first book printed in English, may be gathered from what the translator and printer, Caxton, says in the conclusion. Because I have promysid to dyverce gentilmen, and to my frendes, to addresse to hem as hastily as I myght, this sayde book; therefore I have pratyfied and lerned, at my grete charge and dispense, to ordeyne this said book in prynte, after the maner and forme as ye may here see; and is not wreten with penne and ynke as other bokes ben, to thende that every man have them attones, for all the bookes of thys storye were begonne in oon day, and also fynysht in oon day.

This book sold lately, at West's sale, for 32l. 11s.

On LANGUAGE, from L. TEMPLE's Essays.

ALMOST every one that can read pretends to judge of the author's stile, as it is called, but how few are there who really know good language from bad! even the best judges are sometimes divided in their opinions, for want, it would seem, of a common standard, by which the merits of different languages, as well as of different writers in the same languages, might be compared. If I was to reduce my own private idea of the best language to a definition, I should call it the shortest, clearest, and easiest way of expressing one's thoughts by the most

most harmonious arrangement of the best chosen words both for meaning and sound. The best language is strong and expressive, without stiffness or affectation; short and concise, without being either obscure or ambiguous; and easy flowing, without one undetermined or superfluous word: it may perhaps be questioned, whether this definition of the best language includes the variety that different subjects and different purposes require.

The prophet expresses the damage done by the locusts, in a fruitful country, in the following terms:

The land before them was as the garden of Eden, and behind them a desolate wilderness. But he might have said, that they came into a very fruitful country, and left nothing green upon the ground.

It is apprehended that both these are equally short and clear, and that the principal difference is not in any harmony arising from the arrangement of the words, or in the sound of the words themselves; yet there is a force in the expression of the former which the other wants; both of them are understood, but only one of them is felt. More, therefore, is sometimes necessary to the best language, than mere shortness, clearness, and harmonious arrangement; these indeed seem to be sufficient for mere instruction, and more than these would be ridiculous, when the subject is light or trivial: but surely a man may express his thoughts with the utmost brevity and clearness, and make a judicious choice and arrangement of the words which thus briefly and clearly express them, without exhausting the stores of eloquence, or producing the utmost effect of rhetoric on the mind. The best language is that best adapted to the purpose of the speaker; and that which is the best language to inform, is not the best to affect or persuade.

Of two sentences, equally short, clear, and harmonious, relating the same event, or offering the same truth to the mind, one may impress it, which would produce great effects, and the other none; of which are numerous instances. It must, however, be always remembered, that affectation is worse than mere defect, and that awkward finery of every kind, is equally ridiculous and disgusting.

To these observations of L. Temple's, let me subjoin a few made by the bishop of Gloucester, in vindication of the stile of the apostles against Shafsbury.

Eloquence is not congenial or essential to human speech, nor is there any archetype in nature to which that quality refers: it is accidental and arbitrary, and depends on custom and fashion: it is a mode of human communication which changes with the changing climates of the earth; and is as
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various and unstable as the genius, temper, and manners of its diversified inhabitants; for what is purity but the use of such terms with their multiplied combinations, as the interest, the complexions, or the caprice of a writer or speaker of authority hath preferred to its equals? What is elegance, but such a turn of idiom as a fashionable fancy hath brought into repute? and what is sublimity, but the application of such images, as arbitrary or casual connections, rather than their own native grandeur, have dignified and ennobled? Now eloquence is a compound of these three qualities of speech, and consequently must be as nominal as its constituents; so that that mode of composition, which is a model of perfect eloquence to one nation or people, must appear extravagant or mean to another; and thus in fact it was; Indian and Asiatic eloquence were esteemed hyperbolic, unnatural, abrupt, and puerile to the more phlegmatic inhabitants of Rome and Athens; and the western eloquence, in its turn, appeared nerveless and effeminate, frigid or insipid, to the hardy and inflamed imaginations of the east: nay, what is more, each species, even of the most approved genus, changed its nature with the change of clime and language; and the same expressions which in one place had the utmost simplicity, had in another the utmost sublime.

Had it been necessary that the illiterate apostles should have been inspired with eloquence, of what genus ought it to have been? the eastern eloquence would have been too inflated and gigantic for the west; the western would have been too cold and torpid for the east; or suppose the genera of the more polished nations was to be preferred, which species of it would be best; the rich exuberance of Asiatic Greeks, or the dry conciseness of the Spartans? the pure and poignant ease and flowing sweetness of the Attic modulation, or the strength and grave severity of the Roman tone? or should all give way to that African torrent which arose from the fermented dregs of Greece and Italy, and soon after overflowed the church with theological conceits in a sparkling luxuriance of thought, and a sonorous rankness of expression? Thus various were the species! all as much decry'd by a different genus, and each as much disliked by a different species, as the eloquence of the remotest east and west by another.

What is eloquence, but a persuasive turn given to the elocution to supply that inward, that conscious persuasion of the speaker, so necessary to gain a fair hearing? But the first preachers of the gospel did not want a succedaneum to that inward conscious persuasion! and what is the end of eloquence, even when it extends no farther than to those mere general principles,

principles, but to stifle reason and inflame the passions? but the propagation of Christian truths indispenfibly requires the aid of reason, and requires no other human aid, and reason can never be fairly and vigorously exerted, but in that favourable interval which precedes the appeal to the passions.

The judges of Areopagus forbid the advocates to make use of deceitful words and figures, and would never hear them but in a dark place, lest their agreeable gestures should persuade them in prejudice of truth and justice; and lastly, that they might employ themselves the better to consider the solidity of their reasons.

From the MONTHLY REVIEW.

A Tour through Sicily and Malta. In a series of Letters to William Beckford, Esq. of Somerly in Suffolk, from P. Brydone, F. R. S. 8vo. 2 vols. 12 s. Cadell. 1773.

WITHIN a few years past, the public hath been favoured with various relations of the travels of men of sense and observation, which are always acceptable communications: they never fail to prove extremely entertaining, and they will generally be found to be as useful as they are agreeable.

Of this happy cast are the travels of captain Brydone; whose letters prove him at once the gentleman, the scholar, and the man of science; a rational observer, a philosophical enquirer, and a polite and pleasing companion. His style is natural and easy, his language free and flowing (though not always correct), and his manner cheerful and lively; yet properly varied to suit the several subjects, whether gay or serious, as they occur in the course of the traveller's adventures.

The Author, as we collect from one or two very slight intimations, *en passant*, in certain parts of the Tour, has travelled in the character of governor to some young man of fashion; whose friends seem to have made a happy choice in the person whom they entrusted with so important a charge as that of guarding the morals and forming the manners of youth, in the most delicate and difficult situations and circumstances. The detail of the Tour commences at Naples; from whence the first letter is dated, on the 14th of May, 1770.

We have often heard great encomiums on the air of Naples; with which our Author's account of that climate does not well correspond;

correspond ; but we are inclined to credit Mr. B. who can have no motive to conceal or disguise the truth ; and who, residing there in full health himself, could not be under the influence, or capricious power, of Fancy ; to whose dominion the valetudinary traveller is generally subject.

‘ I am persuaded, says Mr. B. that our medical people are under great mistakes with regard to this climate. It is certainly one of the warmest in Italy ; but it is as certainly one of the most inconstant ; and from what we have observed, generally disagrees with the greatest part of our valetudinarians ; but more particularly with the gouty people, who all found themselves better at Rome ; which, though much colder in winter, is, I believe, a healthier climate. Naples to be sure, is more eligible in summer, as the air is constantly refreshed by the sea breeze, when Rome is often scorched by the most insupportable heat. Last summer, Farenheit’s thermometer never rose higher at Naples than 76. At Rome it was at 89. The difference is often still more considerable. In winter it is not less remarkable. Here, our greatest degree of cold was in the end of January ; the thermometer stood at 36 ; at Rome it fell to 27 ; so that the difference of the two extremes of heat and cold last year at Naples was only 40 degrees ; whereas at Rome it was no less than 62. Yet, by all accounts, their winter was much more agreeable and healthy than ours : for they had clear frosty weather, whilst we were deluged with perpetual rains, accompanied with exceeding high wind. The people here assure us, that in some seasons it has rained constantly every day for six or seven weeks. But the most disagreeable part of the Neapolitan climate is the sirocco or south-east wind, which is very common at this season of the year : it is infinitely more relaxing, and gives the vapours in a much stronger degree, than the worst of our rainy Novembers. It has now blown for these seven days without intermission ; and has indeed blown away all our gaiety and spirits ; and if it continues much longer, I do not know what may be the consequence. It gives a degree of lassitude, both to the body and mind, that renders them absolutely incapable of performing their usual functions. And the natives themselves do not suffer less than strangers.’

A reflecting mind, like Mr. Brydone’s, could not but be struck with the melancholy change which this fine part of Italy hath experienced since the times of its ancient splendor and happiness.

‘ The whole coast that surrounds the beautiful bay of Naples, particularly that near Puzzoli, Cuma, Micenum, and Baia, he observes, is covered over with innumerable monuments

ments of Roman magnificence. But, alas ! how are the mighty fallen ! This delightful coast, that was once the garden of all Italy, and inhabited only by the rich, the gay, and luxurious, is now abandoned to the poorest and most miserable of mortals. Perhaps, there is no spot on the globe, that has undergone so perfect a change ; or that can exhibit so striking a picture of the vanity of human grandeur. Those very walls that once lodged a Cæsar, a Lucullus, an Anthony, the richest and most voluptuous of mankind, are now occupied by the most indigent wretches on earth, who are actually starving for want in those very apartments that were the scenes of the most unheard-of luxury ; where we are told that suppers were frequently given, that cost fifty thousand pounds ; and some, that even amounted to double that sum : a degree of magnificence that we have *now difficulty* to form any idea of. The luxury of Baia was so great, that it became a proverb, even amongst the luxuriant Romans themselves. And, at Rome, we often find them upbraiding, with effeminacy and epicurism, those who spent much of their time in this scene of delights.—Clodius throws it into Cicero's teeth more than once : and that orator's having purchased a villa here hurt him not a little in the opinion of the graver and more austere part of the senate. The walls of these palaces still remain ; and the poor peasants, in some places, have built up their miserable huts within them ; but, at present, there is not one gentleman of fashion, that resides in any part of this country ; the former state of which, compared with the present, certainly makes the most striking contrast imaginable.—

'The bay is of a circular figure ; in most places upwards of 20 miles in diameter ; so that including all its breaks and inequalities, the circumference is considerably more than 60 miles. The whole of this space is so wonderfully diversified, by all the riches both of art and nature, that there is scarce an object wanting to render the scene compleat ; and it is hard to say, whether the view is more pleasing from the singularity of many of these objects, or from the incredible variety of the whole. You see an amazing mixture of the ancient and modern ; some rising to fame, and some sinking to ruin.—Palaces reared over the tops of other palaces, and ancient magnificence trampled under foot—by modern folly.—Mountains and islands, that were celebrated for their fertility, changed into barren wastes ; and barren wastes into fertile fields and rich vineyards. Mountains sunk into plains, and plains swelled into mountains. Lakes drunk up by volcanos, and extinguished volcanos turned into lakes. The earth still smoking in many places ; and in others throwing out flame.'

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The picture here drawn of the beautiful scenery which presents itself to the eye of the observer, from the middle of this celebrated bay, is quite enchanting.—The vessel in which our author had set sail, in order to depart for Sicily, was fortunately becalmed, in the midst of all these delightful objects; as though the wind had courteously fallen back on purpose to give the passengers time for contemplating the beauties around them.

The bay is shut out from the Mediterranean by the island of Caprè, so famous for the abode of Augustus; and afterwards so infamous for that of Tiberius. A little to the west lie those of Ischia, Procida, and Nisida; the celebrated promontory of Miconum, where Æneas landed; the classic fields of Baia, Cuma, and Puzzoli; with all the variety of scenery that formed both the Tartarus and Elysium of the ancients; the Campi Phlegei, or burning plains; the Monte Novo, formed of late years by fire; the Monte Barbara; the picturesque city of Puzzoli, with the Solfaterra smoking above it;—the beautiful promontory of Paufillipe, exhibiting the finest scenery that can be imagined; the great and opulent city of Naples, with its three castles, its harbour full of ships from every nation, its palaces, churches, and convents innumerable. The rich country from thence to Portici, covered with noble houses and gardens, and appearing only a continuation of the city. The palace of the king, with many others surrounding it, all built over the roofs of those of Herculaneum, buried near a hundred feet, by the eruptions of Vesuvius. The black fields of lava that have run from that mountain, intermixed with gardens, vineyards, and orchards. Vesuvius itself, in the back ground of the scene, discharging volumes of fire and smoke, and forming a broad track in the air over our heads, extending without being broken or dissipated to the utmost verge of the horizon. A variety of beautiful towns and villages, round the base of the mountain, thoughtless of the impending ruin that daily threatens them. Some of these are reared over the very roofs of Pompeia and Stabia, where Pliny perished; and with their foundations have pierced through the sacred abodes of the ancient Romans;—thousands of whom lie buried here, the victims of this inexorable mountain. Next follows the extensive and romantic coast of Castello Mare, Sorrentum, and Mola; diversified with every picturesque object in nature. It was the study of this wild and beautiful country that formed our greatest landscape-painters. This was the school of Poussin and Salvator Rosa, but most particularly of the last, who composed many of his most celebrated pieces from the bold craggy rocks that surround this coast; and no doubt it was from the daily contemplation of these romantic objects, that they stored

their minds with that variety of ideas they have communicated to the world with such elegance in their paintings.'

In describing his journey up mount *Ætna*, our curious traveller has many remarkable observations on the eruptions of that most ancient and venerable chief of volcanos. He takes particular notice of one vast stream of lava, six or seven miles broad, and of an enormous depth, which had flowed into the sea, driven its waves back for upwards of a mile, and had formed a large, black, high promontory, where before it was deep water. This lava, our author imagined, from its barrenness, (for it is, as yet, he says, covered with a very scanty soil) had run from the mountain but a few years ago; but he was surprised when signor Recupero, an ingenious ecclesiastic of Catania (who is writing the Natural History of *Ætna*) informed him that this very lava is mentioned by Diodorus Siculus to have burst from the volcano in the time of the second Punic war, when Syracuse was besieged by the Romans.

Another specimen of this performance, and that a very entertaining one, may be given from capt. B.'s description of his journey up to the summit of the wonderful mountain of *Ætna*.

It was on the 27th of May, at day-break, that the party formed by our author, his friends, their attendants, and guide, set out * on this laborious yet pleasing expedition.

The whole mountain is divided into three distinct regions, distinguished by the names of the fertile, the woody, and the barren; the first is the lower, the second the middle, and the third forms the upper part. They are as different, both in climate and productions, as the three zones of the earth; and perhaps might (as our traveller observes) with equal propriety, have been styled the *torrid*, the *temperate*, and the *frigid* zone.

The first region surrounds the foot of the mountain, and forms, on all sides of it, the most fertile country in the world, to the height of about fifteen miles, where the woody region begins. It is composed almost entirely of lava, which, after a great number of ages, is at last converted into the richest of all soils.

When they had travelled about twelve miles up the fertile, or cultivated region, they arrived at the village of Nicolosi, where they found the barometer at 27 : 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. At Catania it stood at 29 : 8 $\frac{1}{2}$. Although the former elevation is not supposed to exceed 3000 feet, yet the climate was totally changed. At Catania the harvest was entirely over, and the heat was insupportable;

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portable: here it was moderate, and the corn yet green. The fruit of this region, which is chequered with vineyards, orchards, and corn-fields, is reckoned the finest in Sicily; particularly the figs.

In abridging the narrative of this journey up the mountain, it is impossible for us not to injure it irreparably. Our narrow limits will oblige us to pass over a thousand curious particulars; to omit almost all the author's ingenious observations relating to the latent fires of this stupendous volcano, and to its various craters and eruptions; and to hasten, as fast as the nature of so difficult a march will allow, to the tremendous principal crater at the summit.—We must not, however, omit to observe, that this lower region of the great parent mountain is covered over with a multitude of lesser hills, every one of which is a volcano, and was originally formed by an eruption: our author thus accounts for them:

‘As the great crater of *Ætna* itself is raised to such an enormous height above the lower regions of the mountain, it is not possible, that the internal fire raging for a vent, even round the base, and no doubt vastly below it, should be carried to the height of twelve or thirteen thousand feet; for probably so high is the summit of *Ætna*. It has therefore generally happened, that after shaking the mountain and its neighbourhood for some time, it at last bursts open its sides, and this is called an eruption. At first it only sends forth a thick smoke and showers of ashes that lay waste the adjacent country: these are soon followed by red hot stones, and rocks of a great size, thrown to an immense height in the air. The fall of these stones, together with the quantities of ashes discharged at the same time, at last form the spherical and conical mountains I have mentioned. Sometimes this process is finished in the course of a few days, sometimes it lasts for months, which was the case in the great eruption 1663. In that case, the mountain formed is of a great size; some of these are not less than seven or eight miles round, and upwards of one thousand feet in perpendicular height; others of them are not more than two or three miles round, and three or four hundred feet high.

‘After this mountain is formed, the lava generally bursts out from the lower side of it; and bearing every thing before it, is for the most part terminated by the sea. This is the common process of an eruption; however, it sometimes happens, though rarely, that the lava bursts at once from the side of the mountain, without all these attending circumstances; and this is commonly the case with the eruptions of *Vesuvius*, where the elevation being so much smaller, the melted matter is generally carried into the crater of the mountain,

tain, which then exhibits the phænomena I have described, discharging showers of stones and ashes from the mouth of the volcano, without forming any new mountain, but only adding considerably to the height of the old one; till at last the lava, rising near the summit of the mountain, bursts the sides of the crater, and the eruption is declared. This has lately been the case with two eruptions I have been an attentive witness of in that mountain; but Ætna is upon an infinitely greater scale, and one crater is not enough to give vent to such oceans of fire.

Our author says he found a degree of wildness and ferocity in the inhabitants of Ætna, which he had not observed any where else. At Nicolosi, says he, 'the whole village stocked around us, and abused us exceedingly.' He gives several instances of their rudeness, and inhospitable treatment of strangers; but herein his account differs greatly from that of baron Riedesel, who performed the same tour about three years before Mr. Brydone; and of whose travels we have given an account in our Reviews for March and April last. The baron says, "the inhabitants round Ætna have not that ferocity of manners, nor are they *horrida aspecta*, as travellers describe them. I found good-natured, civil, and honest people, such as are to be met with in all places where few strangers resort, — and where men live in the original, simple state of Nature. — They are sincere, and willing to oblige; and the traveller finds the most good-natured men in these well-peopled villages." — How shall we account for this difference of representation? Each of our travellers has, no doubt, spoken of the people as he found them; and the difference was, probably, all owing to some accident. The truth is, perhaps, simply this, — the Ætneans are like the inhabitants of other countries, some individuals are more civilized in their manners, and behave better than their neighbours. Baron R. we suppose, met only with decent people, and capt. B. happened to fall in with a mob. — But it now time to pursue our journey.

Leaving Nicolosi, after travelling an hour and a half over barren ashes and lava, our traveller arrived at the *Regione Sylvestra*, or the temperate zone. 'So soon as we entered these *delightful forests*, we seemed to have got into another world. The air, which before was sultry and hot, was now cool and refreshing; and every breeze was loaded with a thousand perfumes, the whole ground being covered over with the richest aromatic plants. Many parts of this region are really the most heavenly spots upon earth; and if Ætna resembles hell within, it may with equal justice be said to resemble paradise without.

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It is indeed a curious consideration, that this mountain should reunite every beauty and every horror; and, in short, all the most opposite and dissimilar objects in nature. Here you observe a gulph, that formerly threw out torrents of fire and smoke, now covered with the most luxuriant vegetation; and from an object of terror, become one of delight. Here you gather the most delicious fruit, rising from what was but lately a black and barren rock. Here the ground is covered with every flower; and we wander over these beauties, and contemplate this wilderness of sweets, without considering that hell, with all its terrors, is immediately under our feet; and that but a few yards separate us from lakes of liquid fire and brimstone.

But our astonishment still increases, on casting our eyes on the higher regions of the mountain. There we behold, in perpetual union, the two elements that are at perpetual war; an immense gulph of fire, for ever existing in the midst of snows that it has not power to melt; and immense fields of snow and ice for ever surrounding this gulph of fire, which they have not power to extinguish.

The woody region of *Ætna* ascends for about eight or nine miles, and forms an exact zone or girdle, of the brightest green, all around the mountain. This night we passed through little more than the half of it; arriving some time before sunset at our lodging, which was no other than a large cave, formed by one of the most antient and venerable lavas. It is called *La Spelonca dal Capriolo*, or the goats cavern, because frequented by these animals; who take refuge there in bad weather.

Here we were delighted by the contemplation of many great and beautiful objects. The prospect on all sides is immense; and we already seem to be lifted up from the earth, and to have got into a new world.

Our cavern is surrounded by the most stately and majestic oaks; of the dry leaves of which, we make very comfortable beds; and with our hatchets, which we had brought on purpose, we cut down great branches, and, in a short time, had a fire large enough to roast an ox. I observed my thermometer, and found, from 71 at Nicolosi, it had now fallen below 60. The barometer stood at 24: 2. In one end of our cave we still found a great quantity of snow, which seemed to be sent there on purpose for us, as there was no water to be found. With this we filled our tea-kettle, as tea and bread and butter was the only supper we had provided; and probably the *best one* to prevent us from being overcome with sleep or fatigue.

Not a great way from this cavern, there are two of the most beautiful mountains of all that immense number that spring from

from Ætna. I mounted one of our best mules, and with a good deal of difficulty arrived at the summit of the highest of these, just a little before sun-set. The prospect of Sicily, with the surrounding sea and all its islands, was wonderfully noble. The whole course of the river Semetus, the ruins of Hybla, and several other ancient towns; the rich corn fields and vineyards on the lower region of the mountain, and the amazing quantity of beautiful mountains below, made a delightful scene. The hollow craters of these two mountains are each of them considerably larger than that of Vesuvius. They are now filled with stately oaks, and covered to a great depth with the richest soil. I observed that this region of Ætna, like the former, is composed of lava; but this is now covered so deep with earth, that it is no where to be seen, but in the beds of the torrents. In many of these it is worn down by the water to the depth of fifty or sixty feet, and in one of them still considerably more.—What an idea does not this give of the amazing antiquity of the eruptions of this mountain!

‘So soon as it was dark we retired to our cave, and took possession of our bed of leaves.’

Here, bidding our weary travellers good night, we leave them to their comfortable repose, at their *half-way house* in the clouds; where we propose to call on them in our next excursion, and to accompany them to the *top* of their journey.

From the MONTHLY REVIEW.

An Essay on the Causes of the present high Price of Provisions, as connected with Luxury, Currency, Taxes, and National Debt.
8vo. 1 s. 6d. Dilly. 1773.

AS the increased price of provisions has been an evil severely felt by every person whose income is not affluent, many political pens have been exercised in pointing out the causes of so general a subject of complaint; though few have extended their enquiries beyond the circumstances that attend the raising of, and traffic in, the necessaries of life. The writer now before us is, however, not content with the short-sighted outcries against monopolizing and forestalling; he has endeavoured to trace the obvious effects up to their latent causes, and to shew that the dearness of provisions *naturally* results from the present political and moral situation of this much altered country.

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He premises, ' that the price of provisions depends upon the following things; the quantity brought to market; the extent of the demand; and the state of our currency, taxes, and national debt.' He considers each of these in their order.

A succession of bad crops, he observes, has been complained of, but when the rates of provisions are altered from this cause, the farmer can ill afford an advance of rent: if then the rise of rents keeps pace with the price of provisions, the advancement in price is not owing to bad crops. As little does it appear to be owing to the indolence of great farmers in laying down arable land into grass fields; rents, he says, have been raised nearly in the same proportion in places where the sizes of farms have not been altered, as in those places where this change has taken place. As to the laying down fields into grass, farmers being influenced by the same motives that actuate other men, they have been induced to it by the advanced price of cattle; and while they find their advantage in this, it is vain to expect them to alter their plan.

From the author's reasoning on this part of the argument, as well as from some peculiarities of phrase, we gather that he writes from Scotland; and many of his illustrations are drawn from the practice of husbandry there. In Scotland, it seems, they change their lands alternately from grass to tillage, a method by which it produces as much corn as if the whole was always kept in tillage; so that the product of grass is to be looked upon as clear gain: though he admits that where land is kept perpetually in grass, the old grass raises cattle to a higher and more delicate degree of fatness. It seems indeed from this part of the argument that the consumption of the nation requiring a certain proportion of corn land, and the rest for grazing, if this proportion is altered, it will cause a corresponding alteration in the prices of corn and butcher's meat; the one rising and the other falling, as the alteration takes place; a circumstance that tends to maintain the proper equilibrium between them, unless a bias is given in favour of grazing, by breeding too great a number of horses,—as injudicious an article of foreign trade as of internal luxury.

He clearly exposes the prejudice that accuses the farmer of keeping his grain by him, till an exorbitant price tempts him to sell it. This the majority of farmers cannot do; nor can any power the have of keeping up their grain ever be misapplied in a general view. By bringing the corn to market gradually, they may do good to the country; but it is ridiculous to suppose they can do hurt. ' By keeping up their corn in years of plenty, they may indeed prevent the price from falling so low, as it would do if the whole of it should be brought to market; but

then the consequence of this conduct is, that in times of scarcity there is a larger quantity of corn brought to market, and thereby the price is prevented from being raised so high as otherwise it would be.' To this it may be added, that the interest of the farmer and that of the public coincide. Were the farmers to empty their barns into the markets precipitately, the price would fall so low as to ruin them; the corn would be drained out of the nation; and must afterwards be brought back again at any price to keep us from starving. Our farmers indeed ill deserve the reproaches cast on them at critical times by minor politicians.

The question then still remains to be settled, why provisions rise in their prices? We shall derive little satisfaction from the resolution. One reason is, that though we are told the number of people decreases, we find the consumption of food increases! 'That the inhabitants of this kingdom have of late years changed their way of living in a very remarkable manner, and greatly increased in luxury, is a truth of which every person, who has lived any time in it, must be sensible. Let us compare the way of living at present with what persons not very old may remember, and we must observe a remarkable difference. If we take a view of our markets for butcher-meat, &c. we will find, that, in the course of twenty or thirty years, the quantities in some places have been doubled, in others tripled, without any decrease in the places that have gone most to decay. If we enquire into the nature of the dishes placed upon the tables of our great people, we will find, that of the meat, which some time ago appeared in its natural form, nothing is now presented but its essence, in soups, sauces, and gravies, while the meat itself is thrown into the kennel. If we take a view of the tables of the principal inhabitants in our cities and towns, we find a proportional waste of provision; and if we attend to the manner of living amongst the lower class, we find many families living now chiefly upon animal food, that formerly seldom tasted it except on holy-days.

'There is as great a change in the equipages as in the tables of men. In stations in which men commonly walked a-foot, many now keep riding horses, some carriages, and even some both of these. Besides what an additional number of horses is used for chaises, and the other machines, every where now employed for the conveniency of travellers; and what an additional number is used for carriages to our additional buildings and other works, the effects of luxury and taste. Every person is sensible of these things, but every person does not consider the effect that all of them must have upon the price of provisions.' To this our author adds,—'The gentlemen therefore, in

in cities and towns, need not look into the country among the land-holders and farmers for the cause of the present high price of provisions. Let them attend to the change in their own way of living, from that of persons in their stations formerly, and they will not find it a difficult matter to account for the change, of which they so loudly complain. Perhaps these gentlemen may say, that they are more considerable merchants and manufacturers than their fathers; that they deal to a greater extent, and that therefore, from their additional incomes, they can afford to live better than they. This may be a very good reason for their behaviour, but it is nothing to the present purpose; for, if there is an additional consumption, and, in consequence of this, an additional demand, it is no matter whether or not the persons that make this demand have a just title to do it; the effect is the same, by it the price of provision must be raised.*

The writer next enquires into the state of our currency, and the operation of banks, not only in affording easy access to money, but in augmenting the nominal currency of the nation, the circulation of their bills extending in proportion to our national debt and taxes: on which account he accuses them of aiding the progress of luxury, and, in course, of enhancing the price of provisions. This is a curious part of the pamphlet, and well worthy of attention.

Taxes, as connected with our currency, are also connected with the prices of commodities. 'In the payment of taxes, says our author, no man is a patriot; every man endeavours to evade them, or to oblige others to reimburse him what he pays.' Hence 'prices are raised in rotation, and at last come to the manufacturer where the rise began; who, in consequence of this, if it is in his power, begins another rise, which every person will endeavour to push round in the same manner: so that a heavy tax naturally raises the price of commodities gradually, till they are fixed in such a state as to make all persons concerned bear a just proportion of it.' After attending to the operation of these clearly stated facts, can any one be at a loss to assign a reason why all necessaries are still advancing in price?

Our author proposes some wholesome regulations; but for these we must refer to the pamphlet, which is one of the most pertinent and comprehensive that hath appeared on this interesting subject, since that which was published some years ago, by Mr. Soame Jennings*.

If there is not, on every point, a perfect coincidence of sentiment between this writer and Mr. Arbuthnot, where is the wonder? On what speculative subject do the various judgments of men entirely accord?

* See Rev. vol. xxxvii. p. 470.

Maxims and Reflections, selected from several Authors.

THERE are but two things that can reasonably deserve the principal care of a wise man: the first is the study of virtue; the second the use of life which makes him content.

We want as much moderation not to be corrupted with our good fortune, as patience not to be dejected with our bad.

Clearness is the rule of speaking, as sincerity is the rule of thinking. Too bright fallies of wit, like flashes of lightning, rather dazzle than illuminate.

A warm heart requires a cool head. Courage without conduct is like fancy without judgment.

He, who spends most of his time in vain sports and recreations, is like him whose garments are all made of fringes, and his diet nothing but sauce.

Vain wishes serve only to punish us by the inquietudes they cause in us; it is actually to lead an unquiet life, to be happy only in hopes.

Were men but duly to reflect that as their wealth may increase every day, so their senses which enjoy them decrease continually, the consideration would make them less covetous and less ambitious.

The true estimation of living is not to be taken from age, but action; a man may die old at forty, and a child at fourscore.

A great enhancement of pleasure arises from its being unexpected, and pain is doubled by being foreseen.

He who has learning, and not discretion to use it, has only the advantage of having more ways to expose himself.

An uncultivated mind, like unmanured ground, will soon be overrun with weeds.

If our desires increase with our riches, is not a man by so much the more miserable, the more he possesses?

There are few men but what stand indebted to adversity for their virtues.

As the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, so the love of him is the end of the law.

Set bounds to your zeal by discretion; to error by truth; to passion by reason; and to division by charity.

To-morrow is still the fatal time when all is to be rectified; to-morrow comes, it goes, and still I please myself with the shadow whilst I lose the reality; unmindful that the present time is only ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and can only live (as parents in their children) in the actions it has produced.

Content makes us more happy in desiring nothing, than the greatest monarchs upon earth in possessing all: it is the true philosophers stone, that turns all it touches into gold; the poor are rich with, and the rich poor without, it; in it we have all the treasure that the world contains,

An Epitome of the Dolphin and Tamar's Voyage round the World, under the Command of Commodore Byron and Captain Mouat.

ON the 21st of June, 1764, they sailed from the Downs; but the Dolphin having received some damage, which obliged her to put into Plymouth to refit, it was the 3d of July before they left that port. On the 6th, in the night, having passed the Lizard, they saw a ship on fire, or some extraordinary phænomenon in the heavens, which soon disappeared. On the 13th they made the Madeiras; and after having compleated their wood and water, and furnished themselves with wine and refreshments, they sailed on the 29th, and on the 30th found it necessary to put into Port-Praya bay to water, and get fresh provisions; but the beef they purchased there was no better than carrion, and from the heat of the weather stunk in a few hours after it was killed.

On the 2d of August they proceeded on their voyage, the crew having found means to crowd the decks with fowls, lean goats, and monkeys, for which they gave in exchange their old shirts, jackets, and trousers.

The rainy season was now set in, and with the excessive heat, and continual moisture, the crews began to suffer severely in

in their health. No fish, as was usual, followed the ships*, nor, except sharks, could they catch any to refresh the sick.

It was the 13th of August before they reached the road of Rio de Janeiro, on the coast of Brasil. Here the commodore was civilly entertained by the viceroy, who received him in great state, and, the crew of the Tamar being sickly, gave leave to hire a house on shore, where they soon recovered.

Having repaired their ships, the seams of which had been opened by the heat, and having taken in fresh water and provisions, on the 16th of October they set sail, leaving lord Clive in the Kent Indiaman behind them, who, though he had sailed from England a month before the Dolphin and Tamar, was yet a month later before he arrived. The Portuguese here are a sly, designing people, and practise every artifice to get away our men; they decoyed nine of the Tamar's men, and five of the Dolphin's; the Tamar recovered hers, but the Dolphin was not so fortunate.

On the 22d of October, being in full sea, the commodore thought proper to open his commission, and to acquaint the officers and crews with the service they were to go upon; and with the promise made by the lords of the Admiralty of double pay, if they behaved well, and were obedient to command. They received the news jovially, though they thought they had been going to the East-Indies, and all cheerfully promised their best services.

On the 29th they had a specimen of what they were to expect in the turbulent seas they were about to enter. A terrible storm arose, which obliged the Dolphin to throw four of her guns overboard, and to strike her topgallant-masts, and lie to in her stumps. The next morning the violence of the storm abated; but the wind at S. by W. was so intensely cold, that the men, who had parted with their cloaths for eatables in a hot climate, were now shivering for want of them in this; yet they were only in lat. $35^{\circ} 50'$ S. which answers to that of Portugal N. and that in November too, which answers to our May.

On the 4th of November the birds began to flock about the ship, and the rock-weed to appear; certain signs of nearing land. They were now in lat. $38^{\circ} 53'$ S. but saw no other appearance of land till the 12th, at which time they were in lat.

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* The reason assigned, because the ships where sheathed with copper, does not seem well founded, as the fish on another occasion are said to have swarmed about the ship in great numbers.

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42° 34', when the people on the forecattle of the Dolphin cried out, Land a-head ! But after six or eight hours sail, what the officers, as well as the crews of both the ships had mistaken for land, all at once vanished, and proved to be nothing but a fog-bank ; a deception not unfrequent at sea in hazy weather. Next day they were all alarmed by an unusual noise, like the roaring of the sea on a hollow shore ; and presently the billows came furiously rushing along, and, before the Dolphin could be prepared to receive them, the gulf laid her upon her beam-ends. The Tamar, that happened to be to leeward, had more time to prepare, and suffered only by the splitting of her main-sail. The birds fled shrieking before this dreadful squall, and, warned by instinct, flew incredibly swift to avoid it. In about twenty minutes it subsided. Next day the sea appeared as red as blood, being covered with fish of that colour, of which they caught amazing quantities in baskets. Being now in lat. 45° S. the sea continued turbulent, and the weather stormy.

On the 19th Cape Blanco bore W. S. W. half S. and they shaped their course as laid down in lord Anson's voyage, but were still at a loss for Port Desire. On the 20th they found it, and marked it for a guide to future mariners by a rock rising like a steeple on the S. side of it.

Here they found plenty of seals, and sea fowls, with which they loaded their boats : some of the seals were as large as oxen ; and among the birds there was one, that, when the wings were extended, measured, from tip to tip, 12 feet.

Here the commodore and crew diverted themselves by traversing the country, coursing and shooting hares, guanicoes, (a kind of large red deer,) and fawns ; game that abound in that country. The commodore shot a hare that weighed 26 lb. In their excursions they found an oar of an uncommon shape, and a gun-barrel with the British broad arrow upon it. It had lain so long, that, when touched with the fingers, it crumbled into rust. They also found the skeleton of a man.

It was some time, however, before they discovered any spring of fresh water ; but at length the sailors, who attended the carpenters, were fortunate enough to find two. While the waterers were filling the casks, a party of officers, with the commodore at the head, made an excursion about 15 miles up the river, and landed on an island so full of birds, that they darkened the air with their flight ; and their nests were so numerous on the ground, that the gentlemen could not walk a yard without treading upon their eggs. They saw no traces of inhabitants ; but guanicoes were grazing in herds, and they caught a fawn alive, which was one of the most beautiful crea-

tures

tures they had ever seen ; but it died, notwithstanding the utmost care was taken to preserve it.

They also saw a tyger, and killed a tyger-cat.

From the 21st of November till the 5th of December, the people were employed in various services ; some in repairing the rigging, sails, and masts ; some in raising and taking in ballast ; some in filling the casks, and fetching water ; and some in killing and curing the fresh provisions with which they were here supplied in great plenty.

On the 5th the ships unmoored, and in the evening they weighed, and steered with a brisk gale in search of Pepy's island ; but though they traversed the ocean for six days in clear weather, from lat. 47° long. 65, where it is placed in Halley's chart, both ships spreading and plying in all directions, for many leagues together, yet no such island was to be found. And as it is only said to have been seen by Cowley, there is reason to suspect, that it was either the Falkland isles that he saw, or that he was deceived by a fog-bank, in like manner as was the master of a ship some time ago, who made oath, that he had discovered an island between Newfoundland and the western coast of Ireland ; but upon search no such island existed.

On Saturday 15, in making for the main land, they were overtaken by a storm the most dreadful that any man on board had ever been in, as the sea ran so high, that the ships every moment were expected to fill. They happily, however, rode it out all night, and in the morning the violence of the wind abated, and the sea, by degrees, became calm. The whales were seen rolling about, and the cold so piercing, that, though it was the middle of summer there, they could find no other difference from the depth of winter here, except in the length of the days.

On the 18th they found themselves in lat. 51° S. Cape Virgin Mary distant 19 leagues. This Cape forms the North entrance of the Straits of Magellan. On the 20th the Dolphin anchored in the Strait's mouth ; but the Tamar kept on her way, and next morning the Dolphin weighed, and both came to an anchor at the place where the commodore had his interview with the Patagonians.

On the 21st they weighed again, and pursued their passage up the Straits. On the 24th the commodore landed, and with his second lieutenant walked 12 miles along the shore in one of the pleasantest countries, as it then appeared, they had ever beheld ; the ground was covered with flowers, and the air perfumed with their fragrance ; the trees were in full blossom, and birds innumerable, some of them of most beautiful plumage.

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were feeding in rich luxuriance on the natural productions of the soil. They fell in with many wigwams, but all deserted, yet some of them so lately that the fires were scarce extinguished. The keen air of the climate made them immoderately hungry, and when they returned, the crew had luckily thrown the seine, and caught a fine haul of fish, on which they feasted voraciously.

On the 27th they anchored at Port Famine, where are the finest trees for masts in the whole world. Some of them grow to a vast height, and large in proportion, measuring eight feet in diameter. Fish and fowl are here in great abundance, and the country, as far as the eye could discern, was as rich and as beautiful as a garden, diversified with hills and lawns, and every where interspersed with rivers and meadows, and with groves of lofty trees, that form a most enchanting prospect.

Nothing is wanting, says our author, but cultivation, to make it one of the finest countries in the world. The men, however, who happened to sleep on shore were awakened in the night by the roaring of some forest beasts, who by their deep, hoarse, and hollow tone terrified them beyond description. The poor fellows, who had been employed in washing for the officers, were without any defence, and the horrible creatures seemed to approach in order to make them their prey.

The only security they had was the fire; and, as the beasts came nearer, the men increased the blaze. This kept them from entering the tent, but they continued to proul round it till break of day, when they walked off leisurely, to the great joy of the guests within. Near this spot the Spaniards had once a design to form a settlement, and in crossing a hill one of the sailors thought he had trod on a cavern, as, on passing a particular spot, the ground returned the sound of his feet. He passed and repassed the same spot still with the same effect; but though a party was sent from the ships to examine it, yet nothing was discovered.

Here they stayed till the 4th of January, when having completed their wood and water, and refreshed the crews, they weighed and stood back in search of Falkland Islands. On the 6th the *Dolphin* in her return grounded on a hard sand, but happily it was low water, and at the next tide she heaved herself off without any considerable damage. Before the ship struck, the water shoaled in one heaving of the line 63 feet, and if the weather had been tempestuous, she would probably have been beat to pieces.

On the 15th they fell in with the islands they were in search of, and discovered a fine bay, every part of which is perfectly safe; from whence they soon after entered a harbour, to which

the commodore gave the name of Port Egmont, since made famous by the contest between the English and Spaniards about the right of possession. In this harbour there is fresh water in plenty, and a finer and safer there cannot be in the world. Geese, ducks, snipes, and other birds, were in such plenty, that it was usual for the men to bring in boatfuls of the geese which they knocked down with sticks and stones without firing a single shot. Wild cellery and wood sorrel were likewise found here; seals, penguins, and sea-lions, the last so fierce that the commodore himself was surprised by one, and it was with difficulty that he escaped its fangs. They likewise were attacked by other formidable beasts resembling wolves. The sea-lions were remarkably savage, and ran at the men wherever they came in sight. On this island they erected a forge to repair their iron work, and the surgeon of the Tamar fenced in a garden, and planted it with esculent vegetables for the benefit of those who might hereafter enter this port to refresh.

The commodore took possession of the harbour and these islands for his majesty, and thinks them the same, from several circumstances, which Cowley names Pepys's.

On the 27th they left Port Egmont, when a storm suddenly coming on, they lay to, and next day, sailing along the coast, gave names to the principal head-lands. By his reckoning, the commodore makes the whole circumference of these isles near 700 miles. They now made again for Port Desire, where they had the satisfaction of meeting the Florida store-ship, that had been sent out after them; and, on the 7th of February, Mr. Dean, the master, came on board the Dolphin, and made his report that his ship was little better than a wreck. The Tamar, too, made this day signals of distress, and, though moored in the harbour of Port Desire, was with difficulty prevented from driving on shore.

Upon examination, it was found that the Tamar's rudder was sprung; and that it was impossible to unload the store-ship where they were; the commodore, therefore, resolved to sail as soon as possible for the Straits, in hopes of being able to find a piece of timber to make a new rudder for the Tamar, and better conveniences to unload the Florida.

On the 13th the Florida sailed for Port Famine, and on the 14th the Dolphin and Tamar followed. On the 16th they saw a strange sail shaping her course by the Dolphin. As they knew of no ship being in the same seas, they were at a loss to account for her manner of working; the Dolphin lay by, put herself in a posture of defence, and brought eight of her guns out of the hold. Neither the stranger nor the English shewed any colours; but the Florida having run aground, the stranger

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Stranger hoisted French colours, and sent out his launch and another boat to the store-ship's assistance. The commodore sent his thanks, but behaved with great caution, and, after anchoring in Port Famine, saw the Frenchman sail by to the southward: she proved to be the *Eagle*, commanded by M. Bougainville. They unloaded the store-ship, and finding her unfit to pursue the voyage, they left her to make the best of her way back to England.

On the 25th they sailed from port Famine, intending to push through the Straits before the stormy season approached, and in the afternoon passed the French ship, shut up in a little cove, with piles of wood on each side of her, which they supposed were for a new settlement.

On the first of March, between Elizabeth's Bay and Cape Quod, they observed two or three canoes making after them; in which were four or five of the poorest wretches they had ever beheld. They were almost naked, but armed with bows and arrows, which they readily exchanged for a few beads. Having cast anchor, several other savages came on board, and received presents. Next day the commodore with some officers went on shore, and returned their visit. They made them welcome with berries and cockles, and appeared highly delighted with what they saw and what they received.

In this dreary situation the ships continued labouring for three and twenty days without getting forward. This part of the Strait bears a most horrible aspect; the craggy mountains that bound it on both sides rise above the clouds, and are eternally covered with snow. Nothing is to be seen but rugged cliffs and dreadful precipices, with the sea breaking against the rocks, and threatening momentary destruction. On the 26th they were overtaken by a storm, the weather thick and heavy, the rain pouring incessantly down, the sea roaring, and the wind blowing almost a hurricane, the waves breaking over the ships, and the decks for hours together under water: in this deplorable condition they spent the night, expecting every moment to be the last. At break of day both the ships were yet in sight of each other, and came to anchor in an adjoining bay, where the water was lifted above the masts, and where, had the cables parted, they must have instantly been dashed in ten thousand pieces. What a dreadful situation! They had near reached as far as Cape Monday, and, when the storm abated, they weighed and anchored in a safer creek.

While they were repairing the damages they had sustained in the storm, and taking in wood and water, a company of Indians, more miserable if possible than any they had yet seen,

came round the ship, and instantly paddling off and landing, began to make a fire. No intreaties could prevail on them to come on board till the commodore went on shore and introduced himself to them by some trifling presents. In a few minutes they became as friendly as neighbours; and, seeing some of the men cutting a little grass for the few sheep that were yet alive on board, they presently fell to pulling, and in less than half an hour filled the boat. Four or five of them followed the commodore on board, and he being willing to gratify them, one of the midshipmen played on the violin to entertain them, with whom they were so delighted, that one jumped into his canoe, and fetching a bag of red paint, began smearing the man's face in a kind of extasy, and it was with difficulty he was prevented from paying the same compliment to the commodore.

On the 7th of April they weighed from this place, and pursued their voyage; and on the 9th, after a passage of seven weeks and two days from their first entrance, they passed the Strait, and entered the Pacific sea.

It is remarkable, that, in this passage, the Dolphin and Tamar were *one and forty days* in passing from port Gallant to the Southern Ocean, though the Boudeuse and Etoile, commanded by M. Bougainville, ran the same course afterwards in so many hours; and that though the Boudeuse and Etoile were fifty days at and passing to Port Gallant from their first entrance into the Straits, yet the Dolphin and Tamar ran the same in less than ten days, including four days stay at Port Famine to unlade the store-ship, and take in provisions. It is likewise not a little remarkable, that, though both these commanders suffered almost incredible hardships in their passage, yet, not one of their men falling sick, they both concur in preferring the Straits to the passage round Cape Horn; though capt. Cook, who chose the latter, speaks highly in commendation of it, having encountered no disasters in his passage like those sustained by the other commanders.

[*The remainder of this voyage to be continued.*]

An account of the distress of the London East Indiaman, in a hurricane on the coast of China, in July last, taken from Captain Webb's letter to the Directors of the East India Company.

ON our arrival on the coast of China, off Macao*, on July 17, after my packet was delivered to the supercargoes there, a tiffoon came on which had very near demolished us. At four in the afternoon our best bower cable parted, and the ship cast in shore, but by setting all the sails I could, I just weared her clear of the land; and as the wind was then E. N. E. we stood out to the southward under our courses, and at six had the Ladrones bearing N. E. At eight the wind flew round to S. E. and blew the hardest gale I ever remember. We were then in twenty fathoms water, and not being able to make any more way out, our sails all blowing to pieces, we looked upon our destruction as inevitable, *without a particular act of providence*; for we were driving on a lee shore. At twelve at night the wind flew to the south, its violence still continuing, and we found the ship shoaling her water, so that every soul on board was preparing for death. At daylight we were in twelve fathom water, with the sea, which was as much mud as water, breaking entirely over us; we then threw some of our guns overboard, and cut away the main and mizen masts, and by the time we had cleared them we were in three fathoms water, the land only about a quarter of a mile distant. We immediately cut away the fore-yard, and let go the sheet anchor, which, by the mercy of God, brought us up; and as the ship touched the ground a-baft, it eased her to the cable, or, I am well assured, the Royal George's anchors and cables would not have held her. We then instantly let go our spare anchor with a new cable, which parted as we were veering it out, so that we had no other left. About nine in the morning the gale abated. In the evening we hove up our sheet anchor, when we found the cable stranded. What saved the ship was the having all her guns housed, her ports in, and top gallant masts down on deck, before the gale came on. Our drift in the gale was amazing. I imagined it at first only about fifty miles, but, to my astonishment, when the gale was over, I found myself as low down as Haynan†, within the westernmost island, about three leagues from

* Macao is an island not far from the river of Canton, where our supercargoes wait for the arrival of the ships.

† By the most accurate measurement on the map, the island of Haynan is distant from Macao 80 leagues, or 240 miles.—An astonishing tract for a ship to be driven in so short a space of time.

from the continent. I must have passed in the night quite close to a rock that bore S. by W. when the ship brought up. The Chinese told me, that every vessel that was that night at sea perished except mine, and that they had lost all their junks and boats round the whole country, and were certain not less than 100,000 people had perished in the storm. We had another tiffoon in August, when all the European ships at Wampoo drove with three anchors a-head. The Chinese junks and boats then in the river were most of them sunk, and the number of poor souls that perished in this hurricane is incredible. I repaired my damages as well as I could at Canton, but I was obliged to come away with only two cables.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

—*Vitam excoluere per artes.* VIRGIL.

Ingenuous arts, where they an entrance find,
Softens the manners and subdues the mind.

AS the stuffing and preserving of birds so as to resemble life is become a fashionable pursuit among naturalists, I doubt not but your readers will be pleased to find your Magazine the medium of communicating such a method, as by experience has been found to answer the best.

The bird should be procured in perfect plumage, and opened from the upper part of the breast, to the vent, with a sharp knife or pair of scissars, the feathers of the breast and belly being first carefully laid aside by the fingers: the skin must then be cautiously loosened from all the fleshy parts of the breast, body, thighs and wings; after this cut off all the flesh from those parts, and take out also the entrails with all the inside, and strew the carcase and underside of the skin with some of the antiseptic powder hereafter to be mentioned; the cavities are then to be filled up with fine cotton or tow. Open next the mouth and take away the tongue, eyes, brains, and inside of the head*; fill that also with the same composition; and

* Ruckahn in the Philosophical Transactions, vol. LX. an. 1770. p. 184, & seq. directs the neck to be pulled within the skin, till the back of the skull is drawn in sight, out of which a small piece is to be cut and the brains extracted; but this is troublesome, and

and having procured artificial eyes †, as near the size and colour of the natural ones as possible, put them into the sockets, by means of a small pair of nippers introduced at the mouth, then fill the head with cotton.

A small piece of wire, that has been heated in the fire to make it pliable, may now be put down the throat, being passed through one of the nostrils, and fastened to the breast bone, to place the head in any attitude; wires are also to be introduced through the feet, up the legs and thighs, and inserted into the same bone ‡; next fill up the body, where the flesh had been taken away, with cotton, and a little of the antiseptic powder; and with a fine needle and thread, or silk, sew up the skin, beginning at the breast, observing, as you approach towards the vent, to stuff the skin to the natural size; then lay the feathers of the breast and belly in their proper order, and the bird will be completed. By means of the wires introduced through the legs and neck, any attitude may be given to the subject.

The antiseptic powder is made in the following manner.

Corrosive sublimate	- - -	$\frac{1}{4}$ lb.
Salt-petre	- - -	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Allium	- - -	$\frac{1}{4}$ lb.
Flower of sulphur	- - -	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Camphor	- - -	$\frac{1}{4}$ lb.
Black Pepper	- - -	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Tobacco powder	- - -	1lb.

Mix the whole together, and keep it in a bladder, or close stopped glass vessel.

By a little practice, after the above directions, the young naturalist will acquire a facility in finishing his subjects, and in giving them any attitude in imitation of life, to equal which nothing will appear wanting but motion. After this method the late Mr. Leman preserved his birds, and Dr. Lettsom's collection

and often injurious to the subject. In large birds the brains may be extracted by the eyes: the best instrument for this purpose is a director used by surgeons, which may be had of any instrument-maker at a trifling expence.

† There are persons in London whose business it is to make glass eyes, of any size or colour, at a penny or two-pence a pair.

‡ Leman preserved the attitude of his birds, by a wire run sideways through one wing into the breast bone, the other end of the wire being fixed into the box enclosing the bird. Captain Davis recommends the ends of the wires to be fastened to the pinions of the wings, preferably to the breast bone; either method will answer the end, but the breast bone is easier to get at.

collection is done in this manner also; as likewise those preserved by Mr. Green, which are finished in a more elegant manner than any I have seen in this kingdom, being superior to those in the British Museum, or in the possession of Marmaduke Tunstall, esq. or even the princely collection of Asheton Lever, esq. near Manchester*.

MACHAON.

* Many other gentlemen pursued this department of natural history, particularly Mr. Latham, near Woolwich; Dr. Hunter, from Leman's and Grace's collections; and others. The collection belonging to the Royal Society is also daily improving, under the direction of Mr. Green.

Anecdotes of Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR Isaac Newton was the only child of Mr. John Newton, who had a small paternal estate in and near the little village of Woolsthorpe, about half a mile west from Coltersworth, on the great north road, between Stamford and Grantham, by the daughter of a gentleman whose name was Ayscough, who also lived in Woolsthorpe, and was lord of the manor. Sir Isaac was born in a farm-house in this village, in the year 1641; his father being a weak and extravagant man, he was, when a boy, sometimes employed in very servile offices: he used to watch the sheep; and, when the servant carried corn to Grantham market, he attended to open the gates. It is reported, that a gentleman found him, one day, near Woolsthorpe, in the character of a shepherd's boy, reading a book of practical geometry; and that, upon asking him some questions, he discovered some tokens of uncommon genius; that he applied to his mother, and strongly urged her to take the boy from the field, and give him a good education, offering to assist in his maintenance, if there should be occasion. It is not, however, probable, that, if such an offer was made, it was ever accepted; for, in the rolls or records that are sometimes read at the court-leets in Grantham, mention is made of Mr. Ayscough, Isaac's maternal grandfather, as guardian or trustee of Isaac Newton under age. It is therefore reasonable to believe, that Isaac had a provision under his mother's marriage settlement; and that his grandfather, as his guardian or trustee, took care of his education. But however this be, he was sent to the grammar school, and, as is well known, afterwards

terwards pursued his academic studies in Trinity College, Cambridge.

His father died, probably, while he was yet a lad; for his mother married a second husband, whose name was Smith, a rector of North-Witham, a parish that joins to Colstersworth; by whom he had a son and several daughters, who afterwards intermarried with persons of property and character, of the names of Barton and Conduit.

The manner of Wolfthorpe, with some other property, descended to sir Isaac, upon the death of his grandfather, Ayscough; and he made some purchases himself; but the whole was inconsiderable; for his estate in that neighbourhood, at his death, amounted only to 105 l.

Sir Isaac's principal residence in town was at a house the corner of Long's-court, in St. Martin's-street, Leicester-fields; upon the roof of which he built a small observatory that is still standing. He died at his lodgings in Pitt's-buildings, Kensington, in the year 1726, at the age of 85.

This account, however brief and imperfect, will confute many errors which the persons who have undertaken to write the life of sir Isaac have fallen into. Some, indeed, are so gross, as to confute themselves. The author of the *Biographia Philosophica* represents sir Isaac's father as the eldest son of a baronet; but if this had been true, sir Isaac, who was the only child of his father, would have had an hereditary title; neither is it true, that the family of sir Isaac was opulent. The son of his father's brother was a carpenter; his name was John Newton: he was afterwards game-keeper to sir Isaac, and died at the age of sixty, in 1725. To Robert, the son of this John, who was sir Isaac's second cousin, his real estates, in the neighbourhood of Woolthorpe, descended, upon his death, as his heir at law; but Robert was an illiterate and dissolute wretch, who very soon wasted his substance; and falling down with a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, when he was drunk, it broke in his throat and put an end to his life, when he was about 30 years old, in the year 1737.

Sir Isaac's personal estate, which was very considerable, was shared among the children of his mother by her second marriage, and their descendants.

The temper of this great man is said to have been so equal and mild, that no accident could disturb it; and a remarkable instance of it is authenticated by a person who is still living.

Sir Isaac had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind him. When sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification

tion to find, that, Diamond having thrown down a lighted candle among some papers, the nearly finished labour of many years was in flames, and almost consumed to ashes. This loss, as sir Isaac was then very far advanced in years, was irretrievable; yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation. 'Oh! Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done.'

On the COIN-ACT.

AT a time when the public are complaining of the grievance, occasioned by the late act of parliament, respecting the gold coin of this kingdom, it may not be impertinent to make an abstract of the proclamation made in the reign of queen Elizabeth; entitled, "A proclamation for reforming the deceits, in diminishing the value of the coins of gold, current within the queen's majesty's dominions: and for remedying the losses that might grow by receiving thereof, being diminished."

"Forasmuch as great part of our monies of gold, of our realm of England, and such gold of foreign countries which now are current within our said realm, are, by the sinister and unlawful doings of wicked persons, not only carried out of our realm to foreign parts, and there by divers means diminished of their value, and from thence returned hither, and paid in lieu of lawful coin for the commodities of our countries, and some other of them embased, by clipping, southering, or other unlawful practices of their due fineness, so that both the one sort and the other, by the means aforesaid, are brought much inferior to their first and true value and goodness: but, besides that, many false pieces be counterfeited, in foreign parts, of all the said coins, whereby, great and intolerable loss and diminution of the riches of our realm doth daily grow and increase; wherefore we minding, as necessity requireth, the speedy remedy of the premisses, do strictly forbid, charge, and command, that no manner of person or persons, within this our realm of England, from and after the proclamation hereof, in any country of our realm, do take, or receive, or deliver in payment, any false counterfeit pieces, of any coin of gold current within our said realm, or any piece of the same coin being southered, or otherwise unlawfully embased, or lacking of the just weight thereof, over the remedies and abatements severally expressed, and to be allowed in that behalf: and if any such piece of coin, lacking of its true weight above the remedies and abatements hereafter expressed, and if half:

any such counterfeit piece as is aforesaid, or any piece of coin of gold southered or unlawfully embased, shall be offered in payment; we will, that it shall be lawful to every person and persons, to whom such offer in payment shall be made, not only to refuse to take the same in payment, but also to strike a hole, at his pleasure, in every of the said pieces so offered in payment, which shall be southered or unlawfully embased, or which shall lack of their just weight, above the remedies hereafter following: and to cut every of the said counterfeits into pieces; rendering those so stricken through, and the pieces of the others so cut in sunder, then presently after to the owners thereof again. And if any controversy shall happen to arise betwixt the parties, or any of their friends, or favourers then present, in or about such striking through, or cutting in pieces of any of the premises; that then forthwith, he that shall offer any of the said unlawful and forbidden monies in payment, and he that shall receive the same, shall peaceably repair together to our next justice of the peace, mayor, bailiff, or other chief officer of that place; who then, without delay, taking another assistant of knowledge unto him, shall judge of the monies in controversy, and shall allow of those that are allowable; and on the contrary, shall presently execute that which is here above appointed."

The remaining part of the proclamation contains directions for balances and weights, to be provided by the warden of the mint, for the use of such as should have occasion to examine the coins before spoken of.

P O E T R Y.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

S I R,

Southwark, Aug. 12, 1773.

"I much approve of your plan for a new monthly publication; and as you have given a general invitation in your advertisement, the inclosed elegy, if you think it worth a place in your miscellany, is at your service."

HORATIO.

An E L E G Y,

— rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heels.

Dr. YOUNG.

IN vain, my friend, thy too-officious love
Would fondly check the swelling tide of grief;
Thy kindest efforts all must fruitless prove;
My sorrows now admit of no relief.

In vain you bid me fly to Reason's pow'r,
Reason to me but feeble aid can give:
She can't my much-lov'd sister! friend! restore;
She cannot bid the clay-cold corpse revive!

Then tell me not to stop the starting tear,
My breast no more to heave the wonted sigh;
I still must weep for her I held so dear;
Must grieve so sweet a flow'r so soon should die.

Oh! let me then indulge the tender theme,
In thought transport myself my friends among;
My mind can paint the melancholy scene,
And tell the anguish of the mourning throng.

Ev'n now, methinks, call'd by the solemn bell,
I see a friendly youthful train appear;
They bid their eyes now take their last farewell,
And drop the grateful tribute of a tear.

And, while they pensive view their breathless friend,
They pause, and contemplate her early doom;
They think how soon, like her's, their lives may end,
Their bodies rest within the silent tomb.

One dear companion, to her mem'ry kind,
With fault'ring speech would on her praises dwell;
Would tell each virtue that adorn'd her mind;
Of her sincerity, her friendship, tell.

But cease, lov'd maid! the painful task forbear;
Language, to draw her character, is weak:
View ev'ry countenance, you'll read it there,
In terms more eloquent than tongue can speak.

Oppress'd with grief, her fond relations stand;
Their eyes with tears, in copious streams, o'erflow;
They gaze, they press her lifeless lips, her hand,
While their hearts melt with agonizing woe.

And ah! still more to heighten their distress,
Cruel reflection bids them call to mind,
How late the young Eliza*, lov'd no less,
Thus to the grave, cold mansion! they resign'd,

But lo! to give th'unhappy mourners ease,
From pale affliction's eye to wipe the tear;
To bid the plaintive voice of sorrow cease,
Behold Religion's heav'nly form appear.

“ Attend

* Within the space of six months, the author lost two sisters; one 24 years of age, the other 22.

- " Attend (she cries) poor mortals ! grieve no more,
" No more lament thy dear departed friends ;
" Their souls are wafted to a happier shore,
" Where ev'ry sorrow, ev'ry trouble, ends.
- " Follow my steps, and soon you'll meet again,
" Will meet in yonder blissful realms above ;
" For ever there to join the seraph's strain,
" And sing the wonders of redeeming love."

ARTICLES OF INTELLIGENCE.

Extracted from the Public Papers.

Extract of a letter from Barbadoes, June 24.

" Captain Campbell, of the Black Prince, from Africa, says, that while he lay at Prince's Harbour, there came in a Brigantine belonging to one Baker, of Liverpool, Williams formerly master, all the officers being dead but the carpenter. She had been three months and a half from Cape Lopez to Prince's Harbour, which is but 60 leagues, having no navigators on board, and had buried 30 slaves."

By a letter from Halifax, in Nova Scotia, we are told, that a clergyman's wife died there in the midst of last November, and was not buried till the beginning of May following, the ground being so petrified with the frost, that no pick-ax or crow could enter it ; and, what is wonderful, though the body was kept thus long, it had not a fetid smell till about two days before it was interred.

Warsaw, Aug. 4. The day on which the commission, established to judge the regicides, was to put

an end to its sittings, the king went thither at eleven o'clock. There were present great numbers of persons of both sexes. The king made so affecting a speech, that all the auditors shed tears. His majesty pleaded for the regicides, and desired no blood might be shed upon the occasion. He declared a pardon for every one concerned, not only for those who had been taken up, but likewise for those who had hitherto escaped, adding, " that he had nothing so much at heart, as that the nation should, for the future, have an affection for their king." His majesty, before he retired, recommended to the bishop to take care that his desires were properly attended to. People are impatient to see what effect this discourse will produce.

They write from Lisbon, that advice had been received there, that an earthquake had happened at Carracoea, in the Brazils, which over-threw 40 houses, and in which 400 people, chiefly Indians, lost their lives.

By a letter from Smyrna we learn, that a Russian man of war, of 60 guns, took fire at sea, and every soul on board perished.

They write from Aleppo, in Syria, that the plague continues to make great havock at Bagdad, inasmuch, that a great number of Christians and Jews have retired to Bassora and Damascus, in consequence of which, that dreadful distemper has likewise broke out at Bassora.

By private letters from Gibraltar we learn, that on the 3d of last month, there was a terrible explosion heard in the air, about four o'clock in the morning, which broke off a large piece of

the rock, computed to weigh upwards of four tons; but we do not hear of any other damage having been done than throwing down a sentinel-box which stood near it, and killing the sentinel.

Hamburg, Aug. 7. The last advices from the Danube are no ways favourable to the Russians. We are informed that a corps of between 18 and 20,000 troops of that nation who were besieging Silistria, where they had already set fire to the Egyptian-street, had been surrounded by three different bodies of Turks, and the whole number massacred, not a single man escaping.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

August 4.

ABOUT five o'clock in the morning a man booted and spurred, and splashed with country dirt, went to a public-house in Hyatt's Gardens, Whitechapel, and called for a pint of wine; when the landlord brought it, he drank his health, and desired him to get him some bread and cheese, but in the interim he shot himself through the head, and, on searching him, another loaded pistol was found in his pocket.

There are at this time great numbers of shillings in circulation which are only fine pewter silvered over. They may be known by the badness of the colour and their being easily bent.

The following melancholy instance of the most vindictive pas-

sion happened yesterday at a public house in King-street, Wapping. A man and his wife, being at dinner, had some dispute, when the woman suddenly stabbed him in the throat with her knife, so desperately, that his life was despaired of.

The dutchess of Northumberland we hear is about erecting a house for the reception of 20 distressed gentlemen and gentlewomen, who by misfortunes in life are reduced to a state of indigence, out of which they could not extricate themselves, being bred up to no business or profession, and consequently the properest objects of her compassion. An example truly laudable.

On the 10th instant, a fine elephant, brought from Bombay in one of the East-India company's ships, was made a present of

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of to his majesty, and sent to the queen's menagerie; he is so remarkably tame that he follows the young man who has the care of him like a spaniel dog.

By the storm of the thunder and lightning, which began between nine and ten o'clock last Friday night, and continued till about six on Saturday morning, part of the brick tower of St. Peter's church, Cornhill, was thrown down, and the inside damaged; the north side of the obelisk in St. George's fields was struck by the lightning, which opened, about an inch, the crown stone of the base, and cracked the seventh stone from the top of the spire. A stack of chimneys was knocked down by a ball of fire at the New Bridewell, and going down the chimney, burnt two of the prisoners terribly; a chimney was beat down at the Broad Wall, when the lightning passed between two women, through the window, and then penetrated through two sheds, doing no other damage than making large holes; a tollman at Black-friars-bridge was much burnt; a man coming from Islington is said to be killed; several masts of ships were shivered to pieces; two Dutch sailors were killed, and the masts of several ships in the Thames below bridge were shattered. A sailor went into a house in Darkhouse-lane, Thames-street, and was struck dead; he had steel-buttons to his jacket, which it is imagined attracted the same, and occasioned his death. Mr. Reve, belonging to the Leaping Bar on the Surry side of Blackfriars-bridge, sitting at the opposite Coffee-house, had the use of one of his

sides taken away by the lightning.

As Mrs. Beech, wife of Mr. Beech of the Three Jolly Gardeners, Rochester-row, Tothill-fields, was returning home on Friday night, she was struck down by a flash of lightning near her own door, and was rendered senseless for some little time, but received no other hurt.

Friday night, at eleven o'clock, the son of Mr. Steelman, cheesemonger, in Oxford-street, (a youth about 17 years of age,) standing at his father's door, was struck dead by the lightning; his hat was scorched, and the hair of his head was much burnt.

Early on Sunday morning, as a coach was going out of town to Gloucester, the horses took fright by the excessive thunder and lightning near Acton, and ran away with the carriage, which was overturned and broke to pieces; several of the passengers were much hurt, and obliged to return to town.

A flash of lightning darted through the three-pair of stairs back window of a gentleman's house in Bond-street, broke a dressing-table in several pieces, and a looking-glass which was in the fore room, and from thence ran down the leaden spout which served for a conductor, and broke a large stone on the pavement all to pieces.

Several trees were torn up by the above storm on Epping-forest, and great damage was done near the Bald-faced Stag.

Saturday morning a waterman and his boy, coming in his boat from Blackwall, the lightning, which was more violent there than had been known by the oldest



inhabitant living; struck the waterman and killed him on the spot, but the boy received no hurt.

However strange it may appear, a reputable correspondent assures us, a gentleman coming

from Vauxhall on Saturday morning was struck down by the lightning, which melted the blade of a silver-hilted sword he had by his side, and did him no other damage beside leaving him a slight contusion on the ankle.

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER; For July, 1773.

	Wind	Bar.	Thermom.			Weather
			M.	N.	E.	
1	N.E. strong	29 ² / ₁₀	62	68	64	Cloudy.
2	Ditto fresh	29 ¹ / ₁₀	61	68	65	Cloudy with sun-shine.
3	N.N.E. little	28 ¹ / ₂	60	68	64	Cloudy with rain.
4	W.N.W. little	29	62	69	66	Showers.
5	Ditto fresh	29 ² / ₁₀	61 ¹ / ₂	70	66 ¹ / ₂	Fair with sun-shine.
6	N.N.W. ib.	29 ¹ / ₁₀	62	71	66	Warm and fair.
7	Ditto little	29	60	69	64 ¹ / ₂	Cloudy close day.
8	W.S.W. fresh	29 ¹ / ₁₀	62	68	66	Fair and cloudy.
9	W. little	28 ⁶ / ₁₀	63	69	66	Flying clouds.
10	W.N.W. ib.	29	64	68 ¹ / ₂	64 ¹ / ₂	Bright sun-shiny day.
11	N.N.E. little	30 ¹ / ₂	64	68	65	Clear warm sun-shine.
12	W.N.W. fresh	30 ³ / ₁₀	64	72	68	Sultry bright day.
13	W. little	30 ⁴ / ₁₀	66	82	70	Sultry sun-shiny day.
14	N.N.W. fresh	30 ¹ / ₄	68 ¹ / ₂	70	66	Forenoon cloudy with showers.
15	N.E. ib.	30 ¹ / ₁₀	65	78	68	Bright sultry day.
16	Ditto ib.	30 ¹ / ₂	65	76	67	Clear warm day.
17	N.N.W. ib.	30 ⁴ / ₁₀	65	78	70	Cloudy with showers.
18	Ditto ib.	30	60	70	68	Thunder with heavy rain.
19	W.N.W. ib.	30 ³ / ₁₀	66	71	68 ¹ / ₂	Showers, & intervals of sun-shine.
20	N.E. ib.	30 ¹ / ₁₀	67	72	68	Cloudy with little rain.
21	Ditto little	30 ¹ / ₁₀	66 ¹ / ₂	69	67	Cloudy and warm.
22	N.N.W. fresh	30 ⁷ / ₁₀	66	70	68	Cloudy and close.
23	Ditto ib.	ib.	66	70	68	Ditto.
24	Ditto little	30 ³ / ₁₀	67	74	69	Ditto.
25	W.N.W. ib.	ib.	66 ¹ / ₂	74	69 ¹ / ₂	Ditto.
26	W.S.W. fresh	30 ¹ / ₄	68	75	68	Cloudy with showers.
27	W. strong	30 ¹ / ₁₀	66	72	68	Ditto.
28	W.N.W. ib.	30	65	69	68	Much rain.
29	Ditto fresh	30 ⁷ / ₁₀	66	68	67 ¹ / ₂	Showers.
30	Ditto ib.	30 ² / ₁₀	64	68	67	Cloudy with slight rain.
31	W.S.W. ib.	30 ³ / ₁₀	61	66	63	Cloudy and warm.





T H E
MONTHLY LEDGER,
O R
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

If you think the inclosed Essay proper for publication, it is
at your service. X.

On FRUGALITY.



T has been the custom of all nations, and all times, for some men to cry down the present age, and to make sad prognostics concerning the succeeding one, unless matters should unexpectedly alter for the better. Upon divers topicks have these complaints been founded: In our own country, we have heard chiefly of the growth of religious infidelity, and of common profaneness. For my part, (if I may be indulged, like my neighbours, in finding fault with the times,) the worst-boding symptom, which I observe in the present state of private life, is, that frugality is quite out of fashion. Men are afraid and ashamed to be thought mindful of avoiding expence. The reason, which I am going to offer why they are so, may perhaps be laughed at; but I can find no better reason than this, that to avoid expence belongs also to avarice, and we are determined to keep as far as possible from any appearance that may bear such a construction: which is as reasonable a conclusion, in the present case,

as if I should resolve never to join in any act of public worship, because there is a sort of public worship which belongs to popery, and popery is a very foolish and mischievous thing. Without taking farther notice of this ridiculous prejudice, I shall venture to plead the cause of this old-fashioned virtue; and to reckon up certain reasons, which may possibly make it appear to be not wholly for the interest of a state to discard it.

In the first place, frugality conduces to bodily health and activity. For being ever careful to avoid useless expence, it is of consequence a determined enemy to intemperate luxury; as knowing that no expence is of less good account, than that which gratifies the mere wantonness of appetite. And where intemperance is carefully excluded, there health is delivered from her most dangerous and mortal foe. Whoever rightly estimates the value of health (either to the individual or to the public community) will acknowledge how much both must be obliged, on this account, to a virtue that can hardly be in general disappointed of securing it.

Frugality tends also to a discreet and considerate turn of mind. It obliges every man to a strict notice of human life, and the comparative value of those different pursuits which engross it. It begets a habit of thinking; and that on the most useful and important subjects. I must caution my reader from supposing that I take mere gain, or the saving of money, for the most useful and important subjects of thinking; but certainly the moral integrity of one's character, and the true enjoyment of one's fortune, are the most useful and important subjects; and it is only upon those accounts, that frugality is at all solicitous about money.

Another good effect of this humble virtue is independence of spirit. A man who brings his desires within his power, which is the proper character of the frugal man, is free from a thousand infirmities and temptations, to which every bad oeconomist must be liable. The frugal have nothing to consult but their own reason; they have no debts of honour to be remitted; no tradesman, steward, banker, or attorney, whom they dread to offend; they are their own masters; they rest upon themselves. A prime minister may stand in need of them, but they can never stand in need of a prime minister.

Frugality secures the general peace and happiness of families. It is a scene of distress, which no stranger can imagine, when either a father of a family, or any other of its members, involves the rest in the miseries which attend extravagance. The society of private life is either the greatest, or next to the greatest enjoyment of man. In proportion as any felicity is
great,

great, its opposite pain is grievous and intolerable. To exclude the latter, and to secure the former, supposes a prodigious degree of utility in any single cause which is equal to both. As far as fortune is concerned in the happiness of domestic life (and fortune is concerned in the happiness of domestic life chiefly) frugality excludes the distresses, and secures the enjoyments of conjugal love, of parental tenderness, and fraternal affection.

Frugality gives the power of private beneficence. A man unfortunate in the course of his industry, or a family deprived of support by the sickness of its father, can have no relief from a profuse man. If they have, the industry of some other man must be disappointed, and some other family must be deprived of its support. Thus, without frugality, the most godlike personal pleasure cannot be enjoyed; and many afflictions in life, which would otherwise have been remedied, must now be submitted to without alleviation.

To this an objection is urged with great assurance; and we are told that frugality is a most churlish and unbeneficial thing to society. For consider, say they, in what the prosperity of a state consists. In nothing so much as in a quick circulation of property. By this, the citizens of any body politic are always kept busy and alive; but a very great part of the present circulation of property is derived from such indulgences, as frugality would certainly exclude. If the mere demands of nature were only to be listened to, without any allowance for gay appetite and fancy, what would become of those thousand employments, and of that infinite quantity of circulating property, which depend upon diet, dress, ornamental furniture, and elegant amusement?

This objection has been, and is yet, urged with a shocking air of triumph and impudent exultation. For, in the first place, it is false that frugality admits only the bare necessities of nature; it consults, in its proper degree, every convenience and indulgence of life, that may not be attended with some disproportioned ill consequence. In the next place, it is false that the greatest part of moveable property depends, for its circulation, upon such indulgences as frugality must condemn. She condemns them only in particular improper circumstances. Thanks be to heaven, though gay appetite and fancy are certainly indulged more than they ought to be, yet the circulation of property depends, incomparably the greater part of it, upon such demands as are useful and innocent. That smaller part of it which passes through the retailers of luxurious pleasure, is so far from deserving to be encouraged or approved, that it most certainly tends to the detriment

of society. For those despicable ministers are always humble worshippers of the dæmon who supports them; and never fail to spend in her service the votive offerings which her favourites bring to her shrine. French cooks, Italian musicians, soplin taylor, dancers, tire-women, and all the mangos which retain to luxurious pleasure, are constantly known to dissipate their large revenues, as fast as they get them, in those humbler ways of luxury which they dare aspire to: thus propagating through the nation, as far as their influence extends, puny bodies and effeminate minds, for the strength, glory, and happiness, of the body politic.

It is a vulgar error, that the prosperity of a state consists solely in the mere circulation of property. That circulation is so far useful, as it forces the inhabitants to be busy, and prevents the evils of public idleness, indolence, and want of thought: it becomes happy and virtuous, if it be conversant about the instruments of virtue, about such arts as tend to the strength, magnanimity, and glory of a people: but if property be quickly circulated only from quick returns of luxurious desire, and from various and operose contrivances to gratify it, that very circulation becomes a public evil. For while the property circulating, or the credit which attends it, rests in the possession of any individual, it enables that individual, in a luxurious state, to contrive new refinements of vicious pleasure, and consequently to increase the unhappiness of his country: whereas, without such a quick circulation, individuals must be forced by degrees to bring their taste to the standard of simple nature. Virtue is the supreme happiness of every nation, as of every private man; and all the subordinate conveniences are good or ill, as they take that course which is most favourable to virtue. But to return to the particular virtue which is now to be considered.

The last and noblest recommendation of frugality, is, that it conduces to public honesty, and public strength. A frugal man is, with respect to external fortune, independent, and free from all the inticements of corruption. I have learned from history, that luxurious ages have been always ages of speculation and bribery; and, generally, the concluding seasons of the glory and liberty of a state. It was so in antient Sparta, where the victories of Lysander and Agesilaus, brought a flood of wealth into the city, which proved too strong for the admirable policy of Lycurgus. It was so in ancient Athens, where the command of the sea, and the dominions of the isles, raised an ungovernable petulance, which the strength of no nation under heaven could have supported. It was so in ancient Rome, where Crassus and Cæsar bought and sold the principal

principal inhabitants by means of the horrid necessities, into which their licentious pleasures had plunged them. It was so in modern Florence, where the luxury of private citizens could not stand proof against the insinuating magnificence of the Medicis.

I asserted that frugality conduces, not only to public honesty, but also to public strength. It might be made to appear by more ways than one. The strength of a state consists in the collective strength of all its members, and in their readiness to exert it for the public service. That frugality conduces to personal strength, both of body and fortune, need not be argued, after what is said above. That frugality inclines men to exert their strength for the public service, will appear from this consideration, that nothing can so much disincline them, as habits of luxurious and selfish pleasure. Whereas the frugal man, having no such habits, will be sensible how much his own happiness is included in the public safety, and will find no other more favourite way of opening and dispensing the fruits of his care, than endeavouring to support that public community, under which alone he can hope to enjoy them.

BRYDONE'S *Tour through Sicily and Malta*, concluded.
See our last Month's Ledger.

WE left our travellers* to the enjoyment of their repose, on their beds of leaves, in the *cavern of goat*., in the middle or woody region of mount *Ætna*. As they proposed to themselves the pleasure of saluting the rising sun from the summit of the mountain, and had about eight miles of the upper or desert region to climb, beside a great part of the forest in which they were then embowered,—it was incumbent on them to be stirring pretty early. Accordingly they breakfasted about midnight, and then set forward under the guidance and absolute disposal of the Cyclops, who now began to display his great knowledge of the mountain; and they followed him with implicit confidence,

‘He

* The party consisted of nine persons, including the three servants, the *Cyclops*, their *conductor*, and two men to take care of the mules. The Cyclops was so called, from his being better acquainted with *Ætna*, than any other man in the island.

‘He conducted us, says Mr. B. over “Antres vast, and deserts wild,” where scarce human foot had ever trod. Sometimes through gloomy forests, which by day-light were delightful; but now, from the universal darkness; the rustling of the trees; the heavy, dull, bellowing of the mountain; the vast expanse of ocean stretched at an immense distance below us; inspired a kind of awful horror. Sometimes we found ourselves ascending great rocks of lava, where if our mules should make but a false step, we might be thrown headlong over the precipice. However, by the assistance of the Cyclops, we overcame all these difficulties; and he managed matters so well, that in the space of two hours we found we had got above the regions of vegetation; and that we had left the forests of *Ætna* far behind. These appeared now like a dark and gloomy gulph below us, that surrounded the mountain.

‘The prospect before us was of a very different nature; we beheld an expanse of snow and ice that alarmed us exceedingly, and almost staggered our resolution. In the center of this, but still at a great distance, we observed the high summit of the mountain, rearing its tremendous head, and vomiting out torrents of smoke. It indeed appeared totally inaccessible from the vast extent of the fields of snow and ice that surrounded it. Our diffidence was still increased by the sentiments of the Cyclops. He told us, that it often happened, that the surface of the mountain, being hot below, melted the snow in particular spots, and formed pools of water, where it was impossible to foresee our danger; that it likewise happened, that the surface of the water, as well as the snow, was often covered with black ashes, that rendered it exceedingly treacherous; that however, if we thought proper, he should lead us on with as much caution as possible. Accordingly, after holding a council of war, which you know people generally do when they are very much afraid, we sent our cavalry down to the forest below, and prepared to climb the snows. The Cyclops, after taking a great draught of brandy, desired us to be of good cheer; that we had plenty of time, and might take as many rests as we pleased. That the snow could be little more than seven miles, and that we certainly should be able to accomplish it some time before sun-rise. Accordingly, taking each of us a dram of liqueur, which soon removed every objection, we began our march.

‘The ascent for some time was not *rapid*; and, as the surface of the snow sunk a little, we had tolerable good footing; but as it soon began to grow steeper, we found our labour greatly increased: however we determined to persevere, remembering, in the midst of our fatigue, that the emperor *Adrian* and the philosopher

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philosopher Plato underwent the same; and from the same motive too, to see the rising sun from the top of mount *Ætna*. After incredible labour and fatigue, but at the same time mixed with a great deal of pleasure, we arrived before dawn at the ruins of an antient structure, called *Il Torre del Filosofo*, supposed to have been built by the philosopher Empedocles, who took up his habitation here the better to study the nature of mount *Ætna*. By others, it is supposed to be the ruins of the temple of Vulcan, whose shop, all the world knows, (where he used to make excellent thunderbolts and celestial armour, as well as nets to catch his wife when she went astray;) was ever kept in mount *Ætna*. Here we rested ourselves for some time, and made a fresh application to our liqueur bottle, which, I am persuaded, both Vulcan and Empedocles, had they been here, would have greatly approved of after such a march.

* I found the mercury had fallen to 20:6. We had now time to pay our adorations in a silent contemplation of the sublime objects of nature. The sky was perfectly clear, and the immense vault of the heavens appeared in awful majesty and splendour. We found that it struck us much more forcibly than below, and at first were at a loss to know the cause; till we observed, with astonishment, that the number of the stars seemed to be infinitely increased, and that the light of each of them appeared brighter than usual. The whiteness of the milky way was like a pure flame that shot across the heavens; and with the naked eye we could observe clusters of stars that were totally invisible in the regions below. We did not at first attend to the cause, nor recollect that we had now passed through ten or twelve thousand feet of gross vapour, that blunts and confuses every ray, before it reaches the surface of the earth. We were amazed at the distinctness of vision, and exclaimed together, What a glorious situation for an observatory! Had Empedocles had the eyes of Gallileo what discoveries must he not have made! We regretted that Jupiter was not visible, as I really believe we might have discovered some of his satellites with the naked eye;—or at least with a small glass which I had in my pocket. We observed a light a great way below us on the mountain, which seemed to move among the forests; but whether it was an *Ignis Fatuus*, or what it was, I shall not pretend to say. We likewise took notice of several of those meteors, called Falling Stars, which still appeared to be equally elevated above us, as when seen from the plain; so that in all probability these bodies move in regions much more remote than the bounds that some philosophers have prescribed to our atmosphere.

* After

‘ After contemplating these objects for some time, we set off, and soon after arrived at the foot of the great crater of the mountain. This is exactly of a conical figure, and rises equally on all sides. It is composed solely of ashes and other burnt materials, discharged from the mouth of the volcano, which is in its center. This conical mountain is of a very great size; its circumference cannot be less than ten miles. Here we took a second rest, as the most violent part of our fatigue still remained. The mercury had fallen to $20 : 4\frac{1}{2}$.—We found this mountain excessively steep; and, although it had appeared black, it was likewise covered with snow, the surface of which (luckily for us) was spread over with a pretty thick layer of ashes thrown out from the crater. Had it not been for this, we never should have been able to get to the top; as the snow was every where froze hard and solid from the piercing cold of the atmosphere.

‘ In about an hour’s climbing, we arrived at a place where there was no snow, and a warm comfortable vapour issued from the mountain, which induced us to make another halt. Here I found the mercury at $19 : 6\frac{1}{2}$. The thermometer, to my amazement, was fallen three degrees below the point of congelation; and, before we left the summit of *Ætna*, it fell two degrees more, viz. to 27.—From this spot it was only about 300 yards to the highest summit of the mountain, where we arrived in full time, to see the most wonderful and most sublime sight in nature.

‘ But here description must ever fall short; for no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious and so magnificent a scene. Neither is there, on the surface of this globe, any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects.—The immense elevation, from the surface of the earth, drawn as it were to a single point, without any neighbouring mountain for the senses and imagination to rest upon; and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world. This point or pinnacle, raised on the brink of a bottomless gulph, as old as the world, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks, with a noise that shakes the whole island. Add to this, the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity and the most beautiful scenery in nature; with the rising sun, advancing in the east, to illuminate the wondrous scene.

‘ The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled up, and shewed dimly and faintly the boundless prospect around.—Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos; and light and darkness seemed still undivided; till the morning, by degrees advancing, completed the separation.

tion.—The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear. The forests, which but now seemed black and bottomless gulphs, from whence no ray was reflected to shew their form or colours, appears a new creation rising to the sight; catching life and beauty from every increasing beam.—The scene still enlarges, and the horizon seems to widen and expand itself on all sides; till the sun, like the great Creator, appears in the east, and with his plastic ray completes the mighty scene.—All appears enchantment; and it is with difficulty we can believe we are still on earth. The senses, unaccustomed to such objects, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time that they are capable of separating and judging of them.—The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean, immense tracks both of sea and land intervening; the islands of Lipari, Panari, Alicudi, Strombolo, and Volcano, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet; and you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map; and can trace every river through all its windings, from its source to its mouth. The view is absolutely boundless on every side; nor is there any one object, within the circle of vision, to interrupt it; so that the sight is every where lost in the immensity; and I am perfectly convinced that it is only from the imperfection of our organs, that the coasts of Africa, and even of Greece, are not discovered, as they are certainly above the horizon. The circumference of the visible horizon on the top of *Ætna* cannot be less than 2000 miles; at Malta, which is near 200 miles distant, they perceive all the eruptions from the second region; and that island is often discovered from about one half the elevation of the mountain; so that at the whole elevation the horizon must extend to near double that distance, or 400 miles, which makes 800 for the diameter of the circle, and 2400 for the circumference. But this is by much too vast for our senses, not intended to grasp so boundless a scene. I find, indeed, by several of the Sicilian authors, particularly *Massa*, that the African coast, as well as that of Naples, with many of its islands, have often been discovered from the top of *Ætna*. Of this, however, we cannot boast, though we can very well believe it. Indeed, if we knew exactly the height of the mountain, it would be easy to calculate the extent of its visible horizon; and (*vice versa*) if its visible horizon was exactly ascertained, it would be an easy matter to calculate the height of the mountain.—But the most beautiful part of the scene is certainly the mountain itself; the island of Sicily, and the numerous islands lying round it. All these, by a kind of magic in vision, that I am at a loss to account for, seem as if they were brought close round the skirts of *Ætna*; the distances

appearing reduced to nothing.—Perhaps this singular effect is produced from the rays of light passing from a rarer medium into a denser; which (from a well known law in optics) to an observer in the rarer medium, appears to lift up the objects that are at the bottom of the dense one; as a piece of money placed in a basin appears lifted up, so soon as the basin is filled with water.

‘The *Regione Deserta*, or the frigid zone of *Ætna*, is the first object that calls your attention. It is marked out by a circle of snow and ice, which extends on all sides to the distance of about eight miles. In the center of this circle, the great crater of the mountain rears its burning head, and the regions of intense cold and of intense heat seem for ever to be united in the same point.—On the north side of the snowy region, they assure us, there are several small lakes that are never thawed; and that, in many places, the snow, mixed with the ashes and salts of the mountain, is accumulated to an immense depth: and indeed I suppose the quantity of salts, contained in this mountain, is one great reason of the preservation of its snows.—The *Regione Deserta* is immediately succeeded by the *Sylvosa*, or the woody region; which forms a circle or girdle of the most beautiful green, which surrounds the mountain on all sides, and is certainly one of the most delightful spots on earth. This forms a remarkable contrast with the desert region. It is not smooth and even like the greatest part of the latter; but is finely variegated by an infinite number of these beautiful little mountains that have been formed by the different eruptions of *Ætna*. All these have now acquired a wonderful degree of fertility, except a very few that are but newly formed; that is, within these five or six hundred years: for it certainly requires some thousands to bring them to their greatest degree of perfection. We looked down into the craters of these, and attempted, but in vain, to number them.

‘The circumference of this zone, or great circle on *Ætna*, is not less than 70 or 80 miles. It is every where succeeded by the vineyards, orchards, and corn-fields that compose the *Regione Culta*, or the fertile region. This zone is much broader than the others, and extends on all sides to the foot of the mountain. Its whole circumference, according to *Recupero*, is 183 miles. It is likewise covered with a number of little conical and spherical mountains, and exhibits a wonderful variety of forms and colours, and makes a delightful contrast with the other two regions. It is bounded by the sea to the south and south-east, and on all its other sides by the rivers *Semetus* and *Alcantara*, which almost run round it. The whole

whole course of these rivers is seen at once, and all their beautiful windings through these fertile valleys looked upon as the favourite possession of Ceres herself, and the very scene of the rape of her daughter Proserpine.

‘Cast your eyes a little farther, and you embrace the whole island, and see all its cities, rivers, and mountains, delineated in the great chart of nature: all the adjacent islands, the whole coast of Italy, as far as your eye can reach; for it is no where bounded, but every where lost in the space. On the sun’s first rising, the shadow of the mountain extends across the whole island, and makes a large track visible even in the sea and in the air. By degrees this is shortened, and, in a little time, is confined only to the neighbourhood of *Ætna*.

‘We had now time to examine a fourth region of *Ætna*, very different, indeed, from the others, and productive of very different sensations; but which has, undoubtedly, given being to all the rest; I mean the region of fire.

‘The present crater of this immense vulcano, is a circle of about three miles and half in circumference. It goes shelving down on each side, and forms a regular hollow like a vast amphitheatre. From many places of this space, issue volumes of sulphureous smoke, which, being much heavier than the circumambient air, instead of rising in it, as smoke generally does, immediately on its getting out of the crater, rolls down the side of the mountain like a torrent, till coming to that part of the atmosphere of the same specific gravity with itself, it shoots off horizontally, and forms a large track in the air, according to the direction of the wind; which, happily for us, carried it exactly in the opposite side to that where we were placed. The crater is so hot, that it is very dangerous, if not impossible, to go down into it; besides, the smoke is very incommodious, and, in many places, the surface is so soft, that there have been instances of people sinking down in it; and paying for their temerity with their lives. Near the center of the crater is the great mouth of the volcano. That tremendous gulph so celebrated in all ages, looked upon as the terror and scourge both of this and another life; and equally useful to ancient poets, or to modern divines, when the Muse, or when the Spirit, inspires. We beheld it with awe and with horror, and were not surprized that it had been considered as the place of the damned. When we think of the immensity of its depth; the vast cells and caverns whence so many lavas have issued; the force of its internal fire, to raise up these lavas to so vast a height, to support it as it were in the air, and even force it over the very summit of the crater, with all the dreadful accompaniments; the boiling of the matter, the shaking

of the mountain, the explosions of flaming rocks, &c. we must allow, that the most enthusiastic imagination, in the midst of all its terrors, hardly ever form'd an idea of a hell more dreadful.

What an exquisite description has our ingenious Author given us of his ascent to the summit of this supremely glorious and dreadful mountain ! We see every thing which he saw, we feel all that he felt, we share in his fatigues, and we partake of his raptures. Indeed, Mr. B. the reviewers, their readers, and the public in general, are highly obliged to you, for the delight you have afforded them !

Our traveller's recital of the circumstances attending his descent from *Ætna*, and return to *Cattania*, with his philosophical observations on the several phænomena, and subjects in natural history, which presented themselves to his view, would afford our Readers an entertainment almost equal to that of his *'journey upward'*;—but we must desist : the temptation, indeed, is great ; but we are not to forget the scanty limits of our pamphlet.

The remainder of this first volume is taking up with the particulars of Mr. B's voyage from *Cattania* to *Syracuse*; from thence to *Malta* ; and from *Malta* to *Agrigentum* : comprehending his entertaining descriptions of the several cities and countries, and their inhabitants.

In the second volume, he continues his account of the *Agrigentini*, ancient and modern ; and then proceeds, by land, to *Palermo*, his favourite city ; in the praises of which he is by no means sparing. His description of *Palermo* includes a great variety of observations on the manners, customs, laws, &c. of the *Sicilians*, with the natural history and antiquities of their country : also a curious letter on comets ; in which the very ingenious writer endeavours to subject those celestial wanderers to the laws of electricity.—For all these particulars we must refer to the work itself ; which concludes with the Author's return to *Naples* *.

And now, if our Readers are pleas'd with our extracts from these letters, in any proportion to the delight we have met with in the perusal of the whole, they will think it quite unnecessary for us to add, that captain *Brydone's Tour* contains more good sense, more knowledge, more variety of entertainment, than is to be found in most works of the kind :—in truth, we cannot, at present, recollect one that can be put in competition with it.

EPITOME

* His last letter announces the design of making some excursions through that kingdom ; and seems to promise his correspondent an account of whatever might occur, that should be deemed worthy of his friend's observation. Hence we may expect a sequel to the present tour.

EPITOME of *Commodore Byron's VOYAGE round the World*, concluded. See our last Month's Ledger.

HAVING passed the Straits, as has been already related, in most tempestuous weather, they directed their course to Masafuero, on the north shore of which island they anchored on the 28th of April, after a passage of 19 days, without any incident worth notice intervening. This island lies in lat. $33^{\circ} 28' S.$ and in $84^{\circ} 27' W.$ long. from London. Here they supplied the ships with wood and water, killed some goats, and caught abundance of fish; and it was remarkable, that, among the goats that were killed, they found some marked in the ear, for which it is not easy to account.

The cork jackets, with which the men were provided, were here found to be of infinite use; for, as the surf was so great that the boats could not venture on shore, the jackets not only facilitated the landing of the men, but saved them from being bruised against the rocks. They were, however, exposed to another danger, still more dreadful than the rocks or the waves; and that was the risk they ran of being seized and swallowed alive by the enormous sharks that every-where abounded about the island, some of them 20 feet long, which in full sight of the ship swallowed seals of the largest size. One of these monsters pursued a sailor in swimming his cask to shore, and was so near seizing him, that he who had the care of the boat struck the creature with his boat-hook. This providential escape so terrified the poor fellow who happened to be attacked, that he chose rather to remain upon the island alone, than to return to the boat by the way that he came*. He had even taken a solemn leave of his companions, when a midshipman, in pity to him, swam through the surf with a small rope about his middle, in which he made a noose: this cord, while he was expostulating on the oddity of the man's resolution, he contrived dexterously to throw over his shoulders, and then giving the signal to the boat's crew to haul away, they dragged him half dead into the boat, and in that condition carried him on board his ship, where he soon recovered.

There

* On this island one Alexander Selkirk, a native of Scotland, was left by capt. Stradling in 1744, and remained there four years and four months. He had with him his cloaths and bedding, a gun, a pound of powder, some bullets, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a bible, his mathematical instruments, and some books. He subsisted chiefly by killing of goats, and diverted himself by dancing with his cats.

There were on this island whole herds of goats, and such plenty of fish on the coast, that, while one part of the crew were employed in hunting, and in taking in wood and water, the other supplied both the ships companies with as much fish as they could consume.

Here the commodore made a promotion of officers, and gave the command of his own ship to capt. Mouat, (all flag-officers having a captain under them), and that of the Tamar to Mr. Cumming, first lieutenant of the Dolphin; which made way for several other changes of less importance.

It is no improbable conjecture, that the commodore made choice of this island to refresh at, rather than Juan Fernandes, as less liable to alarm the Spaniards, who are ever jealous of foreigners navigating the Pacific Sea, and who have fortified Juan Fernandes as a check upon the enemy in case of a war with the maritime powers, who cannot undertake any formidable enterprize in that part of the world without some place to retreat to, should the enterprize miscarry.

The sick, being here supplied with fresh provisions, recovered very fast; and the ships having filled their casks with water, on the 30th of April they weighed anchor, and on the 1st of May proceeded on their voyage. The first objects they saw which attracted their notice, except Tropic birds, was on the 26th, when a couple of swans were seen high in the air, which gave reason to suspect that they had either passed land unperceived in the night, or that some land was not far off.

On the 22d they caught two bonettas, and saw several Tropic birds; sure indications that land was at no great distance; yet it was the 7th of June before they got sight of any. In the mean time, though the weather continued fine, and the breeze constant, yet the nearer they approached the Line, the more severely did the men feel the attack of the enemy.

They were in latitude $14^{\circ} 5'$ South, when they observed a cluster of islands, one of which had a most beautiful appearance, being cloathed with groves of trees, and delightfully diversified with hills and vallies. It was, however, surrounded by inaccessible rocks; and, though it abounded with every thing that was wanting for the recovery of the sick, who were now 36 in number, they could procure nothing from the savage inhabitants, who were men of a gigantic stature, armed with lances 16 feet long, and who threatened them with death if they attempted to land. This, however, would have been no obstacle to their landing; for on firing a nine-pound shot over their heads, they fled in terrible consternation to the woods.

From

From these islands they were forced to depart without relief; the misery of the sick being aggravated by the mortification of not being able to taste the salutary fruits that hung in clusters before their eyes. Commodore Byron called these the *Islands of Disappointment*.

In a day or two after, they came in sight of other islands, the first of which was surrounded with reefs of rocks of red coral. The inhabitants, like those of the *Islands of Disappointment*, were armed with long pikes, and ran along the beach in great numbers. The commodore ordered out the boats to seek for a harbour, but found only an inlet about a ship's length wide, in which there were 13 fathoms water, with a bottom of coral rock. At the entrance of this inlet some hundreds of the inhabitants were ranged in tolerable order, and stood up to their waists in water, to oppose their landing. They made a horrible cry, and were instantly joined by a swarm of canoes, that came paddling down a lake which seemed to divide the island into two parts. The boats that were sounding made every friendly sign they could to bring the canoe-men to talk with them; and at length some of them came close up, and one in an instant laid hold of a jacket from the *Tamar's* boat, and, diving with it, never came up above water till he was close in shore among his companions. This island they named *Coral Island*.

The commodore, not liking the anchoring-place, made sail, and came in sight of another island. Two armed canoes followed, with 30 men in each, and gave chase to the boats that were still along shore in search of a harbour. The boats, perceiving their intent, turned upon the canoes, who then fled; and, in their turn, the boats gave chase. Though the surf was dreadful, the canoes pushed through it, and the boats followed; a combat ensued, and three or four of the natives were killed; one of them, with three balls in his body, fell close to the boats, and died with a stone in his hand, in the action of throwing it against the enemy. The rest fled, carrying off their dead, except this man, along with them.

The boats returned to the ships with the two canoes that had pursued them. They were of curious construction; their sails were made of matting neatly wrought, and their cordage was as well made as the best in England.

Finding no better anchoring-place in any other part of the island, the ships returned to the inlet; and a great number of the inhabitants being there gathered together, the commodore, unwilling to kill any more of them, caused a shot to be fired over their heads, which presently dispersed them.

Before

Before night the boats landed, and brought off a few cocoa-nuts to refresh the sick; and next day all who were able were put on shore, and others sent out to seek for refreshments. Here the commodore himself landed, and surveyed the island the whole day. He met with no interruption; the houses were deserted by all but dogs, and, except a few women at a distance, not a native was to be seen. Cocoa-nuts they found in abundance, and some springs of water, but these yielded a very scanty supply.

On rummaging the houses, the sailors found part of the rudder of a Dutch long-boat, some iron tools, and a piece of brass, all of European manufacture; by which it is conjectured, that either the boat to which they belonged must have been seized by the natives, or the ship wrecked upon the coast, as no account is extant of these islands having been seen before. They found, besides, a carpenter's adze, the blade of which was a pearl oyster-shell. They took notice of the sepulchres of their dead, in form like square tombs, erected under the gloomy shades of clumps of lofty trees, hung round with baskets full of the remains of fish and other eatables, by which it may be supposed they entertain some notion of the soul's surviving after death. They likewise saw here the skeleton of a man of a gigantic size, behind some stones in a wooden box.

They loaded their boats with cocoa-nuts and scurvy-grass, and returned to the ships at night. In the woods they saw parrots and paroquets, and doves of a beautiful colour, so tame that they followed them into the Indians huts. They met with no venomous creatures, but such intolerable swarms of flies, that they covered the men from head to foot in their boats.

Having supplied the sick with refreshments, and those of the most powerful anti-scorbutic kind, they sailed on the 12th for the island which they had seen a day or two before. On the first approach of the ships, the natives flocked to the shores, armed in the same manner as the Indians they had already seen, and ran along the beach abreast of the ship, for many miles together, with incredible swiftness. As the boats that were sent in search of a harbour had orders to keep as close to the shore as the surf would permit, they frequently came pretty close to the natives, and, by signs and a few presents, endeavoured to cultivate a friendship with them. The officers on board the boats had strict orders not to offer any violence, unless compelled to it in their own defence, and their guarded conduct had the desired effect; they made signs that they wanted water, and

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and the natives shewed they understood them, by pointing to a place where there was a spring.

When the boats came over-against it, they saw a town full of inhabitants, and the boats hauled close into the surf, and the ships brought to at a little distance from the boats. While they lay in this position, an old man, with a long beard and a venerable aspect, having a green branch of plantain in his hand, came close down to the water's edge, and, in an attitude the most majestic, delivered an oration, in a tone like recitative, between singing and speaking, which they all lamented they did not understand. While he was yet speaking, they threw him some presents; but he rebuked their want of manners, by not touching what was offered, nor suffering them to be touched by others, till he had made an end; when, walking into the water, he threw the bough he had held in his hand into the nearest boat, and then went and gathered up the presents. Encouraged by this friendly appearance, a midshipman, clothed as he was, threw himself into the surf, and swam to shore. He was instantly surrounded by a croud, who examined every thing about him with great curiosity, and seemed particularly struck with his waistcoat, which without hesitation he pulled off, and very politely presented it to the chief who made the oration. This act of courtesy, however, did not seem to produce the desired effect; for he had no sooner parted with his waistcoat to one, than another made off with his neckcloth: so that, fearing to be stripped naked, he thought it best to return to his boat by the same way he had left it.

The inhabitants, however, committed no violence on the persons of their new guests; they even supplied them with hogs, fruits, and water, and whatever else they had, which the ships stood in need of, as may be gathered from the sequel; though the writer of the voyage has omitted this act of civility of the natives, and seems to blame them because they would not part with their pearls, if they had any, for nails, hatchets, and bill-hooks.

From these islands the commodore set sail, accompanied by the Tamar, on the 13th of June, pursuing their voyage to the westward, till they arrived on the 31st of July at the island of Tinian. In this run they discovered some unknown islands, to the first of which they gave the name of the *Prince of Wales*; to the next, the *Islands of Danger*; to the third, which appeared to be uninhabited, the *Duke of York*; and to the last, *Byron's Island*. The first was in latitude 15° S. longitude $151^{\circ} 53'$ W. var. $5^{\circ} 38'$ E. The second, in latitude $10^{\circ} 15'$ S. longitude $169^{\circ} 28'$ W. The third, in latitude $8^{\circ} 33'$ S. longitude 178°

16' W. The last, in latitude $1^{\circ} 18'$ S. longitude $173^{\circ} 46'$ E. It must not, however, be forgotten, that, before they left King George's Islands, they saw, in the lake of the last of them, a large two-masted vessel that had cordage at top to support her masts; a particular which deserves attention, as the same thing is mentioned by Quiros and Roggewein, and by no other voyagers.

The next day after they left King George's Islands, they met with a mountainous swell from the southward, and saw vast flocks of birds, which always at night directed their flight to the southward. From these appearances the commodore did suppose a continent to be in that direction, as he could no otherwise account for the peopling of those distant islands. He would have gone in pursuit of it, had his men been healthy, and the winds favourable; but, sickness prevailing in both ships, and the wind being contrary, he durst not attempt it.

In their passage they almost every day saw birds; and there is reason to believe that islands lie plentifully scattered between the Tropics on the southern side of the Line, though admiral Anson ran a course of more than 7000 miles on the north side of it without seeing one.

From the uninhabited island already mentioned they procured, by means of their boats, about 200 cocoa-nuts, which was a great relief to those who were ill of the scurvy.

On the 3d of July they fell in with *Byron's Isle*, just before they crossed the Line. The delightful appearance of this isle, and the great number of inhabitants whom they saw upon the beach, as well as in the canoes that every where surrounded the shore, gave them great hopes of meeting with some refreshments, as provisions began to grow so scarce, that shark's flesh was a dainty even at the commodore's table. The boats were, therefore, instantly hoisted out as soon as they approached the land; and the ships were surrounded with proas, in which were between 2 and 300 people. The men in these proas had neither the savage ferocity of the islanders they had passed, nor their timidity; they were bold, sprightly, and good-natured. Some swam to the ships, and ran up the sides laughing, and without ceremony laid hold of any thing that came in their way. As they were quite naked, they could conceal nothing, and the trifles they took served only for sport. On one of them the crew of the Dolphin put a jacket and trowsers, and nothing in nature could be more diverting than the antics he played in his new dress. But with all this familiarity, when they were shewn cocoa-nuts, and given to understand that more were wanted, instead of bringing a supply, they endeavoured to steal what they saw.

They

They were a fine-limbed people, of a bright copper-colour, with long black hair variously disposed, and one among them, who appeared to be a chief, was ornamented with a string of human teeth, which he wore about his middle, and which was probably a trophy of military prowess; for with it he would not part for any thing that was offered to him. Most of them had strings of shells prettily put together; and one had a most dangerous weapon, being a kind of spear, very long, and at the end very broad, and armed on both sides two or three feet high with shark's teeth, every one of which was as sharp as a lancet.

The boats sent out in search of an anchoring-place returned without effect; and the ships were obliged to continue their voyage without any refreshment. It was now intolerably hot, and the men began to sicken apace: their cocoa-nuts were near exhausted, and they had got 600 leagues to run. Nothing, however, happened in the course of this passage worth notice; the sea was open, and in seven-and-twenty days they made land.

On the 31st of July they anchored in the very bay where admiral Anson had anchored just 22 years 11 months and three days before. They had not, however, the same good fortune as the Centurion had, to find huts and tents ready erected for the entertainment of their sick; neither, indeed, did they so much stand in need of those conveniences. The Centurion, by keeping a direct western course between the 13th and 14th degrees of N. latitude, had been 109 days between Acapulco and Tinian, without ever once casting anchor, and had hardly men and officers enough on board able to carry the sick on shore. The Dolphin and Tamar had been only 27 days out of sight of land, and but 38 from an island where they had received refreshments. Many of them were, indeed, ill of the scurvy, but not like the crew of the Centurion, in the last stage of it; they, therefore, soon recovered by the help of the cocoa-nuts, which the commodore esteems the best remedy for that disorder of any in the world. The people of the Centurion, on the contrary, attributed their recovery to the limes and fruits they met with in the island. Neither the Dolphin nor the Tamar had yet lost a single man by death since their departure from England, and but two died at Tinian, and those of fevers; those ill of the scurvy having all recovered in a few days. But the Centurion had lost more than half her complement before she arrived, and some died every day after she had anchored, through the extremity of the disease. Admiral Anson calls this a delightful island; commodore Byron, one of the most unhealthy spots in the world. The commodore landed

here on the 31st of July, and staid till the 1st of October; the admiral landed on the 27th of August, and staid till the 21st of October: so that they were both in that island nearly at the same season of the year. The commodore finds great fault with the water; Pascoe Thomas, the mathematical master of the Centurion, who was long ill upon the island, says, good water may every where be had by digging: and there is no doubt but springs or pools may be found above ground, otherwise such herds of cattle could not subsist as are generally acknowledged to fill the vallies, and graze upon the mountains, of this unpeopled island. The fish were thought not to be good; and, indeed, they had little occasion to eat any, as hogs, buffaloes, and poultry, were found in abundance. The commodore laid in store of cocoa-nuts, and as many wild hogs alive as the ships could stow; and, having repaired the ships, and recovered his men, he cleared the island on the 3d of October, and landed on the island of Timoan on the 3d of November. Here they got a few fowls, a goat and a kid, and thought to pay for them, as usual, with nails, hatchets, and bill-hooks; but they were deceived; the country-men wanted rupees, which the sailors not having to give them, were forced to pledge their handkerchiefs, which, however, they never went back to redeem. The people here are Malays, and trade with the Dutch. They came to the beach armed with a knife in one hand, a spear in the other, and a durk or dagger in a belt by their side. One old man was dressed in the Persian manner; the rest were naked, all but a thin covering on the head, and a piece of cloth fastened with a clasp round their middles. They were less than the islanders on the south of the Line, but nimble, and well made. Their houses were neatly built, and their vessels large and of a good construction. Cocoa-nuts they had in abundance, but the inhabitants would part with none. The voyagers hauled the seine, however, and caught plenty of good fish: but even this offended the natives: so that, after purchasing a rare animal, which, however, they could not keep alive, and filling some casks of water, they pursued their voyage. Every day now discovered some fresh land; and, on the 13th, they saw a sloop at anchor that hoisted Dutch colours, upon which the commodore sent an officer with some men on board, to learn news; but, to their great surprize, they could not make themselves understood, no one white man being among the crew: yet they received the officer civilly, made tea for him, and behaved with the greatest kindness and hospitality. Our voyagers on the 20th passed the Straits of Sumatra, and on the 27th entered the road of Batavia.

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Here they found above 100 sail of different nations, and among them a large English ship, that saluted them with 13 guns. The Dutch commodore sent a dirty ragged fellow to the Dolphin, to know whence she came, whither she was going, and how long she intended to stay; to all which questions answer was made by shewing the fellow the way to his boat, and desiring him to walk out of the ship.

The commodore, however, going ashore, was desirous of waiting upon the governor, and was directed to an officer called a Shebander, who took him in his chariot, and carried him to the governor's country-house, where he was received courteously, and had leave either to take a house during his residence, or lodgings at the Hotel*. As there was not a single person ill in either ship when they arrived at Batavia, there was the less occasion to prolong their stay there. The commodore, therefore, ordered every thing to be in readiness, and on the 10th of December set sail, after having laid in a sufficient quantity of rice and arrack for the rest of their voyage; the only articles that are there to be purchased at a reasonable price. As soon as they were at sea, the people from Java supplied them with turtle; but, notwithstanding their short stay, the noxious effects of the climate began to appear; a putrid fever broke out among the men, carried off three, and reduced some others to a very dangerous state; but they soon recovered after being a few days at sea.

They now continued their voyage to the Cape of Good Hope; and in their passage, as soon as they made the coast of Africa, were surprized by the sight of smoke rising from a desolate part of the beach, where it was not likely that any of the natives would take up their residence. They were afterwards informed, that two Dutch East-Indiamen had sailed from Batavia for the Cape about two years before, and had never been heard of since; and it was supposed they had been both wrecked upon that coast. The fires, therefore, that caused the smoke were, probably, made by the remains of the unfortunate crews. The commodore laments he did not attempt to relieve them.

On the 13th of February our voyagers anchored in Table Bay, just without the Cape, and saluted the fort, when the compliment was instantly returned; and the commodore, next day,

* The Hotel is a licensed inn, the only one in the city, and one of the grandest buildings in Batavia. The governor puts in the master, and there is a penalty of 500l. on any other person who suffers a stranger to sleep in his house a single night without the governor's leave.

day, having waited on the Dutch governor, was received with every mark of friendship which the servant of one state could shew to an officer in the service of another.—Here the ships were repaired, and the men refreshed.

The Cape is most delightfully situated, in a healthy climate, abounding with every thing the appetite of man can require. The wines are the richest in the world, and the venison the most delicious; the flesh, fish, and fruits, can no-where be excelled; and, in short, nothing is wanting here but contentment to make it an earthly paradise. It is no wonder, therefore, that those who had just surrounded the globe, and had escaped the rigours of the various climates through which they had passed, should be glad to rest awhile in this happy spot, to recover their exhausted strength. It was, indeed, the 6th of March before both ships were ready to depart; when, being in high spirits, and having plenty of provisions, and wood and water enough for the remainder of their voyage, the ships unmoored, and set sail in order to complete their voyage home. On the 16th they came in sight of St. Helena; but, wanting nothing, they were pursuing their way with a fine breeze, when the Dolphin all of a sudden received a shock which in an instant alarmed the whole crew. Presently, on looking abroad, they saw the sea all round them tinged with blood: glad it was no worse, their joy returned; they found they had only struck a whale or a grampus, and were no longer in fear of any ill consequence. But, a few days after, captain Cumming met with a more dangerous disaster; he discovered that the lower braces of the Tamar's rudder were broken, and that, on taking the rudder off, it could not be new-hung. This obliged him to have recourse to a machine like that by which the Elizabeth was steered some years ago, and which answered very well; but the commodore, fearing the worst, and not knowing how it might work in a storm, or on a lee-shore, ordered the Tamar to Antigua to refit, and continued his own course home, where on the 9th of May he happily arrived, and anchored in the Downs, after a passage of nine weeks from the Cape, and a voyage of two-and-twenty months and a few days round the globe.

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On SYMPATHY.

HOW selfish soever man may be supposed, there are evidently some principles in his nature, which interest him in the fortune of others, and render their happiness necessary to him, though he derives nothing from it except the pleasure of seeing it. Of this kind is pity or compassion, the emotion which we feel for the misery of others, when we either see it, or are made to conceive it in a very lively manner. That we often derive sorrow from the sorrow of others, is too obvious to require any instances to prove it; for this sentiment, like all the other original passions of human nature, is by no means confined to the virtuous and humane, though they perhaps may feel it with the most exquisite sensibility. The greatest ruffian, the most hardened violator of the laws of society, is not altogether without it.

As we have no immediate experience of what other men feel, we can form no idea of the manner in which they are affected, but by conceiving what we ourselves should feel in the like situation. Though our brother is upon the rack, as long as we are at our own ease, our senses will never inform us of what he suffers. They never did, nor ever can, carry us beyond our own persons, and it is by the imagination only that we can form any conception of what are his sensations. Neither can that faculty help us to this any other way, than by representing to us what would be our own, if we were in his case. It is the impressions of our own senses only, not those of his, which our imaginations copy. By the imagination we place ourselves in his situation, we conceive ourselves enduring all the same torments, we enter as it were into his body, and become in some measure him, and thence form some idea of his sensations, and even feel something, which, though weaker in degree, is not altogether unlike them. His agonies, when they are thus brought home to ourselves, when we have thus adopted and made them our own, begin at last to affect us, and we then tremble and shudder at the thought of what he feels. For as to be in pain or distress of any kind excites the most excessive sorrow, so to conceive or to imagine that we are in it, excites some degree of the same emotion, in proportion to the vivacity or dulness of the conception.

That this is the source of our fellow-feeling for the misery of others, that it is by changing places in fancy with the sufferer, that we come either to conceive or be affected by what he feels, may be demonstrated by many obvious observations,

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if it should not be thought sufficiently evident of itself. When we see a stroke aimed and just ready to fall upon the leg or arm of another person, we naturally shrink and draw back our own leg, or our own arm; and when it does fall, we feel it in some measure, and are hurt by it as well as the sufferer. The mob, when they are gazing at a dancer on the slack rope, naturally writhe and twist, and balance their own bodies, as they see him do, and as they feel that they themselves must do in his situation. Persons of delicate fibres, and a weak constitution of body, complain, that, in looking on the sores and ulcers that are exposed by beggars in the streets, they are apt to feel an itching or uneasy sensation in the corresponding part of their own bodies. The horror which they conceive at the misery of those wretches affects that particular part in themselves, more than any other; because that horror arises from conceiving what they themselves would suffer, if they really were the wretches whom they are looking upon, and if that particular part in themselves were actually affected in the same miserable manner. The very force of this conception is sufficient, in their feeble frames, to produce that itching or uneasy sensation complained of. Men of the most robust make observe, that in looking upon sore eyes they often feel a very sensible soreness in their own, which proceeds from the same reason; that organ being in the strongest man more delicate than any other part of the body is in the weakest.

Neither is it those circumstances only, which create pain or sorrow, that call forth our fellow-feeling. Whatever is the passion which arises from any object in the person principally concerned, an analogous emotion springs up, at the thought of his situation, in the breast of every attentive spectator. Our joy, for the deliverance of those heroes of tragedy or romance who interest us, is as sincere as our grief for their distress, and our fellow-feeling with their misery is not more real than that with their happiness. We enter into their gratitude towards those faithful friends, who did not desert them in their difficulties; and we heartily go along with their resentment against those perfidious traitors, who injured, abandoned, or deceived them. In every passion, of which the mind of man is susceptible, the emotions of the by-stander always correspond to what, by bringing the case home to himself, he imagines, should be the sentiments of the sufferer.

Pity and compassion are words appropriated to signify our fellow-feeling with the sorrow of others. Sympathy, though its meaning was, perhaps, originally the same, may now, however, without

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without much impropriety, be made use of to denote our fellow-feeling with any passion whatever.

Upon some occasions sympathy may seem to arise merely from the view of a certain emotion in another person. The passions, upon some occasions, may seem to be transfused from one man to another, instantaneously, and antecedent to any knowledge of what excited them in the person principally concerned. Grief and joy, for example, strongly expressed in the look and gestures of any one, at once affect the spectator, with some degree of a like painful or agreeable emotion. A smiling face is, to every body that sees it, a chearful object; as a sorrowful countenance, on the other hand, is a melancholy one.

This, however, does not hold universally with regard to every passion. There are some, of which the expressions excite no sort of sympathy, but, before we are acquainted with what gave occasion to them, serve rather to disgust and provoke us against them. The furious behaviour of an angry man is more likely to exasperate us against himself, than against his enemies. As we are unacquainted with his provocation, we cannot bring his case home to ourselves, nor conceive any thing like the passions which it excites. But we plainly see what is the situation of those with whom he is angry, and to what violence they may be exposed from so enraged an adversary. We readily, therefore, sympathize with their fear or resentment, and are immediately disposed to take part against the man, from whom they appear to be in so much danger.

If the very appearances of grief and joy inspire us with some degree of the like emotions, it is because they suggest to us the general idea of some good or bad fortune that has befallen the person in whom we observe them: and in these passions this is sufficient to have some little influence upon us. The effects of grief and joy terminate in the person who feels those emotions, of which the expressions do not, like those of resentment, suggest to us the idea of any other person for whom we are concerned, and whose interests are opposite to his. The general idea of good or bad fortune, therefore, creates some concern for the person who has met with it; but the general idea of provocation excites no sympathy with the anger of the man who has received it. Nature, it seems, teaches us to be more averse to enter into this passion, and, till informed of its cause, to be disposed rather to take part against it.

Even our sympathy with the grief or joy of another, before we are informed of the cause of either, is always extremely imperfect. General lamentations, which express nothing but the anguish of the sufferer, create rather a curiosity to enquire

into his situation, along with some disposition to sympathize with him, than any actual sympathy that is very sensible. The first question that we ask is, What has befallen you? Until this be answered, though we are uneasy, both from the vague idea of his misfortunes, and still more from torturing ourselves with conjectures about what it may be, yet our fellow-feeling is not very considerable.

Sympathy, therefore, does not arise so much from the view of the passion, as from that of the situation which excites it. We sometimes feel, for another, a passion of which he himself seems to be altogether incapable; because when we put ourselves in his case, that passion arises in our breast from the imagination, though it does not in his from the reality. We blush for the impudence and rudeness of another, though he himself appears to have no sense of the impropriety of his own behaviour; because we cannot help feeling with what confusion we ourselves should be covered, had we behaved in so absurd a manner.

Of all the calamities, to which the condition of mortality exposes mankind, the loss of reason appears, to those who have the least spark of humanity, by far the most dreadful; and they behold that last stage of human wretchedness with deeper commiseration than any other. But the poor wretch, who is in it, laughs and sings perhaps, and is altogether insensible of his own misery. The anguish which humanity feels, therefore, at the sight of such an object, cannot be the reflection of any sentiment of the sufferer. The compassion of the spectator must arise altogether from the consideration of what he himself would feel if he was reduced to the same unhappy situation, and, what perhaps is impossible, was, at the same time, able to regard it with his present reason and judgement.

What are the pangs of a mother when she hears the moaning of her infant, that, during the agony of disease, cannot express what it feels? In her idea of what it suffers, she joins, to its real helplessness, her own consciousness of that helplessness, and her own terrors for the unknown consequences of its disorder; and, out of all these, forms, for her own sorrow, the most complete image of misery and distress. The infant, however, feels only the uneasiness of the present instant, which can never be great. With regard to the future it is perfectly secure, and, in its thoughtlessness and want of foresight, possesses an antidote against fear and anxiety, the great tormentors of the human breast, from which reason and philosophy will in vain attempt to defend it when it grows up to a man.

We sympathize even with the dead, and overlooking what is of real importance in their situation, that awful futurity which

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which awaits them, we are chiefly affected by those circumstances which strike our senses, but can have no influence upon their happiness. It is miserable, we think, to be deprived of the light of the sun ; to be shut out from life and conversation ; to be laid in the cold grave, a prey to corruption and the reptiles of the earth ; to be no more thought of in this world, but to be obliterated in a little time from the affections, and almost from the memory, of their dearest friends and relations. Surely, we imagine, we can never feel too much for those who have suffered so dreadful a calamity. The tribute of our fellow-feeling seems doubly due to them now when they are in danger of being forgot by every body : and, by the vain honours which we pay to their memory, we endeavour, for our own misery, artificially to keep alive our melancholy remembrance of their misfortune. That our sympathy can afford them no consolation, seems to be an addition to their calamity ; and to think that all we can do is unavailing, and that, what alleviates all other distresses, the regret, love, and the lamentation, of their friends, can yield no comfort to them, serves only to exasperate our sense of the misery. The happiness of the dead, however, most assuredly, is affected by none of these circumstances ; nor is it the thought of these things which can ever disturb the security of their repose. The idea of that dreary and endless melancholy, which the fancy naturally ascribes to their condition, arises altogether from our joining, to the charge which has been produced upon them, our own consciousness of that charge, from our putting ourselves in their situation, and from our lodging, if I may be allowed to say so, our own living souls in their inanimated bodies, and thence conceiving what would be our emotions in this case. It is this very illusion of the imagination which renders the foresight of our own dissolution so terrible to us, and the idea of those circumstances, which undoubtedly can give us no pain when we are dead, makes us miserable while we are alive. And from thence arises one of the most important principles in human nature, the dread of death, the great poison to the happiness, but the great restraint upon the injustice, of mankind, which, while it afflicts and mortifies the individuals, guards and protects the society.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On BENEVOLENCE.

————— *O pity human woe !
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe !*

POPE'S HOMER.

IT ought to be an invariable maxim, with those who write for the public, rather to treat on subjects which are of importance to the happiness of our fellow-creatures, than to entertain superficial minds with amusement devoid of instruction; or to flatter the passions and prejudices of mankind. I shall therefore confine myself in this Essay to a subject essentially interesting; to wit, the exercise of charity or benevolence.

Notwithstanding the excellency of this precept is assented to by all, and innumerable lessons have been given to enforce it; yet, we find it is not so generally practised by the affluent as might reasonably be expected. It will therefore scarcely give offence to any, whose censure is worth regarding, if I endeavour to awaken sensations of pity in the minds of my readers towards the poor and needy. If, in treating on a subject which must touch every feeling heart with tender emotions, I address the public in warm pathetic language, let me not be charged with enthusiasm or unmeaning declamation. Men want not to be convinced that benevolence is an indispensable duty; they rather want to have those tender sensations awakened, which prompt to the exercise of this essential virtue. Therefore, to write with a frigid coolness on a subject which peculiarly requires fervor, would be injustice to the cause I am about to plead, and betray in me a criminal insensibility.

Of all the circumstances capable of exciting compassion, none awaken, in a generous feeling mind, more painful tender emotions, than to behold numbers of our brethren depressed under the calamity of real poverty. To see many labouring hard under the united pressure of affliction and want, till they are ready to perish for want of timely relief, while others riot in luxury, is a prospect too moving to behold with indifference or silence,

As charity is a virtue of celestial extraction, a gem of the richest lustre in the robe of righteousness, so it is also one of those indubitable marks which distinguish the real christian. However feeble my endeavours, or however unequal I may be
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to the task of treating on a subject so important, yet I feel a secret complacency in the hope that some use may thence arise to the unhappy. Suffer me, therefore, to kindle in your breasts the glowing sparks of compassion towards the poor and needy; suffer me to enforce a practice so acceptable to the Father of sure mercies; a practice, which, while it affords comfort to our afflicted brethren, yields the purest satisfaction to the actor in the anticipation of its future reward.

Happy would it be for the race of Adam, if every scene of sorrow could be removed, and every cause of misery annihilated; but this is an event beyond the hope of the most sanguine expectation. "*To wipe tears from all faces,*" is not the privilege of human beings. Our utmost abilities ought, however, to be exerted in so noble an employment.

The first instances of our care should extend to objects the most deeply distressed; and we should be employed, in proportion to our respective abilities, in removing, or at least lessening, those misfortunes which, by being under our immediate notice, call with the most pressing importunity for our relief. This is a practice so consistent with the sympathetic feelings of every heart not rendered callous by *avarice*, and with the express command of him who "*went about doing good,*" that there are few men, capable of reflection, but must secretly approve it.

None, who sustains with propriety the dignified character of a *rational being*, can be so insensible to the miseries of mankind, or so ignorant of a duty of the highest obligation, as to think himself excusable in not lending his assistance to lighten that load of afflictions which lies heavy on thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow-creatures. If those, whom heaven has blessed with the plentiful increase of corn, wine, and oil, would but visit the secret recesses of poverty, which are so numerous in almost every town; would they but examine minutely the mournful cases which are there secluded from public view; their hearts would be touched with the most pungent sorrow. There they might behold poor helpless infants surrounding the knees of their afflicted mothers, and crying to them for bread: they might see those mothers pale and meagre with want, expressive anguish strongly painted on their despairing countenances, endeavouring to silence the clamours of their offspring with the barren sustenance of words. To these pitiable objects let them add this reflection, that maternal tenderness operates as strongly in the breast of the *necessitous* parent, as in the rich. She hears, with anguish of heart hears, the cries of her hungry babes, but cannot relieve them.

Go to the house of mourning, or visit (if it is only in idea) the dismal chamber of one of the dying poor; *dying*, perhaps, for

for want of that assistance which is *now*, it may be, *only now*, in your power to bestow. Behold the departing wretched man, with eager looks praying for relief, but finding none; struggling with the acutest agonies, without a human friend; breathing out the last gasp of a miserable life, without comfort in his expiring moments. Is there any, who *bears the name of man*, could behold such a scene without commiseration? could any refuse that assistance which is due, without distinction, to every human being?

Well-wrought *fiction* may soften the heart; the prevailing powers of eloquence may give an electrical touch, to the tenderest springs of action, and excite for a moment its finer feelings; but, when we turn our eyes to the habitations of poverty, these feeble aids lose their force: *there*, the stronger language of real distress is strikingly exhibited, and acts on the mind with irresistible energy.

I am not insensible that many excuses have been urged (by those who want true motives to be charitable) for withholding that assistance which *poverty* demands at the hand of *affluence*; but, when impartially considered, they will have little weight in truly generous minds.

The strongest objection that can be made to the general exercise of charity towards the poor, is, "that many of them are the authors of their own misery; that, by their own imprudence or extravagance, they have reduced themselves to their present deplorable situation." This charge is in some instances just; and will remain so while human nature continues as it is. Hence the *covetous* are willing to suppose that the extension of relief to such is no *real charity*. But let them consider that the misconduct and bad œconomy of a *few* ought not to hinder the rich from dealing forth their bounty to the deserving poor, many of whom apply their little pittance in the best manner they are able. Let such become the objects of your peculiar regard, and cheer the gloom that surrounds their dwellings with the light of beneficence.

You are called upon by *interest*, as well as *duty*, to be diligent in this noble employment. "*The diligent hand maketh rich.*" This precept is as applicable to the distribution, as the accumulation, of wealth.

The communication of our earthly treasure, to those who are in necessity, will produce an increase of those substantial and permanent riches which moth, nor rust, can ever decay. Earth cannot yield a pleasure so noble, so exalted, as that which is experienced by those who have wiped the tears from the eye of distress, and brought joy to the house of mourning. They enjoy a satisfaction pure and permanent; not confined to the

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the narrow limits of time ; but which will extend co-equal with eternity in the regions of the blessed.

If any want the force of *example*, let them exalt their minds above the sordid throng, and view those who are the fathers and the friends of mankind. Let them extend their views still farther, and contemplate the adorable Source of all munificence and bounty. "*He causeth his rain to fall on the just and on the unjust.*" In the common wants of humanity, he discriminates not the merit of particular characters.

The blessings of air and light, and the succession of returning seasons, are granted to the whole human race. His providence protects the whole from innumerable evils to which they are daily incident. His constant goodness diffused wide as the expanse of creation. His amiable example and solemn command strongly enforce the esteem of that sympathy and benevolence which are implanted in our nature. Which way soever we turn our attention, whether we recollect the *past*, examine the *present*, or anticipate the *future*, we are equally prompted to diligence in the necessary distribution of those blessings we enjoy.

If, regardless of these motives, you still withhold from those who are ready to perish ; if griping avarice steels your minds against the suggestions of humanity, the tender dictates of conscience, and the express commands of a righteous God, where will you find mercy in the day of final retribution ? Will the superficial excuses, with which you now lull your consciences into a momentary slumber, avail you, when the terrific sound of the last trumpet shall awake you to receive the decisive sentence "*of Come, ye blessed,*" or "*Go, ye cursed ?*"

To conclude, if you regard your characters as men or as Christians, if you have any regard for that lasting reputation which will out-live your mouldering dust and transmit your name with honour to posterity ; if you desire to stand approved in the sight of God or men ; if you are desirous, when this mortal frame shall be dissolved, to be "*cloathed with immortality ;*" in short, if there is any thing desirable in time, any thing to be wished or feared in eternity, let this solemn truth impress your minds, that it is the *merciful only* who shall then obtain mercy, and "*enter into the joy of their Lord.*"

RATIONALIS;

For

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On COMPOSITION.

THE justly celebrated Addison has somewhere remarked, that "fine writing consists of sentiments which are natural without being too obvious."

There cannot, perhaps, be a more concise and just definition of fine writing than the foregoing; and it has not been any where more exemplified than in the productions of that elegant author. The most striking beauties, in the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, flowed from his pen; and are easily distinguished, by a reader of true taste, without the assistance of signatures.

Sentiments, which are merely natural, affect the mind with but little pleasure, and seem not sufficiently interesting to engage our attention. The pleasantry of a mechanic, the ribaldry of a porter, the observations of a peasant, however natural, are generally disagreeable. How disgustfully insipid would be the unmeaning chit-chat of the tea-table copied faithfully and at full length? Nothing can please persons of true taste, but nature drawn with all her graces and ornaments in true order.

If low-life be drawn, the strokes must be strong and remarkable. They must be so arranged as to convey a lively image to the mind. When so drawn, it never fails to affect. This is evident in the absurd naïveté of *Sancho Pancha*, as represented by the inimitable *Cervantes*. The most common sentiments are so arranged, that they entertain us as much as the life of a *Hannibal* or *Alexander* from the pen of a *Xenophon*.

The case is the same with orators, critics, philosophers, or any author who speaks in his own person, without introducing other speakers or actors. If his language be not chaste and elegant, his observations uncommon, and his sense strong and masculine, he will in vain boast his nature and simplicity. He may be correct, and almost faultless, but can never prove agreeable or entertaining. Gaudy eloquence, and high sounding periods, will make the illiterate wonder, and the learned smile; but the man of true taste, to whom the tinsel of false eloquence is as disagreeable as the low creeping monotony of vulgar expression, will soon be fatiated, nay, disgusted, with such unnatural productions.

On the other hand, productions which are surprizing, without being natural, can never afford lasting entertainment to the

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the sensible mind. These may be termed the *lufus naturæ* of genius. Like monsters in the natural world, they are admired for a moment, and then forgotten. To draw chimeras is not properly speaking to copy, or imitate; it is to create: but the creation being the work only of a prolific fancy, affords no pleasure to the understanding. The justness of representation is lost, and the mind is displeased to find a picture which bears no resemblance to any original. Vulgar readers admire the pomp of description that glares in the pious pages of a Hervey; but the man of true taste turns away, satiated, to the far more natural imagery of an Addison, or a Melmoth; where the simpler shades are far more beautifully blended, and imperceptibly melt into each other, while the skill of the artist is lost in the beauty of the workmanship. Nor are such excessive refinements and load of imagery more agreeable in the philosophic or epistolary style, than in the epic, tragic, or descriptive. Too much ornament is a fault in every kind of production. Nature, although liberal, is not profuse; and we should follow her example. Uncommon expressions, and strong flashes of wit, too frequently indulged, disfigure rather than embellish. The former excite a momentary wonder only; the latter, like an *ignis fatuus*, mislead instead of enlightening the understanding and judgement. As the eye in surveying an ancient Gothic temple is distracted by the multiplicity of ornaments, and by its minute attention to the parts is prevented from forming a just idea of the whole; so the mind, in perusing a work overstocked with wit and imagery, is fatigued and disgusted with the constant endeavour of the author to shine and surprize.

It frequently happens that little geniuses seek to load every subject with ornaments, without considering whether they are able to bear them. Such ought to remember, that

“ A humble thought, in pompous words express,

“ Is like a clown in regal purple dress.

But, ignorant or forgetful of this, we find, in the works of the witslings of this age, twenty insipid, trite conceits, for one thought that is natural, just, and beautiful.

There is no subject, in the whole circle of critical learning, more copious than this of the just mixture of *simplicity* and *refinement* in writing. A few observations, therefore, shall suffice. Though extremes of both kinds ought to be avoided, and a proper medium studied in all productions, yet this medium lies not in a single point, but admits of various gradations. Pope may be adduced as an author, in whose

works the greatest lawful extremes of refinement and simplicity are indulged. Between these, there is a wide interval which numerous poets have filled up, differing indeed from each other, but equally pleasing in their peculiar stile and manner of writing. Those, who have displayed greater refinement than Pope, seem to have departed from that medium where the most perfect productions are to be found. Of all the great poets, perhaps, Virgil lies nearest the center of purity and perfection, as clothed by the ingenious Pitt.

Of the two extremes, that of refinement ought to be more guarded against than that of simplicity. The mind of man being naturally limited, it is impossible that all its faculties should operate at once; and the more any one predominates, the less room there is for the rest to exert themselves with vigour. For this reason a greater degree of simplicity is required in compositions where men, actions, and passions are painted, than in such as consists of reflections and simple observations. Let it also be observed, that those compositions which we read the ofteneft, and which every man of taste has almost by heart, contain most simplicity. They have nothing surprizing in the thought, when divested of that elegance of expression and harmony of numbers, in which they are clothed. But if the merit of a composition lies in a point of wit, it may, indeed, strike at the first, but the mind anticipates the thought, in the second perusal, and is no longer affected by it. This is strongly evinced in the epigrams of Martial. The first line recalls the whole, and we find no pleasure in repeating what we know already. We are satisfied with perusing Cowley once, but Parnel and Prior may be read fifty times over with unabated pleasure. It is with books as with women; where a certain plainness, and neatness of dress and manner, is infinitely more engaging, than the glare of paint, the profusion of gay apparel, and the airs of coquetry, which may dazzle the eye for a moment, but reaches not to the heart. Simplicity is taken for dulness, when not accompanied with great elegance and propriety. On the contrary, there is something surprizing in a blaze of wit. Ordinary readers are often struck with it, and fancy it to be the most excellent way of writing; but it frequently is as "the crackling of thorns under the pot;" gives a momentary warmth and light, but soon evaporates and is lost.

The excess of refinement, in writing, is now more to be guarded against than ever, because it is the extreme which men are the most apt to fall into, since learning is now diffused through all ranks of society, and eminent writers have appeared in every species of composition.

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The endeavour to please by novelty has led many wide of simplicity and attention to nature; and filled their writings with conceit and affectation. This was the cause, that, when the Augustan age expired in Rome, the succeeding ages became so inferior in point of true taste and genius. The Augustan age in England commenced with the present century: Addison, Pope, Steele, Dryden, Gay, and divers others enlightened it as stars of the first magnitude. But these are now set for ever; but few of such luminaries are left to enlighten our present gloom. In order to revive our reputation in the republic of science, it is much to be wished that the few bright geniuses, that still remain amongst us, would exert themselves like men; and, by the merit and usefulness of their compositions, fan the expiring flame in the breasts of others; and excite in them that laudable emulation which is essential to true excellence in every walk of literary composition.

PHILO-SCIENCE.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

An Address to the YOUTH, by T. L.

OBSERVATION and experience have taught me the many difficulties that attend the first stage of life, and how much is to be hoped or feared from the phenomena which it exhibits. The habits and prejudices, early contracted and imbibed, are generally the most lasting; like typographical marks made on a young tree, they increase with age, and become deeper as we advance in life; "they grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength." "*Train up a child in the way he should go,*" is a precept that bears the signature of wisdom. The general effects of example and education evince how much human manners and opinions owe their diversification to them. They impose a bias on the judgement, but not an irrecoverable one. Heaven has given us power to controul our passions, and correct our errors, and we shall be wanting to ourselves, and ungrateful to our common and gracious Benefactor, if we neglect to apply it in reforming and regulating them.

Human life is compared to a race, and its utmost length to a span; but, in the short space measured out to us in this world, a variety of scenes are disclosed, and numerous evils are to be met with. To pass along safely and honourably to ourselves,

and to become useful in society, demands more prudence and circumspection, than the gay and the thoughtless imagine. The early view taken of life, and the estimate made of it, is generally partial and illusive. The anticipations of a youthful fancy are gilded with false colours, and present to us rather what we fondly wish, than what we can reasonably hope, or expect to possess and enjoy. Hence unsuspecting youth, urged by passion, and flushed with prospects the most pleasing, pursue their course so precipitately as not to apprehend danger, till they are involved in it; till the pains which follow their errors abate, their presumption and they are sent to learn wisdom in the school of affliction. Gold may be bought too dear, and so may experience. That knowledge, which is acquired at the expence of innocence and virtue, is dearly bought, and may entail lasting misery on the purchaser. It is the species of knowledge, which the wise man says, bringeth sorrow. It is that very vanity which ends in vexation of spirit; and the more we acquire of it, the less happiness we shall enjoy. The fatal effects of early licentious indulgences are obvious on every hand. The victims of vice and folly are so many, that we need not enter within the walls of an hospital to behold the ravage made by intemperance and debauchery; these spectacles swarm in the streets, while some few, bathed in penitential tears, are to be met with at the altar, and in the chambers, of affliction; attempting, by a late sacrifice, to atone for those early indiscretions that lead them on, imperceptibly, to many atrocious evils.

The virtue, that would be preserved chaste, should not lay itself open to temptation, by advancing too near the confines of vice, lest in an unguarded hour it be unwarily drawn into its vortex. There is not any thing of which we should be more cautious, than of our company. We involuntarily catch the manners of our associates, and their principles are easily imbibed. Mingling with evil company is not less to be dreaded, than an approximation to diseased subjects. The example of the former may be as contagious to our minds, as the effluvia of the latter are to our bodies. Innocence risks its safety when it ventures within the enchanted circle of the profligate; where captivating delusive artifices operate to mislead the judgement, and, by exciting the passions to tumult, kindle up a flame destructive of virtue, and consequently of peace. In the idea of bad company, I include a converse with obscene and irreligious books. Vice often attracts the mind, through the superficial gauze spread over it by an ingenious author. Some of the admired novels, under the pretext of delineating and recommending virtue, may be aptly compared to a

basket

basket of flowers in which a viper is secreted, and, while the unwary reader is busied in culling their beauties, unsuspecting innocence receives a wound, and its vitals are contaminated.

"Beings circumstanced as we are in this world, frail by nature and exposed to numerous temptations, had need keep a constant check on our passions.

"Without passions and afflictions to animate us to necessary exertions, to cheer us with hopes, and to charm us with wished acquirements, life would be no better than a state of stagnant insensibility; a vapid existence void of comfort and of joy. Yet the passions and affections, without the guidance of right reason, would make life like a tempest, full of danger and disquietude.

"The wise Author of our being has ordained our passions and affections to be the instruments of our happiness; but as inordinance in all things becomes the reverse of their natural effects, so passions and affections, broke loose from the restraints of reason, become either their own annihilators, or the producers of much misery and disappointment."

By a *Passion*, I intend any particular ardent sensation, by whatever means excited, that is capable of determining the will, to the pursuit of any *real* or *imaginary* good, or to avoid any *real* or *imaginary* evil. Our passions, thus defined, we should particularly attend to; and, marking their respective tendencies, either attempt to suppress them, or gratify them, as they appear to us morally *good* or *evil*. Mankind is formed of a variety of *tempers*, *prejudices*, *complexions*, and *constitutions*; and of course some people are liable to be more unduly influenced by some particular passion, than by others. Every man, therefore, should make the *study of himself* the *first* object of his attention. But this is a *science* that has but few admirers—but few become adepts in it; the study of it is entered upon reluctantly, and the discoveries we make in it disgust our vanity, mortify our pride, abate the idea of our own importance by exposing to us those latent imperfections which we would, if possible, hide from ourselves, as well as from others. Thus, this *first* duty is totally banished from our thoughts, or becomes one of our *last*: It is postponed, till the chastisements of the many consequent errors revive it, sometimes at so late a period too, that the deeper we enter into that *science*, the more we feel our misery aggravated, by discovering to ourselves those latent *remote* causes of it, which, through a long neglect, are become irremediable.

The *new comers* on the stage of life are struck with the assemblage of foreign objects, and are impatient to investigate them, while they are content to remain in utter ignorance of
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their own internal character—they imbibe the *reigning folly of the age*—are fonder of travelling abroad, in search of curiosities and novelties, than to enquire after the many which have escaped their observation at home, and return improved with few foreign virtues, but infected by the contagious influence of many of the vices of the different nations they have passed through.—Objects at a great distance attract their attention, while those that are near them escape notice; they would gladly pry into the secrets of every cabinet, except that of their own hearts, and may be compared to the indiscreet bold adventurer, who puts out to sea on another's bottom, having his all on board, without either a *pilot, rudder, or compass*, in quest of happiness which is to be found at home, by the study of *himself*, the regulations of his *passions*, and by rendering them subservient to the interests of virtue, which includes his own; "*for man is served when virtue is obeyed.*"

[To be continued.]

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

S I R,

THE first number of your Literary Repository is now at my elbow. I have perused it with attention; and, I must add, with a considerable degree of satisfaction: though, at the same time, I think there is room for improvement. Your Introduction is sensible and modest; and I have no doubt but the productions of your pen, in future, will be highly acceptable. The extracts you have inserted, though they cannot be thought contemptible, form too great a part of your work. I apprehend most of your readers will be better pleased if you furnish them with a greater variety of articles, and more original pieces. I sincerely wish your undertaking may succeed; but the task of being the editor of a miscellaneous work is an arduous one: perhaps the most difficult of any you could have adopted in literature. To gratify every taste is an impossibility. You have readers of several classes among the learned and unlearned; and pieces, calculated to please one class, will, by others, be read with indifference. You cannot, therefore, expect to adapt every piece to the genius and disposition

position of every reader; nor will the candid and intelligent expect you to perform what no editor of any miscellaneous work has yet accomplished. I cannot conclude without observing that, though your pamphlet contains as many pages as we were promised in your printed proposals; yet, as you do not intend giving us any copper-plates in the course of your work, it would be but reasonable to make an addition of six or eight pages to your future numbers*. But I need an apology for troubling you with so much on this subject, and if the following thoughts on the Pride of High Birth (the production of a leisure hour) are worth inserting, by giving them a place in your next number, you will oblige,

Your occasional Correspondent,

HORATIO.

On the Pride of HIGH BIRTH.

"Let *high birth* triumph! what can be more great?

"Nothing—but—*merit in a low estate.*

Dr. YOUNG,

S I R,

OF all the absurd circumstances by which the mind of man becomes elated, surely that of being descended from great or titled ancestors is the most ridiculous; it is impossible to value ourselves on any thing less meritorious, or that more displays the vanity of the human character; most other kinds of pride have some plea to give them countenance, but this has none. *Riches* some may pride themselves in, because they give independence; *beauty* and *dress* may procure admiration; and esteem will always await on *intellectual accomplishments*. But to be descended from even the most virtuous characters
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* The Editor kindly accepts the observations and advice of Horatio, and shall pay due regard to them. This number contains 56 pages, being 8 pages more than the first, and the future numbers of the Monthly Ledger shall contain as many. Though some of the subscribers take in the reviews, striking and entertaining extracts made from them will not, he hopes, give them any offence, nor be thought improperly introduced, as, it is presumed, the far greater part of his readers seldom see those publications.

can never be considered as an advantage by the judicious part of mankind, unless their good qualities, as well as names, were hereditary; nay, so far from giving any room to boast, it must certainly be a great mortification to many, to reflect how much they fall short of the amiable character which the faithful pen of the historian has transmitted to posterity. They cannot but know, that, to men of sense, the comparison, or rather contrast, must appear disgraceful; and that their elevated rank, instead of procuring them a part of that respect enjoyed by their progenitors, serves only to render them the more contemptible.

And as high birth can have no reasonable claim to our reverence and esteem, when unaccompanied by those qualities and dispositions which make a man *truly great*; so to despise a man, merely for the meanness of his extraction, shews equally a want of sense and sound judgment, and is the peculiar characteristic of little minds. Yet, though the truth of these observations is sufficiently obvious, though this species of pride is without the shadow of a reason to support it, it is astonishing to think what an influence it has over the conduct of the generality of people at the present time. No sooner does a person, arrived at a state of independence, by an exertion of his industry only, appear in any public scene of life, but the busy tongue of a foolish curiosity is employed in an enquiry into his family; and, though he may have imbibed the most virtuous principles, though his genius may be such as would render him a valuable acquisition to society, yet, if he cannot boast of a long list of honourable names in his pedigree, he is immediately treated with a supercilious indifference, and deemed unworthy to associate with *people of quality*. But should he dare to carry his thoughts so high as to wish an alliance by marriage with a family of that class, incited thereto by the tenderest and most sincere attachment to an object not insensible of his merit, and less influenced by that pride which custom has made so powerful an obstacle to their happiness, he must not wonder if the indifference he before experienced is exchanged for contempt. At the same time, should a man of exalted rank, though an unprincipled libertine, make a similar overture, with what avidity would it be received! How would every art be used to accelerate an union which promises an additional *dignity to their family*! To that consideration every thing must at once give way: To that, a daughter's peace of mind is immediately doomed a sacrifice. Strange infatuation! and, were it not so frequently to fall under our observation, it would scarcely be credible that a desire of *family distinction* should make

make so many entirely regardless of every thing that is truly valuable and amiable in life.

Indeed those people, who are so fortunate as to enjoy the most exalted stations, seem desirous of considering the rest of mankind as beings of an inferior order, made only to minister to their delights, and to obey their haughty mandates. The disrespectful manner in which they generally speak of them, and the insolent exertion of the power they are invested with, prove sufficiently my assertion. But were they to allow themselves a little time for reflection on the natural vicissitude of human affairs, it could not fail to check that affected superiority over their fellow creatures, which I so much condemn. They would learn, that the advantages they at present enjoy are merely *accidental*, and therefore they ought not only to avoid every kind of rudeness, but to behave with that affability and complaisance which always distinguish the *real gentleman*, and which every person is intitled to so long as he deports himself as a faithful and prudent member of society.

HORATIO.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Satius est initiis mederi quam fini.

SUIDAS.

PROMPTED by a wish for the preservation of health, that invaluable blessing, I have here attempted a few salutary hints, which no small share of practice in the healing art has enabled me to offer for the general good; having often observed, with regret, how little regard is paid to the old maxim, *Prevention is better than cure*. And, if it should not be incompatible with the plan of the Monthly Ledger, the editor is at liberty to convey them to the public, with whom, I hope, the importance of the subject, as well as the disinterestedness of my motives, will at least render an apology unnecessary.

The sun is now passing from the autumnal equinox to the winter solstice; and, from the situation of this climate, respecting the equator, with a variety of other concurring causes, the present season of the year is the most unsettled and unhealthy; nervous and putrid fevers, the bloody flux, bilious

cholic, chronic rheumatism, and the ulcerated sore throat, are diseases most peculiar to the autumn quarter; though these prevail, more or less, according to the temperature of the preceding summer. It is an established doctrine in natural philosophy, that heat and moisture are greatly productive of putrefaction in all animal substances, and that they render the blood and bile, with all the other secretions, more acrid and putrescent, the solids more relaxed, and consequently the vital and animal functions imperfectly performed. From a body, thus predisposed, we have much to fear from the additional evil of a suppression of the Sanctorian, or insensible perspiration, which in health carries off, through the pores of the skin, a greater quantity of humours than are thrown off by all the other evacuations; and this perspirable matter, retained in the system, becoming contaminated, is productive of the most alarming symptoms.

It is not uncommon to hear men, who in other respects reason well, treat a solicitude about the temperature of the air with ridicule, as the whimsical effects of an hypochondriacal affection; but experience has taught me, that a careful investigation of the different states of the atmosphere is no less necessary to prevent than to cure diseases. Many people have suffered much through inattention to this circumstance, not considering that the sudden vicissitudes in the air, from dense to rare, from hot to cold, and from moist to dry, which we generally experience in this season of the year, have no inconsiderable effect, especially upon the valetudinarian class of people, which, I presume, is by far the most numerous in this metropolis. It appears that the whole superficies of the human body sustains, in the heaviest air, a weight of about 33684 pounds avoirdupoise; and, in the lightest, of 30622 pounds, 5 ounces; whence the different pressure, at different times, is nearly 3062 pounds. It is granted, that the internal air, by its resistance, preserves pretty nearly a balance; and we find that some men, of a robust constitution and firm texture of solids, with a high degree of organic elasticity and a vivid circulation, accommodate themselves to the amazing changes of the atmosphere; but the valetudinarians are materially affected with these vicissitudes. It is therefore highly necessary, that such should guard against the cold and damp state of the air in mornings and evenings, so peculiar to this season, in order to keep up a due perspiration, and avoid damp rooms and damp linen; also the sudden changes from the factitious warm air of rooms where there are fires, or a crowded assembly. A sudden transition, from a warm to a cold atmosphere, must be dangerous to all, and especially the weakly; and

and here I must not omit to observe, that the excess of female nicety in having their chambers washed at this season, when the sun has not sufficient power to exhale the vapours, is very prejudicial. On the approach of winter, a supernumerary waistcoat of woollen cloth, or other additional covering, will contribute more than a little to the preservation of health; and the feet should be kept warm and dry; the female sex, especially, have suffered much through inattention to this precaution. These articles too may be looked upon by some people as insignificant, but experience sufficiently recommends them to our notice.

The Dutch, whose climate as well as ours, at this season, is subject to thick fogs and noxious damps, prudently increase the number of their garments. This doctrine is not a novelty; Hippocrates and Celsus, as well as Boerhaave, caution us to guard against the chilling cold of autumn by a warmer dress; and Sydenham goes so far as to declare, that obstructed perspiration, from leaving off a winter garment too early in the spring, and an imprudent exposure of the body to the cold air after it has been heated by exercise, have destroyed more people than the plague, sword, and famine.

An error in diet too, both as to quality and quantity, may also coincide to promote the forementioned diseases; for, as the humours have already acquired a degree of putrescency, animal food, without a due quantity of vegetables, must certainly increase it; those animals, especially, that feed on the flesh of others; such as fish, snipes, woodcocks, geese, ducks, &c. and indeed I can hardly help including hogs in the class of carnivorous animals; such, I mean, as are fed in or about London, which, we are credibly informed, are frequently fed with horse-flesh and butchers offal. This sort of pork must surely contain salts and oil too highly animalized for the strongest stomach even in the midst of winter, and therefore most injurious in the summer and autumn. This however I can assert from my own observation, that the most severe vomiting and purging have often been occasioned by a meal of the last-mentioned food. I would therefore recommend the sparing use of all carnivorous animals, and a plenty of vegetables, of every sort in season, with such fruit as can be had raw, or made up into pies or puddings; as they contribute to cool the body, correct the putrid dissolution of the bile, and keep the belly lax. As to drinks, they should chiefly be of the acescent kind, such as small beer, lemonade, imperial, with red port, Lisbon, Rhenish, sherry, old hock, and cyder.

But if, notwithstanding the above cautions, any one should find himself indisposed with slight shiverings and alternate heats, a pain and giddiness in the head, lassitude of body, and

the general symptoms of a cold, let him not lose a moment, but put himself in a posture of defence against the growing evil, by betaking himself to bed, and drinking plentifully of thin diluting liquors; such as balm-tea, barley-water with a little lemon-juice, &c. abstaining intirely from solid food, of any kind, until the abatement of the symptoms convinces him he may rise, return to his usual mode of living, and with due precaution venture abroad; which for the most part would, by this timely and prudent care, be in twice twenty-four hours. But if, on the other hand, he should rashly attempt to weather it, *calling it only a cold that must go off as it came on*, it is not improbable that a dangerous fever, or some tedious chronic disease will ensue, and the patient, when too late, may repent of his wilful neglect. Sometimes the whole force of the putrid acrimony will be directed to the stomach and intestines, and there produce the most violent vomiting and purging, with excruciating cholic pains; in which case it is too frequent a custom to fly to some famous family cordial, esteemed by the possessors a sovereign remedy, and constantly administered indiscriminately, without *why* or *wherefore*, in all complaints of the inside. *Peppermint-water*, with *brandy* too, is reckoned *a fine thing to break off the wind and comfort the heart*; and, the sufferings of the patient increasing, a dose of *gin and ginger* is thrown down, as the last resource; as if they imagined there was no other possible way of getting rid of so troublesome a guest, than by setting fire to the dwelling. By these means the vomiting and purging may indeed be stop'd, irrecoverably stop'd; the malignant colluvies be pent up in inflamed bowels, and the pain, which at first was severe enough, now becomes intolerable, and the deluded victim is sinking apace with an approaching gangrene: at this period the advice of the faculty has been hastily demanded, when they could only be inactive spectators of the fatal catastrophe; being at a loss whether to lament most the credulity of the patient, or the forward temerity of those about him; by which a disease, which, if properly managed at first, might have safely terminated in two or three days, now bids defiance to all human assistance.

I would here just beg leave to observe, that the epidemic autumnal dysentery, or flux, is, according to the vulgar notion, attributed to an abuse of ripe summer and autumnal fruits, and indeed some eminent physicians have adopted the same opinion; not considering that, from their acescent quality, as well as the large portion of fixed air they contain, they are diametrically opposite to the very essence of this disease, which is putridity. I will allow, that a free use of such fruits does sometimes induce a gentle purging, but unattended with the virulence of the

the true dysentery, and which ought rather to be esteemed a remedy than a disease.

In this assertion I am supported by Pringle, in his treatise on diseases of the army, Baker de *Dysenteria Londinensi*, Tissot in his *Avis au Peuple sur la santé*, and others. However, should any person perceive symptoms of the last-mentioned disorder, let him observe this maxim, that there will be less danger in doing too little, than too much. I would advise him to endeavour to wash off the offending matter by some such diluent liquors as a little thin water-gruel, or warm water, acidulated with tamarinds, of which may be drank about half a pint at a time, as fast as he can, till he has taken about two quarts, or more; this frequently works off gently, either upward or downward, and sometimes both; and leaves the body, if not entirely free from any farther complaint, at least in a more favourable situation to receive benefit from the farther exhibition of medicines suitable to the case.

But if the patient should, notwithstanding the above precautions, find his indisposition increase, I would earnestly advise him to send for a judicious practitioner; for that humanity which induces me to point out to the unexperienced mariners, in an easy gale, the rocks and shoals on which others have split, prompts me also to shew from what quarter the storm is approaching, and urge the danger of any longer trusting the vessel without a skilful pilot to conduct her along the tempestuous sea.

GALEN.

P O E T R Y.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On the DIVINE WISDOM;

As exemplified in the Works of Creation and Providence.

O Thou celestial Regent of the skies!
Eternal attribute of heav'n's dread Sire,
Wisdom divine! a humble suppliant bends
In deep abasement at thy sacred shrine,
Thine aid invoking: O inspire the muse,
Attune her feeble lyre, exalt her strains,
While thy immortal acts she tempts to sing.
E'er yon bright luminaries blaz'd on high,

Or

Or the foundations of the hills were laid ;
 Before creation rose from ancient night,
 Or the rude waves of chaos ceas'd to roar,
Thou, co-eternal with the Deity
 Rejoic'd before him, ever in his fight.

When power creative spoke this pendent ball,
 The rolling worlds on high, the radiant sun,
 And all the glorious systems that adorn
 Heav'n's azure vault, (immeasurably spread,)
 Into existence ; *thou* didst then preside,
 Direct, and govern all. By *thee*, the plan
 Immenſe was laid ; by *thee* the vaſt deſign
 Sprung into act ; while wond'ring ſeraphs gaz'd
 In deep ſuſpenſion, extaſy divine.
 Here let me pauſe—admire—and contemplate
 The mighty theme !—methinks I ſee, I ſee
 The riſing univerſe, freſh from the hand
 Of majeſty divine ! I ſee the ſhades
 Of ancient night diſpers'd, and ſacred light
 Dart, and illume, with inſtantaneous beams,
 Creation's boundleſs circuit ! Wide extends
 Th' amazing proſpect ! worlds ſucceeding worlds
 Swarm through the tracks of vaſt immenſity
 To nature's utmoſt bounds ; while central ſuns,
 Fix'd in eternal orbits, beam forth day
 With undimiſh'd luſtre ! Hark ! I hear
 Celeſtial voices ! ſtrains divine reſound
 Through yon cerulean plains ! heav'n's firſt-born ſons,
 In all their hierarchies, tune the ſong
 Of ſacred praiſe, and *thou* their mighty theme !
 By *thee* inspir'd, they ſwell the joyful notes
 Of wonder, adoration, ceafeleſs praiſe ;
 Glory to him, who, on the "*wings of winds*,"
 Drives his triumphant chariots ; and pervades
 All worlds, all ſystems, with omniſcient eye.

This ſong divine the *morning ſtars* attun'd
 Through every conſtellation ; and, "the ſons,"
 The firſt-born "*ſons of God, ſhouted for joy*."
 'Twas thou, fair ſource of all divine perfection,
 Who through all nature's variegated ſcenes
 Mingled proportion, order, harmony,
 In number, weight, and meaſure ; from thee ſprung
 All lovelineſs and beauty ; all the charms
 Which touch the ſecret ſprings of pleaſure's frame
 And wake the ſoul to joy. 'Tis thou alone
 Sustain'ſt the pillars of the univerſe ;
 Ruſt all its motions, plan'ſt its various laws,
 With ſkill divine. In all and every part
 Thy energy is ſeen ; *creating firſt*,

And

And then *preserving*, the amazing whole
In just dependence and harmonious order.

All things declare thy hand; from highest heav'n
To earth's deep centre! all that move and breathe
Throughout th' unnumber'd ranks of being—all
That earth inhabit, air, or waters deep,
In various language speak aloud thy praise.
The tribes minute that croud the mantling pool,
Or people every leaf, and plant, and flow'r,
That swarm in countless myriads through the air,
And breathe unseen their span of life away,
Proclaim thy matchless power! nay more, the flow'rs
That deck the lap of spring—each plant and herb,
Which, from prolific nature rising, forms
Her variegated mantle, has a voice,
And tells th' admiring world that thou alone
Compos'd their curious structure; and, by thee
Alone sustain'd, they vegetate and bloom!
- Thus from the *atom* to the *zoophyte*; thence
Through numberless gradations up to man;
From man still rising to the sacred top
Of that *vast cone* which comprehends *all being*,
Wisdom unchangeable, eternal, shines
With peerless splendor—all things speak her praise.
But *Folly's* eye and ear is deaf and blind;
And Discontent, with ever-clouded brow,
And downcast eye, sits pining by her side.
Hence *man*, presuming man, by these mis-led,
Boldly upbraids th' economy divine
Which shines through all thy works. 'Tis but a part
Of thy stupendous plan that lies within
The ken of mortals: to this part they pay
Too slight attention: through a mirror false,
(The work of spleen,) whole base deceptive field
Teems thick with monsters, *they* thy works explore,
And call the visionary forms that rise
Thy own production. There *Deformity*
In vision rules; and, constant at her call,
Yells *Discord* with a thousand grating tongues,
Inverting *order*, and destroying *peace*.
But those, who, govern'd by thy sacred rules,
Preserve their mental faculties serene,
And dwell within the precincts of thy light,
Behold thy works with transport! Thole, whom *pride*
Has not depriv'd of sense, or *folly* led
In the illusive paths of vice, adore
The secret traces of thy hand with joy
And holy reverence. *These* (a noble band)
Make *thee* their guide, their counsellor, and friend;

Conscientious

Conscious that those who "*love thee thou wilt love,*"
 And bless them with thy treasures. Gift divine!
 Inestimable gift! All language fails
 Its value to express—a glorious pearl
 Whose lustre ne'er will fade—whose peerless worth
 Time's revolutions never can impair;
 But through eternal ages will remain
 The joy and solace of the virtuous mind.
 O thou immortal guide and friend of man!
 Bright emanation of the One Supreme!
 Lead me, O lead me, where thou lov'st to dwell:
 There let me listen to thy voice, and catch
 The heavenly accents: trace thy sacred hand
 Through all its varied wand'rings, and explore;
 With mind attentive, thy eternal law.
 By thee enlighten'd, let me safely tread
 The downward path of life; till on the verge;
 The awful verge, of vast eternity,
 My soul, with trembling ardour, waits her flight
 To unknown regions. Keep her fix'd on thee
 In every danger that awaits her way
 Through death's deep vale of shadows; where no light
 Terrestrial can illumine; that region, where
 Dark horrors wait, and fears without a name
 Encompass mortals; where, nor friendship's hand,
 Nor parents love, can shelter from the stroke
 Of death's uplifted arm. 'Tis thou alone
 Can through this dark gloom pour celestial light,
 Smooth the rough path of death, and make to smile
 His grisly horrors; from his frowning brows
 Tear vict'ry's laurel; change him to a friend;
 And bid him mildly ope the prison doors
 Of flesh and human frailty. Thence the soul,
 From fetters free, on rising wing may soar
 To happier regions, where the blest reside
 In endless pleasure and eternal day.

EUSEBIUS.

ARTICLES

A SPEECH
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ARTICLES OF INTELLIGENCE.

Extracted from the Public Papers.

A SPEECH, addressed by his Majesty the KING of POLAND, to the Judges appointed for the Trial of the Regicides.

AS I cannot be judge in the present cause, it is not in that quality I appear among you to-day: I come to bear witness to the truth; no one else can do it so fully.

I owe my life to that John Kuzma*, who is now before you. In the night, between the third and fourth of November, 1771, when I was already at the mercy of the band which he commanded, I heard several of his followers repeatedly urge him to permit them to cut me in pieces: he each time fobbed them. He went farther, he persuaded them to treat me with more humanity: he even forced them to render me some little services, which were then of consequence to me: he obliged one to lend me his cap, and another his boot. In my situation these were not trifles; a tempestuous night irritated the wounds I had received on my head; my feet bare, without a shoe, lacerated and bloody, gave me exquisite pain. His other comrades left him, two only remained with him, and he had the dexterity to send them away. As soon as he was alone with me, he acknowledged me his king, and though he was armed, and saw me without arms, wounded, weakened al-

most to death, yet he fell at my feet, he promised to serve me, and, what is more, he submitted himself to me; he placed such confidence in me, that though he had time and opportunity to save himself by flight, he determined to stay with me, in order to serve me. "I know, (says he) that death awaits me at Warsaw, but still I will not quit you, sire, till I have reconducted you thither." This declaration penetrated to the bottom of my heart; I then gave him my word, that I myself would plead his cause; and he, animated by this promise, served me with redoubled alacrity; he conducted me to the hut of the miller; there whilst I waited for an escort from Warsaw, extenuated with fatigue, stretched on a rock bed, sleep stole upon me: Here then, Kufnar was once more master of my life, and once more he was guardian of it.

This must have strongly felt the whole merit of his late proceedings with respect to me; he must have repaid the most entire confidence in the royal word, since he came unconstrained with the rest of my suite to Warsaw; no body watched him, he had a hundred opportunities of escaping, but he came, and as soon as I arrived at my palace he presented himself before me. What a strong proof that he trusted in my word! He ought

* Kuzma is the real name of the man, who has been called Kosinski, in all the public papers.

not, therefore, to be deceived. In fulfilling my engagement to him, I do not speak so much for him as myself; it is not his cause I plead, it is my own. It would be an eternal disgrace, an inconsolable grief to me, if, though against my will, I became the cause of that man's death, who preserved me many times from death, who in such a moment gave me such a proof of the value he set on my sincerity. Noble judges, I cannot allow myself to doubt but you will feel what your own rank and dignity exact of you in the present case. You have given many proofs of your love to your king, do not now force him to violate the fidelity of his word; do not make him look back with greater horror on his escape than on his danger; yet such must be my fate, if he, who snatched me from that danger, must perish only because he confided in me. You have often told me, that you were ready to spill your blood in my service; surely then you will not pierce my soul with a more incurable wound than any which was on that night inflicted on my body. Should Kuzma perish by your sentence, I never should enjoy another moment of tranquillity: The bloody image of my deliverer would be incessantly before my eyes, and like an avenging spirit would forever reproach me with ingratitude and breach of my word.

My countrymen, if indeed you feel affection for me, save me from this torment, and this shame. As judges, remember, that if Kuzma once offended, he has effaced, he has more than doubly atoned for his fault, and

that by great, by reiterated services. As politicians, as men, and above all as Christians, you know that to discourage repentance would be the greatest of all faults. If the bare intention of doing ill must be inevitably punished; if a timely, if a serviceable repentance cannot find acceptance with you, what do you but force even those, who are yet capable of a return to virtue, upon the desperate consummation of crimes, as yet only begun?

But I repeat it, it would be doing injustice to your enlightened ideas of equity, and to the goodness of your hearts, if I were to entertain the least doubt of Kuzma's preserving his life and liberty. I cannot, will not believe, that I am referred to this severity, to see the request I now make you rejected.

Honour and gratitude having dictated what I have hitherto said, conscious besides, that they, to whom I speak, participate with me in feeling the force of these motives, thus far the words have flowed with ease from my mouth.

I hesitated some time, whether I should explain to you my sentiments with regard to the other prisoners, or whether I should wait with patience the sentence of a wise and equitable court. But a still voice, the voice of conviction speaks within me, and commands me to say that, without which my heart can never find repose.

Call to mind, gentlemen, those times of trouble and general confusion, when the unenlightened people, by a natural propensity, believe that every one who dares take upon himself to command,

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has a right to command, especially when no one stands forth to oppose or contradict. It was in the lowest class of men that some were found to execute the deed; they believed themselves bound by an unlimited military obedience in the execution of the order; then they saw only the common dangers of the service, but not the danger of a crime.

When, to fascinate them more strongly, the appearances of religion were called in; when the timorous consciences of uninstructed men were bound by the awfulness of an oath; what wonder that they saw no other crime but that of disobedience? And if they saw no other crime, can you think them so highly culpable? and if they were not highly culpable, ought you to punish them severely?

Lukawski, in his defence, has proved that he did not mean to take away my life; that his intention was only to seize my person; that he shewed no great alacrity in the execution even of this project, but that he testified repugnance for the consummation of the crime; and, that he did not execute the orders he had received; he did not approach me during this horrid transaction; he withdrew himself before it was over; but had he shewed himself more active, I repeat it, and it is not a vain repetition—remember what times they were.

The legal authority of the nation seemed to be benumbed; its silence seemed to give the first pretender to it a right of commanding; and what cannot art effect when it is covered with the cloak of religion, and of patriotism, and when a surprising

combination of circumstances (which I need not particularize to those who remember them so well) stooped, and, as it were, chained up the springs of government?

I will go farther: it is rather surprising that such an accident did not happen to me sooner, considering how many falsities, how many maxims, injurious to my person and my rights, have been spread in this unhappy country during the space of many years, from different quarters, and for different views. How many kinds of oppression did my poor people then groan under? What art, what malice was employed to throw the blame of these oppressions upon me, even by those who were the real authors of them? Did not this same Kuzma, whilst he traversed with me the forests of Bielany, ask me why I had given orders that even those of the gentry who had laid down their arms should be pursued and taken on their own estates? The question was asked me on the evening of the very day when I had obtained of these, on whom it depended, an order (rendered public a few days afterwards) that none who would lay down their arms, and retire to their own estates, should be troubled for the past.

It was by false reports like these, that the spirits of men, brave but oppressed, but unable, from their situation and their education, to investigate the truth, were excited against me. You see then, before you, the unhappy victims of the artifice of others; victims who, during an imprisonment of almost two long years, laden with chains, afflicted

afflicted with misery, have already expiated an offence of which they knew not the atrociousness. Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do, was the address of the Son of God to God himself. Will you, then, hold another language?

Respectable men, invested with the awful character of judges, to whom I this day address myself, not as partaking of your power, (in this ~~house~~ I cannot partake of it) but as one who, by his station, is obliged, on every occasion, and on every subject, so to speak and act as may best serve to carry into every mind the light of truth;—extend not the rigour of the law beyond the limits prescribed by necessity. And you, reverend bishops, join with me in speaking to your worthy colleagues; speak as ministers and high priests of the God of mercy, of that God who has made it your indispensable duty to prevent, as much as in you lies, the effusion of blood. Tell the worthy senators, ministers, and nuncios, co-judges with you, that I know their attachment for me, that I know how much they abhor the infamy of regicide, and how anxious they are for my safety, and for the safety of future kings. This anxiety is laudable. It is in your own power to render it effectual.

You all, noble judges, participate in the legislative power. enact laws, that, for the future, the severest punishment may be inflicted on regicides: that the power of dispensing with these laws may be taken from the king himself; establish a court, which, without waiting the

assembly of a diet, may have the power of arresting, of judging, of punishing, not only those who may wound the person of the king, but those who may attack his lawful rights. Let that court even have the power of destroying, and stamping a mark of infamy upon every writing that maliciously attempts to undermine those lawful rights. Hitherto the impotence of the magistrate, and a thousand subtuges, render it impossible to call the greatest offenders to a legal trial; such delays are granted, so many circumstances must concur before a criminal can be called to a legal trial, that those who are inclined to ill have always the time and the means of doing many and terrible injuries to the public.

One of the greatest evils resulting from the present constitution is, that the people often see themselves pressed by a power, self-created, raised at once; and finding no other power capable of opposing it, without individual force sufficient to resist, the people consider, and are obliged to consider, those orders as legal which no one has authority to contradict, or to censure in a legal, solemn manner. Take away the source of this evil, and you will no longer have to fear the objection, which many I know make, that if the prisoners at the bar escape with life, no man hereafter can be sure of his own.

I speak upon the strongest conviction:—the death of the prisoners will spread terror and alarm; but it will not heal the minds of men: it will leave a dread of severities, which may

one day spread farther :—or it will present the idea of a vengeance greedy of blood, rather than of a punishment really necessary. The remedies we want are of a quite different nature.

We ought to give the most striking proofs that if our unhappy country has for years groaned under oppression and misery, and atrocities of every kind, I was not the author of them : I had it not in my power to prevent or to cure them. We should compel those who have called me wicked, cruel, tyrannical, to relinquish their unjust prejudices. The accident of the third of November has proved the necessity of securing the person and the dignity of the king in a more effectual manner ; but in the mean time let us pardon rather than punish the false ideas of things, of persons, of the value of actions, into which the lawless spirit of discord and hatred has unhappily drawn uninstructed men.

Perish this wretched spirit of discord ! may it disappear before you ; yet it cannot, it never will, till thou, supreme Disposer of the hearts and thoughts of man, takest pity on us : we dare not ask thee wherefore are thy judgments ; but we may implore thy mercy ; we may pierce the heavens with the vehemence of our prayers. Give us, O Lord, give us all the spirit of concord ; the spirit of mutual forgiveness ; let us no longer see brothers armed against brothers, citizen against citizen ; purchasing the triumph of a moment by endless remorse, and seeking their own dishonour in the abasement and ruin of their country !

But I return to the subject of my present speech.

Is it not true, that in the execution of your present functions you are guided in some measure by your love for my person ? Let my representations, then, let my prayers produce their desired effect. I am the injured party ; it is my cause ; and it is I who beg, who conjure you, that no blood may be spilt. But what ought to determine you as judges is, that the end of punishment is to prevent future crimes, and to ensure the safety of the public by the fear of punishment. These ends will best be answered by the new laws I have counselled you to enact ; till then all punishment is cruel, because useless.

If ever your affection, your esteem, for me, noble judges, have wrung from you this confession, that I have suffered greatly, but innocently ; that my sincere love for my country, that the uninterrupted pains I have taken for its welfare have not deserved that I should drink these dregs of bitterness, it is now in your power to afford me considerable relief. Grant me the lives of these prisoners ; I will receive them at your hands as the noblest present that ever was made me : as long as I live, noble judges, I shall feel the liveliest sentiments of gratitude for it ; and when, at last, the course of nature shall put a period to a being worn out with care, I shall expire with so much more ease and tranquillity, if the success of my present prayer to you can make my heart and mouth pronounce with greater confidence these last words ; “ Forgive me, O Lord, as I have forgiven them.

Sept. 3. Some disputes have lately risen in the province of Cervia, between the Turks and Imperialists, which gave an opportunity for the emperor to throw off the mask immediately, and take part with the Russians. The limits between the German and Turkish empires were ascertained and settled by the peace which ensued after the battle of Belgrade, in 1717. By one of the articles it was stipulated, that Zokol and Rayna, with their ancient territories, should remain to the port; and the subjects of both powers were equally to enjoy the navigation of the river Timscha. On some late disagreement, the Imperialists have entirely stopped the Turkish navigation on the river, and taken several of their vessels, which the Turks have retaliated. *Extract of a Letter from Peterborough, Aug. 22.*

"A courier is just arrived here with the following account of a victory gained over the Turks, and the rebellious Russian Cossacks, &c. in the Crimea, by the army sent purposely against them. On the 12th of last month, the Imperial troops were on their march towards Bachiscray, the capital of Crim Tartary, in order to secure that city, the rebels having marched off for Ockzakow, at the mouth of the river Nieper, or Boristhenes, in order to possess themselves of that place, and fortify it as a safe place of retreat. On the 18th the army arrived at Bachiscray, and took possession of it with little opposition from the garrison left there, which consisted chiefly of Cossacks and Tartars, there not being 300 regular troops in the place, who retired to an old castle near the Chan's

palace, where they fortified themselves with four pieces of iron cannon, and for some time defended themselves bravely, but at last were compelled to submit, after having above half their number killed. The intelligence, of the Russians having taken possession of Bachiscray, soon reached the rebel army at Ockzakow, when, having a small force at that place, the main body set off towards the capital, which they arrived at on the 30th; the Russians immediately drew up to meet them, when the engagement began, and was obstinately maintained on both sides for near three hours; but the Russians having the advantage of a heavy train of artillery, the victory declared for them, a terrible slaughter began, and the rebels fled, with great precipitation, towards Kostof. The loss of the Russians in this engagement was inconsiderable, not having above 300 men killed, and about 400 wounded; but the rebels lost above 4000 in the whole, 600 of whom were taken prisoners.

The pope has published a bull which suppresses the order of Jesuit. To those who are old and infirm, pensions are to be granted according to their necessities, and they are to remain in their Convents, under the inspection of such bishops and abbés, as shall be appointed; but they are not to appear in the habit of their order, nor be allowed to preach or receive confessions of the younger ones, those who have taken only one vow are permitted to embrace any other calling, and are allowed to marry; and those who have taken the last vow, are permitted to enter into any other order under certain restrictions,

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

September 3.

By private letters from Glamorganshire, and many other parts of South-Wales, we are informed that the harvest is in the finest condition ever known for these 20 years past, and has escaped all the damages to which the corn-fields within 30 miles round the metropolis have been exposed, neither thunder, lightning, nor heavy rains, having visited that part of the country.

A few days since, a woman imprudently set her child, a fine girl about 18 months old, upon the back of a horse that was standing at a door in Drury-lane, when the infant gave a sudden spring, and fell upon the pavement, by which accident her skull was fractured, and she soon expired.

Yesterday the wife of a tradesman in the Borough, being on a visit to an acquaintance in Chancery-lane, was suddenly taken ill, and had a coach to go home, but died before she got to London-bridge.

By the table of the price of wheat per quarter for 40 years past at the London markets, published last winter by the chamberlain, the monthly average prices for 1757, appear as follow: Jan. 50s. Feb. 54s. Mar. 58s. April 63s. May 66s. 6d. June 55s. 6d. July 48s. Aug. 44s. Sept. 35s. Oct. 36s. Nov. 35s. 6d. Dec. 34s. 6d. From which we have good reason to flatter ourselves a like fall will take place after the present plen-

tiful harvest, as did after the plentiful crop of 1757.

Yesterday a large West-Indian, lying in Limehouse-hole, by accident took fire, and was burnt to the water's-edge; the rigging of the other vessels was also much damaged, and it was with great difficulty that farther mischief was prevented.

Sept. 13. Friday morning a travelling Jew went into the Crown and Thistle, in Breadstreet, Southwark, and called for three-pennyworth of brandy and water; after drinking it, he told the man of the house he could not rest in this world, and immediately cut his throat with a penknife, and expired in less than an hour after.

On Sunday a gentleman of the law took a soldier off the parade in St. James's Park, and obtained from his colonel leave of absence, a relation of the soldier's, in Staffordshire, having left him an estate of 640l. per annum.

It is said that a law will be made at the next meeting of parliament, to make the buying of goods, knowing them to be stolen, (the punishment for which at present is only transportation for 14 years) a capital offence.

Yesterday a stage coach was attacked on Finchley-common by a highwaman, who presented a pistol to the passengers; on which the guard, who attended the coach, fired at, and shot him. He was taken to the three horse-shoes.

PRICES

PRICES of STOCKS for September 28, 1773.

Bank-Stock, 143 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$. India-Stock, 154a $\frac{1}{2}$ a153 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$. South-Sea ditto, 94 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto Annuity, Shut. Ditto New, 8, a $\frac{1}{2}$ a85. 3 per Ct. Bk reduced, Shut. 3 per Cent ditto consol. 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto 1726, — 3 per Cent. Ann. 1751, 84 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto India Ann. Shut. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. 1758, 88 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$. 4 per. Cent. Consol. Bk. Ann. Shut. Bank Long Ann. Ys. Pur. 25a $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$. 3 per Cent India Bonds, 16a 15a16s-Pr. Sept. Navy and Vict. Bills, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pr. Ct. Dif.

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
For August, 1773.

	Wind	Bar.	Thermom.			Weather
			M.	N.	Ev.	
1	W.N.W. fresh	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	62	66	63	Cloudy with showers.
2	W. ib	30	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	67	63	Cloudy and warm.
3	W.N.W. little	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	63	69	65	Fair and warm.
4	Ditto. fresh	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	63 $\frac{1}{2}$	70	65	Bright sultry day.
5	W.S.W. ib	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	64	72	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	Sultry and cloudy.
6	Ditto ib.	30	64	71 $\frac{1}{2}$	65	Cloudy with slight showers.
7	W. little	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	65	72	66	Sultry and cloudy.
8	W.N.W. little	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	65	73	66	Close sultry day.
9	Ditto fresh	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	66	74	66 $\frac{1}{2}$	Bright sultry day.
10	Ditto little	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	66	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	66	Sultry clear day.
11	Ditto little	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	65	74	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	Sultry sun-shiny day.
12	Ditto fresh	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	74	68	Clear and sultry.
13	W.S.W. little	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	64	73	70	Sultry with lightning in even.
14	Ditto ib.	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	66	76	72	Ditto viol. thu. much rain early
15	S.W. fresh	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	67	74	70	Cloudy.
16	S.S.E. strong	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	66	66	72	Rain.
17	S.W. fresh	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	65	75	70	Thunder and much rain.
18	N.E. ib.	ib.	63	65	65	Thunder, heavy rain.
19	W.N.W. stormy	ib.	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	63	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	Heavy rain.
20	W. fresh	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	61	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	62	Fair and cloudy.
21	W.S.W. little	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	60	63	61	Fair with sun-shine.
22	Ditto ib.	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	61	64	61	Fair and warm.
23	N.N.W. ib.	ib.	60	65	61 $\frac{1}{2}$	Sun-shine and warm.
24	Ditto fresh	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	60 $\frac{1}{2}$	67	63	Cloudy and warm.
25	S.W. strong	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	68	65	Cloudy.
26	Ditto ib.	30	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	67	63	Ditto.
27	E.S.E. fresh	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	66	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	Ditto.
28	Ditto ib.	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	63	67	64 $\frac{1}{2}$	Cloudy with sun-shine.
29	E. little	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	64	68	64 $\frac{1}{2}$	Sun-shine and warm.
30	E.S.E. ib.	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	64	69	65	Cloudy and warm.
31	Ditto ib.	30	63	67	64	Cloudy with small rain.

*. * The Letters, Signed Tancred, Brutus, Eusebius, Philalethes, Philorthus, &c. Subscriber, Amicus, Heligbee, with an Invocation to the Deity, an Elegy, and Thoughts on Suicide, are received, and shall be duly attended to.



THE
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On the EVIL of INFIDELITY.

Others, apart, sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate;
Fixt fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then;
Of happiness, and final misery;
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame;
Vain wisdom all, and vain philosophy:
Yet, with a pleasing forcery, could charm
Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdurate breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.

MILTON.



F all the classes of beings, in this planet we inhabit, the human species evidently claims the superiority. As to inferior animals, mere instinct governs their actions; corporeal sense circumscribes their pleasures, and a few days terminate their existence. But man, a rational being, formed for immortality, is indued with a capacity for pleasures infinitely superior. The gratification of his sensitive appetites constitutes the lowest kind of his enjoyments: he not only feels the kindly warmth of the sun, and partakes of that variety of terrestrial blessings liberally diffused around him, but is capable of rising on the wings of contemplation,
VOL. I. O and

and meditating on the wonderful display of divine power and wisdom in the immensity of his Creator's works. The signatures of intelligent power, wisdom, and goodness, are legibly inscribed on every object which meets his eye in the heavens above, and on the earth beneath: The stars in their courses proclaim the attributes of their Author; and every plant, from the cedar of Lebanon, to the hyssop on the wall, no less manifests the power and skill of the supreme Architect. The works of human art lose all their beauty and excellence, when investigated by the medium of a microscope; but every phenomenon of nature unfolds still greater beauty, symmetry, and perfection, on the minutest examination. Of all employments, the contemplation of the Deity, in his works, is the most noble, the most interesting, and pleasurable. By the things that are seen, the studious mind gradually ascends, as it were, from earth to heaven, and contemplates the attributes of their invisible author. But, it is much to be regretted, that while, throughout every other species of beings, universal nature is obedient to the all-governing, all-pervading mind; man, the superior link in the vast chain of visible existences, deviates from the course prescribed him by his Maker. Heaven has given him powers capable of effecting the most interesting purpose to himself; but has left him at liberty to apply them. From the abuse or misapplication of our rational faculties, our moral evils are derived. Amongst others, those of *infidelity* and *superstition* are not the least. Shall I not say they are the greatest? *Infidelity** at once cancels every moral obligation, confounds virtue and vice, and cuts off the most desirable hope and expectation the mind can entertain; that of a perpetuity of existence and happiness, in spheres infinitely superior to that which we at present inhabit.

As this evil, it is to be feared, is spreading far and wide; it may not be unprofitable, to attempt, at least, to point out its principal causes. Though man is capable of investigating many of the phenomena of nature, yet his powers are limited; *thus far shalt thou go, and no farther*. He cannot look through the amazing whole. The *macrocosm* is too vast to be fully comprehended by his eye; or the connection and dependence of all its parts to be discovered by his most elaborate researches; but the

DEITY

* By infidelity, I do not mean a disbelief of every article of faith, the mere creature of a puerile conceit or extravagant fancy, but of the main and fundamental doctrines of true religion and morality. The observations contained in this letter are chiefly on the evil of infidelity, but I intend, in my next, to make a few reflections on the evil of superstition.

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DEITY is infinitely exalted above the reach of his feeble intellects. His counsels are unsearchable: his ways are past finding out. We should therefore bound our enquiries after knowledge within the limits of our finite powers, as well as our desires within the limits of reason and propriety. As the licentiousness of an uncontrouled appetite for all terrestrial blessings renders us less capable of enjoying the few we possess; so the attempt of our feeble powers, to comprehend all science, prevents our essentially profiting by the little knowledge we have obtained. While we may be indulged, at an humble distance, to contemplate the attributes of the deity, it were the highest presumption to vault up to the throne of God to take its dimensions, or draw the image of him who sits thereon, whom *no mortal has seen, or can see.*

Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell;
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel. POPE.

As the sagacious Locke justly observes, "Though the mariner's line is too short to fathom all the depths of the ocean, yet it is long enough to reach the bottom in those parts where it is necessary to direct his course, and to prevent his running against rocks, or on shoals that might ruin him." Thus, though the intellectual powers we are endued with are incapable of fathoming the depths of providence, and of determining questions that may be propounded respecting the essence of the deity, the mode of his existence, and the administration of his natural and moral government of the world; yet they are proportioned to the discovery of sufficient signatures of wisdom, power, and goodness, to excite our admiration, and to demand of us the tribute of gratitude, thanksgiving, and praise. As the object, which is the source of light and medium of vision to our bodily senses, cannot be contemplated immediately, and is only known by its properties, so the divine incommunicable essence of deity, the source of wisdom, is not a proper object of the human intellect which it enlightens. The very attempt, to carry up our thoughts to infinity, does but dazzle, confound, and enervate the faculties, while it unsettles and perplexes the judgement. Not satisfied with the knowledge of things which the deity has proportioned to our powers of perception, and adapted to promote our essential happiness, in this world and that which is to come, we would offer violence to the laws of heaven, and, as it were, break open the cabinet that contains those secrets which no finite being can comprehend. Unsuccessful in metaphysical researches, some people have wandered into all the extravagances of scepticism and infidelity; and, like a man who has impaired the powers of vision

vision by looking too long and stedfastly on the sun, they can scarcely discriminate the objects around them, and lose sight of the only path in which they can tread with safety. After all which sophistry has urged, or can urge, virtue and vice will ever remain the same, and their effects be equally interesting and injurious. Whilst speculatists dispute about virtue and vice, and attempt to render them indeterminate, the unlettered part of mankind, taught by experience and observation, feel their different effects, and cannot hesitate to applaud the former, even while, urged by the impulse of licentious passions, they pursue the latter.

Another cause of infidelity may be found in the wish which the fear of punishment, in the licentious, excites. The man, so far sunk in sensuality as even to have nothing to *hope*, but every thing to *fear*, from a future retribution, may *wish*, indeed, that there is no God, and that there will be no future state of existence; and, with that false bias on his mind, his enquiries will be partially confined to that side of the question which is involved in the greatest obscurity. Every notion which favours infidelity will be received with avidity; and, finding that it has a tendency to lessen his fears, he adopts that for the dictates of sober reason, which is but the illusion of his imagination. Thus, too indolent to remove the cause of his fears by a regulation of his passions and a reformation of his conduct, he prefers this short way of attempting to efface from his mind the general belief of mankind, and silence the voice of conscience, by a fatal temporary opiate, which will one day cease to operate, and leave him still more miserable than it found him. Amongst the many, indeed, whose principles have been contaminated with notions of infidelity, a few may be found who were unwarily drawn into its vortex by indulging a vain curiosity, like that of the philosopher, who, wanting to explore the source of *Ætna's* fiery eruptions, approached so near the verge of the gulph, that he lost his life through his presumption. The specious pretext of some men, fonder of paradox than truth, intoxicated with a conceit of their own superior wisdom, attracts the attention of the inconsiderate and unwary who are fond of novelty, and finding that infidelity opens to their view the flowery paths of vice, and gives them a licence to indulge therein, at most, at no greater expence than a temporary inconvenience, they make the suffrages of their passions the test of propriety of action; and, deserting the cause of truth and virtue, go over to its insidious enemies, and carry with them those arms which were given them to promote a better cause.

T. L.
From

From the MONTHLY REVIEW,

CATO; or, an Essay on Old Age. By Marcus Tullius Cicero.
With Remarks. 8vo. 5s. Doddsley. 1773.

WE are here presented with one of the finest remains of classical antiquity, in the most elegant form of the English language; and the copious remarks, annexed to the essay, discover learning combined with taste, and sentiment with liberality. Translations are, in general, the bane of every language; but such translations as this bring both our language and our learning in their debt.

The original was in every respect worthy of a writer so capable of doing it justice. The Essay on Old Age was one of the last philosophical labours of Cicero, or rather one of his last amusements: for he professes that the pleasure he found in writing it smoothed the declining period of his life. *Mihi quidem ita jucunda hujus libri confectio fuit, ut non modo omnes absterferit senectutis molestias, sed effecerit mollem etiam et jucundam senectutem.* In Pref.

We generally succeed best where we find the greatest pleasure in the execution; and it is no wonder if this little work, the production of the great orator's maturest mind and happiest hours, bore every character of the most distinguished merit. The wonderful elegance and beauty of the composition rendered it the *aureum libellum* of the critics. With the moralists, its importance arose from a different style of merit. To them it was of the last consequence to know the final sentiments of this great man concerning the destination of the soul. And this essay, written but a few years before his death, and almost the very last act he exerted in his philosophical character, might be considered as an explicit and unambiguous profession of his belief of the soul's *separate* existence in a future state. But if, says the ingenious translator, after so positive a declaration of his being convinced of the truth of this important doctrine, the sincerity of his faith might nevertheless be called in question, hard, indeed, would he have found the task to give his inquirers satisfaction.

The concluding part of the essay, so universally written on the minds and memories of men, we shall give as a specimen of the translation, because the reader will always be the best judge of what he is best acquainted with.

Never, Scipio, can I believe that your illustrious ancestors, together with many other excellent personages whom I need not particularly

particularly name, would have so ardently endeavoured to merit the honourable remembrance of posterity, had they not been persuaded, that they had a real interest in the opinion which future generations might entertain concerning them. And do you imagine, my noble friends, (if I may be indulged in an old man's privilege to boast of himself,) do you imagine I would have undergone those labours I have sustained both in my civil and military employments, if I had supposed that the conscious satisfaction, I received from the glory of my actions, was to terminate with my present existence? If such had been my persuasion, would it not have been far better and more rational, to have passed my days in an undisturbed and indolent repose, without labour and without contention? But my mind, by I know not what secret impulse, was ever raising its views into future ages; strongly persuaded that I should then only begin to *live*, when I ceased to exist in the present world. Indeed, if the soul were not naturally immortal, never, surely, would the desire of immortal glory be a passion which always exerts itself with the greatest force in the noblest and most exalted bosoms.

‘Tell me, my friends, whence is it, that those men, who have made the greatest advances in true wisdom and genuine philosophy, are observed to meet death with the most perfect equanimity; while the ignorant and unimproved part of our species, generally see its approach with the utmost discomposure and reluctance? Is it not because the more enlightened the mind is, and the farther it extends its view, the more clearly it discerns, in the hour of its dissolution, (what narrow and vulgar souls are too short-sighted to discover,) that it is taking its flight into some happier region?’

‘For my own part, I feel myself transported with the most ardent impatience to join the society of my two departed friends, your illustrious fathers; whose characters I greatly respected and whose persons I sincerely loved. Nor is this, my earnest desire, confined to those excellent persons alone with whom I was formerly connected; I ardently wish to visit also those celebrated worthies, of whose honourable conduct I have heard and read much, or whose virtues I have myself commemorated in some of my writings. To this glorious assembly I am speedily advancing: and I would not be turned back in my journey, even upon the assured condition that my youth, like that of Pelias, should again be restored. The sincere truth is, if some divinity would confer upon me a new grant of my life, and replace me once more in the cradle, I would utterly, and without the least hesitation, reject the offer: having well nigh finished my race, I have no inclination to return to the goal.

For

For what has life to recommend it? or rather indeed to what evil does it not expose us? But admit that its satisfactions are many; yet surely there is a time when we have had a sufficient measure of its enjoyments, and may well depart contented with our share of the feast: for I mean not, in imitation of some very considerable philosophers, to represent the condition of human nature as a subject of just lamentation. On the contrary, I am far from regretting that life was bestowed upon me; as I have the satisfaction to think that I have employed it in such a manner, as not to have lived in vain. In short, I consider this world as a place which nature never designed for my permanent abode; and I look upon my departure out of it, not as being driven from my habitation, but as leaving my inn.

‘O! glorious day! when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene, to associate with the divine assembly of departed spirits: and not with those only whom I just now mentioned, but with my dear Cato; that best of sons and most valuable of men! It was my sad fate to lay his body on the funeral pile, when, by the course of nature, I had reason to hope he would have performed the same last office to mine. His soul, however, did not desert me, but still looked back upon me in its flight to those happy mansions, to which he was assured I should one day follow him. If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude, it was by no means because I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had sustained; it was because I supported myself with the consoling reflection, that we could not long be separated.

‘Thus to think, and thus to act, has enabled me, Scipio, to bear up under a load of years with that ease and complacency which both you and Lælius have so frequently, it seems, remarked with admiration: as indeed it has rendered my old age not only no inconvenient state to me, but even an agreeable one. And, after all, should this my firm persuasion of the soul’s immortality prove to be a mere delusion; it is at least a pleasing delusion,—and I will cherish it to my latest breath. I have the satisfaction in the mean time to be assured, that if death should utterly extinguish my existence, as some minute philosophers assert, the groundless hopes I entertained of an after-life, in some better state, cannot expose me to the derision of these wonderful sages, when they and I shall be no more. In all events, and even admitting that our expectations of immortality are utterly vain, there is a certain period, nevertheless, when death would be a consummation most earnestly to be desired. For nature has appointed to the days of man, as to all things else, their proper limits, beyond which they are no longer of
any

any value. In fine, old age may be considered as the last scene in the great drama of life; and one would not, surely, wish to lengthen out our part till we sunk down in disgust and exhausted with fatigue.

If there be any apparent defect in this translation, it is where the translator, studious to give the whole extent of his author's sense, is sometimes, possibly, too diffuse. For instance, the following short sentence, *equidem efforor studio patres vestros, quos colui et dilexi, videndi*, which may be rendered in a manner equally concise, viz. *I am transported with the desire of seeing your fathers, whom I loved and honoured*, is more diffusely translated thus:

‘For my own part, I feel myself transported with the most ardent impatience to join the society of my two departed friends, your illustrious fathers: whose characters I greatly respected, and whose persons I sincerely loved.’ If the shorter of these sentences conveys all the idea of the original, it is a better translation than the longer: if it does not, it is worse.

The notes, or remarks, as they are called, annexed to this work, make the most valuable part of it. They contain just sketches of the principal characters mentioned in the course of the essay, and a variety of judicious observations on the manners and interests of men.

The following note, which may be considered as a kind of estimate of human life, will shew the philosophical turn and genius of the whole.

‘Philosophy can never be employed in an office more unsuitable to her proper character and functions, than in setting forth such representations of human life as tend to put mankind out of humour with their present being: and yet into this unworthy service some eminent moralists, both ancient and modern, have not scrupled to compel her. The genuine effects of true wisdom and knowledge, are altogether of a different complexion; as those speculative writers, whose studies and talents have qualified them for taking the most accurate and comprehensive survey of the natural and moral world, have found the result of their inquiries terminate in the strongest motives for a grateful acquiescence in the beneficent administration of providence. To be able indeed to clear up all the difficulties which occur in attempting to account for that degree which the supreme Creator has permitted to enter among his works, will in vain, perhaps, be expected, till the mental sight shall be purged with that heavenly “*euphrasy*,” with which the angel in Milton removed the film from Adam’s eyes
when

when he shewed him in vision the fate of his descendants. In the mean time, however, there is abundant evidence to justify the goodness of the Creator in his "*ways to men*," and dissipate every darker cloud which, in a gloomy state of mind, is apt to overcast the prospect of human condition.

The truth is, the *natural* evils of life are but few and intolerable when compared with those which are of man's own production. Pain and disease, which now make such a variety of dreadful articles in every estimate of human calamities, would scarcely appear to exist, if the contributions of vice and luxury were fairly subtracted from the account. And when all deductions of this kind are justly made, if we examine the remaining evils to which mankind are *necessarily* exposed, it will appear that providence hath kindly interwoven certain secret consolations and unexpected softenings, which render them more tolerable when realised than they seem in apprehension. Nothing indeed is more certain than what an incomparable moralist, with his usual truth of sentiment and elegance of imagination, hath finely remarked; that "the evils of his life appear like rocks and precipices, rugged and barren at a distance; but at our nearer approach we find little fruitful spots and refreshing springs mixed with the harshness and deformity of nature."

To apply this general observation to a particular instance: Those who, from the more commodious stations of human life, look down upon the lowest and most laborious classes of mankind, are apt to consider their condition as painful proofs of the miseries to which the majority of the sons of men are inevitably condemned. But, in fact, these supposed objects of commiseration are so far from being in a state deservedly to be lamented, that perhaps they would be very considerable losers if they were to exchange it for a more exalted sphere of action. That this is no ideal representation of their case; let an unexceptionable witness, who had occasion to observe it in some of its strongest exhibitions, attest. "In my travels," says the good bishop Pontoppidan, "over the highest mountains of Norway, which are covered with snow, and where horses are of no service, I have seen peasants in great numbers do the work of horses; and indeed they seem equal to those animals in strength. They go on singing all the while, and hold out for nine hours together at the hardest labour imaginable, with incredible cheerfulness and alacrity." He adds; "the peasants of both sexes assemble together by hundreds, I might say thousands, about the middle of January, to make their winter harvest of the rich produce of the ocean. They keep out at sea all the day, and a great part of the night by moon-light, in open boats;

and, after that, croud together by scores into little huts, where they can hardly have room to lay themselves down, in their wet cloaths. The next morning they return to the same laborious employments, with as much pleasure and chearfulness as if they were going to a merry-making."

"In contemplating the moral state of mankind, the horror of the view, in like manner, will be much alleviated by taking in every mitigating circumstance that attends the prospect. There is reason to think, with the most judicious writers on this interesting question, that there are few individuals who in the course of their lives have not been the authors of more good than evil. Prejudice, resentment, or opposition of interest, may, and often do, produce particular instances of the sad effects of the malevolent and selfish passions, in the very same man who, in the general tenour of his conduct and connections, regularly exercises the kind and social affections. But in determining concerning the comparative prevalency of moral good and evil; a hasty or peevish remarker, while he examines the weight of the malignant action, is not equally careful to inquire into the state of the opposite scale. There are many latent circumstances also necessary to be known, before we are fully qualified to give any particular action its precise and distinguishing denomination. The motive and intention of the agent; the point of view in which the action appeared to his own eye; the degree of surprize or premeditation, of knowledge or ignorance, with which it was committed; are nice discriminations which an uncandid observer always overlooks, and a charitable one cannot often discern: yet these constitute the true nature and essential characteristic of moral conduct.

"There is another circumstance which may very much contribute to lead the judgement into unfavourable conclusions upon this subject: vicious actions strike more forcibly upon the mind, as being in their nature more open to public notoriety, than those of an opposite quality. Atrocious deviations from moral rectitude rarely pass undiscovered; whereas many of the noblest and most laudable instances of human merit are frequently known only to the parties immediately concerned, and not seldom lie concealed in the breast of the worthy agent. Vice obtrudes itself upon the public eye; but virtue must often be sought for in less conspicuous scenes. The *secretum iter*, and the *fallentis semita vitæ*, are the paths in which her votaries are most frequently to be found. No wonder, therefore, if in computing their comparative number very erroneous calculations are apt to be made.

"When

‘When all reflections of this kind, together with others which might be mentioned of the same tendency, are duly considered and their full force admitted, it will not, perhaps, be thought an unwarrantable inference, that there is an over-balance of *good* in the moral as well as in the natural world.’

We cannot quit this article without expressing a desire to see the *Essay on Friendship* in the hands of the same translator.

N. B. Mr. Melmoth’s name has been added to the latter advertisements of this publication: a circumstance which we knew not before the present article was drawn up.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

An Address to the YOUTH, concluded.

THE advantages arising from the study of the science, which I recommended in my former letter, are too many to be particularized within the limits I have prescribed, as they would fill a volume; but I shall instance some of the most interesting, in as brief a manner as may consist with the perspicuity necessary to convey my thoughts to my readers. Pride, the source of so many evils in public and domestic life, is a passion that early discovers itself in the human character; and though in the different stages of life it assumes different forms, and urges to different pursuits, it is generally the last that struggles in the breast in old age, or on the verge of the grave. A fond conceit of accomplishments which we do not possess, and of moral excellence to which we have not attained, is the foible, to say no worse, of too great a part of every rank and degree of mankind; blinded by self-love, we give ourselves credit for virtues, which our partial friends, or interested dependants, would persuade us we possess; while the voice of wisdom, which never flatters, would instruct us, that *man in his best estate is very vanity*. There is not any knowledge adapted so much to humble the pride of man, and suppress that extravagant passion, as the proper study of ourselves. What a humiliating view does human nature disclose, when we retire from the busy world, and the clamour of misguided tongues; when, detached from the vanities of life, and its transitory amusements, we meet “*our naked hearts alone*,” and perceive those weaknesses and imperfections which pride urged us to conceal from the eye of public observation,

and even flattered us we did not really possess. Were we to enter into the closet of our own hearts, and view its furniture, *our own righteousness would appear as filthy rags*: the prospect would incline us to abate of our imaginary importance, and our boasted honour would be laid as in the dust. We should then even blush to think of the false estimate we had made of our character, and, detecting the fallacy of our fond conceits, be the less liable to be deceived by the adulatory gratulations of others, less acquainted, perhaps, with our imperfections, than with their own.

Man is the first and principal flatterer of himself, and that is the cause of his being deceived by the flattery of others. We are too easily persuaded to entertain an extravagant opinion of ourselves; the incense of adulation, decently offered up, is an acceptable sacrifice, and what but few people dislike. But would we know ourselves, let us begin with our beginning. Man was originally formed of the dust, and cannot boast an origin superior to the vilest reptile. We may say unto corruption, "*thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother, my brother, and my sister.*" And beauty, what is it but a peculiar disposition of features, and a complexion, which, like a flower, attracts the eye for a moment, and like a flower soon fades? disease may suddenly blast it, and a few days will decay it. The celebrated object of one day may excite disgust in the next. Surely nothing can be more vain, than for a human being to pride itself on that, which, like the plumage of a bird, depends on such a texture and disposition of parts, as the next moment may dissolve. If it shines, it is like the moon, with a borrowed light, and has nothing whereof to boast, for it has nothing that it has not received. Of whatever it possesses, it is but a tenant at will, and has no claim to the inheritance.

With regard to natural accomplishments or other mental abilities, those, who really possess the greatest, ought to be, and indeed are, in general, the most humble. Ignorance and pride are a composition that forms one character. Nothing, however, can betray a greater ignorance of what concerns us most to know, than a pride of our acquirements, and a contempt of those whom we may deem our inferiors. The greatest abilities, rightly exercised, discover so much of human weakness and unworthiness, to those who possess them, as to afford them rather motives for peculiar humiliation than exaltation. Those, who possess the most knowledge, boast the least of it. The transient thinker, who but just skims the superficies of things, assumes much, while the deep investigator confesses

his ignorance, and worships in silence at the foot-stool of him, before whom he considers himself but as a worm.

The vain pride and petulance of youth are the perpetual ridicule of wiser age. Their impatience, in the first stage of life, subjects them to many delusions: they are too apt to take things on bare report, and have no inclination to investigate what they feel so strong a bias implicitly to believe. Hence their *wisdom*, at best, is merely theoretical, and founded too on hypotheses, which, being never examined, are rather opinion than knowledge, and oftner mislead from, than direct them in, a manner interesting to themselves, or beneficial to the community.

Mankind universally agree in censuring those vicious passions which are too generally indulged, and can excuse them only in themselves. The proudest mortals concur with the humble in condemning pride in others, while they possess so large a share of it themselves; and the miser, too, as readily censures avarice, while that passion reigns in his breast, and takes the lead of all the rest. It is the property of every favourite vicious affection, more or less, to blind the judgement, and while it is obvious to every other person, it remains concealed from a man's self. To acquire a right knowledge of the influencing motives of our volitions and actions, we should, as it were, be detached from ourselves; and, supposing them to form the character of another person, estimate what would be our opinion of them then. By thus transferring our passions to some other object, and contemplating them free from the bias which self-love imposes on the judgement of the individual, mankind in general would have a meaner opinion of their own real character, than that which we so fondly entertain. We should find that many of our virtues are but assumed, and that we have been deceived by them ourselves, no less than they have deceived others.

When Diogenes walked over Plato's carpet, he boasted that he trod on Plato's pride; to which was answered, "*and with still greater pride*", and it is possible, that, under the disguise of an assumed humility, a man may even take a pride in persuading mankind that he has no pride. It is the internal motives of our volitions and actions, that determine their intrinsic merit and demerit: while these are depraved and unworthy, however beneficial some of our actions may prove to society, we are still destitute of real merit; and were we thoroughly acquainted with these latent motives, these secret springs of our actions, surely it could not fail of humbling all the pride of man, and rendering us more charitable to our neighbours, by cherishing in our breasts that mercy towards
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the weakness and infirmities of others, without which we ourselves can have nothing to hope, but much to fear, in the period of final retribution. We are, and must necessarily be, in many cases, incompetent judges of the real influencing motives of other mens conduct, and are too ignorant of our own: but as we are, or may be, acquainted with them in ourselves, the estimate of our own virtues should be made by judging of the action by the motive; but, in estimating the virtue of others, charity would induce us to judge of the motive by the action; and be equally cautious not to credit ourselves for too much, and other people for too little. The opinion we form of our own characters, as we are or may be thoroughly acquainted with every part of it, ought not to exceed the limits of strict justice; but the opinion we form of our neighbour's, with which we cannot be thoroughly acquainted, should be governed by charity. Mankind, however, unhappily act the reverse of these rules, and credit themselves for more than in justice they can claim, and their neighbours for less than charity would allow. We view our own virtues through the medium of inordinate self-love, which represents them greater than they really are, and other people's through the partial medium of pride and envy, which exhibits them so small, as to be scarcely perceivable.

I have attempted to shew that pride, the parent of so many other evils, is a certain indication of ignorance, as to what concerns us most to know; and, to suppress this passion, let the youth early commune with their own hearts; let them reflect on whence they came, what they are, what they ought to be, and whereunto they are hastening. In the idea of self-knowledge I include these several branches, and surely no one will hesitate to acknowledge, that they are the most interesting that can engage the attention of a rational and accountable being. Though we are frail by nature, and exposed to numerous temptations which divert us from the prosecution of the main business of life, the compassionate Father of us all tenders to us a mean adequate to the knowledge and conquest on which so much depends. Remember your Creator in the days of your youth; seek counsel of him, and he will not withhold it from you; *for he giveth liberally and upbraideth not.* The wise and virtuous of all generations have trusted in him, and have not trusted in vain. A filial fear of him has been the means of their preservation through the varied scenes of human life; and, from the hope of being finally accepted of him, their chief pleasure has been derived; possessing that, all the calamities incident to human nature have been alleviated: it imparted consolation when every other source had been dried up; opened
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the most pleasing prospect when every terrestrial scene has been overspread with gloom; and, when every temporal blessing could no longer yield any delight, the testimony of a good conscience has proved to them an inexhaustible source of felicity: they could anticipate the approaching moment of their dissolution without that horror which attends the self-accused, and await the arrival of the awful period, becoming men, who, being about to quit this world, have the joyful expectation of an everlasting inheritance in one infinitely better. Every thing in this world is mutable, all its pleasures are evanescent, and not adapted to communicate permanent happiness to intelligent beings. This world is not the port of rest, it is but the passage to it. Pursue therefore your way under the direction of the best wisdom, remembering that your all is on-board, and that your safe arrival at the *haven where you would be* depends on steering your course by the compass of virtue.

T. L.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

OBSERVATIONS on the TOWN.

I Have now nearly attained my 80th year, and am what your polite folks call an old-fashioned gentleman; the cut and colour of my cloaths, with my mode of living, are much the same they were sixty years ago, and I have no inclination to alter them, though the wise youngsters of the present generation often laugh heartily at what they please to call my oddities, while I pity their folly. I constantly read the *London Evening Post*, which comes down into our parts, as I like to know how the world goes, as it is called, and I have observed for several years most heavy complaints, from London in particular, about the *scarcity and high price of provisions*, the *exorbitant rent of houses*, the *badness of trade*, and the *wickedness of prime ministers*; insomuch, that one might have expected all London would soon flock down, half starved, into the country, and quarter themselves upon us. These complaints I have often seriously considered over a pipe of the best Virginia, and a mug of home-brewed ale; and, as I often said to my dame, I could not help pitying the distressed of my countrymen in general,

general, and in particular the poor Londoners, who, I might have imagined, were at the point of starving. But I considered, that the *badness of the times* is a complaint almost as *old as time*, and therefore paid the less regard to it. That *there never were such times as these*, I remember to have heard ever since I was a boy. It is a tradition that goes from father to son, like the scrophula, for which nature can afford no remedy. However, at length, after having been absent near fifty years from the metropolis, I determined once more to go to London for a few weeks, as I have one old acquaintance there; after my own heart, who I knew would make me welcome; accordingly I took leave of my dame, who was too infirm to accompany me, and came up to town in a stage-coach. We were six passengers; a *London tradesman*, a *parson*, a *Lincolnshire grazier*, a *Norfolk farmer*, both better dressed than many country squires in our parts; and a *country shopkeeper*. We had scarce passed a mile on our way, before THE TIMES became the topic of our conversation; the *deadness of trade*, *scarcity of provisions*, &c. &c. furnished matter for the whole journey. I said but little, while the rest of the company conversed, took snuff, and handed about their *pocket pistols* in turn, charged with the best *coniac*. When we stopt to dine, I generally took my place at the coachman's table in the kitchen; and ate a hearty meal of boiled beef or mutton, for which I paid eight-pence; while the rest of the company, who had been all along complaining, sat down in the parlour to four or five elegant dishes, which were followed by several bottles of madeira, and they spent their three half-crowns a piece in less than an hour's time; but I came off as well satisfied for one shilling.

When we came within twenty miles of London, I could not help observing, as we passed along, the great alterations that had taken place in the face of the country, and in the towns, since I had been in those parts. The *inns*, and many other houses, were so elegant, that it excited my astonishment; and the roads too so even, that I could sometimes have imagined I had been riding along the gravel-walks in some gentleman's garden. Observing a great number of superb houses, interspersed between the villages, as we approached the city, erected on land that formerly lay waste, or where a few solitary huts were to be seen scattered up and down, I could not help enquiring what grand gentlemen inhabited them: and I was answered, they are the *Londoners country houses*. What, the *poor Londoners*, quoth I, where *trade is so dead*, and *provision so scarce*? Why, sir, says the clergyman, it is apprehended, in this refined age, that it is not healthy to sleep in town; and they therefore retire, after the fatigue of the day,

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and repose themselves in the country; where the air, you know, is more pure, and there is less noise to interrupt it. But, I presume, sir, these houses belong to the most *capital merchants*. Merchants, sir! replied the parson, *common tradesmen* have their *country boxes* as well as merchants. That house yonder, says he, pointing to a large and elegant structure, in the Chinese taste, is the seat of a *pin-maker*; the next to it is a *shoe-maker's*; and several others in this neighbourhood belong to *brush-makers*, *taylors*, *pawn-brokers*, *potatoe-dealers*, *butchers*, *tallow-chandlers*, *glovers*, *stage-players*, and *mountebanks*. Observe, sir, added the parson, that elegant chariot with a black behind it, and a footman galloping after it, belongs to a *horn-button and comb-maker*, and the phaeton, on the left of it, is kept by a *pastry-cook*, who has a snug neat box, the other side of yon little copse. I kept myself to myself, as the saying is, but I was more than a little surprized, and, had not my informant been a *parson*, I could not have credited what he said. At length, to be brief, we arrived in town; and I hobbled along to my old friend's in the Poultry; but, I assure you, it was at the risque of my life. The streets were so filled with *coaches*, *chariots*, *phaetons*, and *post-chaises*, that I waited full half an hour before I durst venture to cross the street in Cornhill, and then I narrowly escaped being run over. However, I got safe and sound to my quarters, where I met a hearty welcome. The next day I walked leisurely about the streets, with my old friend for a guide at my elbow; for the streets and houses were so different from what I had seen in London fifty years ago, that I was as much at a loss to find my way from place to place, as if I had never been in London. The gates and signs are all taken down, and the houses so *transmogrified*, as we call it in our country, that I could scarcely persuade myself I was in London: and the people which crouded the principal streets, on foot and in coaches, were dressed out so finely, that I could have imagined all the gentry and courtiers in Europe were assembled. Many of the *common tradesmen* too, with their *wives*, *sons*, *daughters*, and even *menial servants*, cut such a figure in their shops, and at their windows, that they looked like so many *beaux* and *belles* dressed out for a ball. The very *journeymen barbers* and *taylors* have what they call a *mataroni* dress, and look like gentlemen of the first rank. And I could see no other signs of poverty or distress, but a few lame beggars that hopped about with their crutches at some of the avenues. But I repaired to the markets for provision in the city, which I knew very well formerly, and to my surprize, found a much larger quantity of every kind of provision than used to be seen there. And of *pastry cooks*, *eating-houses*, *taverns*, *coffee-houses*,

houses, I found so many, and all of them crouded with guests, furnished with such a plenty of every kind of food, and so merrily enjoying it, that I could not help laughing in my sleeve at the complaints, which sometimes echoed in my ears from every quarter of the city, of the *badness of the times*. You, sir, as well as I, can remember the time when the Londoners sat down contented to a frugal board, furnished with *one* substantial dish; but now, I assure you, less than three or four, cooked up *à-la-mode*, with their *French saucers*, will not serve some common tradesmen. Formerly, you know, none but the tip-top merchants kept their carriages, footmen, and country-houses; but now, chariots and country-houses are so many, that the streets are filled with the former, and the country, for twenty miles round, incumbered with the latter. And as to the article of *candles*, where *one* pound used to be consumed, there are now not less than six; every mechanic burns as large candles in his kitchen as used formerly to be consumed in the dining-rooms of the first noblemen and merchants: and you may now see half a dozen candles, four in the pound, lit up in houses where one or two of ten in the pound used to suffice. You will say, then no wonder tallow is scarce in the country and dear in town. In brief, nothing but extravagance, and luxury of every kind, is to be met with in the metropolis. Disappointed in my expectations, I returned to my little cot, where I hope to pass the remainder of my days contented at my frugal board, and pay no regard to the complaints of the *poor Londoners*: but I sincerely regret the calamities which, I am credibly informed, some of the lower class of worthy poor people in town and country endure, through the profusion and atrocious extravagance of the middling and superior ones.

RUSTICUS.

N. B. I forgot to tell you that the play-houses and other places of diversion in the city, and tea-houses in its environs, which are several hundreds in number, are constantly crouded, while most of the *churches* are left empty and desolate. I popped my head into one when I was in town, on a Tuesday, which could have contained a thousand people, and found only the parson, clerk, a blind woman, and a cripple, within its walls.

* * * You will excuse my want of memory; the gazettes in town are filled with bankrupts, but the Londoners have learnt the art of breaking, and have turned it to a very lucrative trade. People, who began with nothing of their own, break for ten or twenty thousand pounds, pay eighteen-pence or half a crown

crown in the pound, and three months after you may meet them in their *chariots* smiling with contempt on every one of their creditors who presumes to enquire by what means they are supported. If a worthy honest man fails in our country for a few hundred pounds, and pays ten shillings in the pound, he can never after carry his head so high as the London bankrupts carry their tails. But country creditors are too severe; the Londoners are too generous; they encourage knavery, and we oppress honesty. A word or two more; bear with an old man; you know it is the foible of age to be tedious. Depraved and luxurious as the inhabitants of the metropolis are become, I must credit the nobility and gentry at least for *one solitary virtue*, and that is, their liberality to the *maimed*, the *poor orphan*, and *diseased paupers*. Hospitals, for the reception of these classes of mankind, are to be met with in every quarter of the city; but it were to be wished, that the piety of our nobility and gentry, equalled their benevolence. But you will say, what has *piety* to do with a *lord*, or a *lord* with *piety*? Adieu.

For the MONTHLY REVIEW.

On the different CONDITIONS of YOUTH and AGE.

THE different conditions of youth and age, with regard to this world, their enjoyments and views, I have often made the subject of much pleasing contemplation.

The glow of warm blood, the vigour of health, and the strong powers of imagination, have ever represented to my mind the morning of life, like the morning of day; where every thing is fresh and chearful, inviting enjoyment, and contributive of great pleasure, love, pastime, and even business, are pursued with high delight. Every thing appears charming, as in the season of spring, inspiring us with rapture, and inviting us to bliss. But as all sublunary transports have but transitory existence, the edge, which tasting gives to our appetites, a full meal is sure to blunt; therefore, those, who seek no higher enjoyments than from their passions, will be sure to experience satiety in their indulgence; nature having doomed us to weariness, in all the full gratifications of our senses. Those only continue happy, who are so precautionally

prudent as to lay in early a stock for true permanent satisfaction; which is of a nature less violent, but infinitely more durable. This store must be composed of virtue, wisdom, and their fruits, which are knowledge, temperance, and property; the needful instruments of felicity. Youth, therefore, to be happy, must acquire some of the attainments of age; to attain which, reason will have recourse to the experience of grey hairs. It is in the dispensing of wisdom, that age appears venerable; and, without the power of doing it, it forfeits its high dignity; for a head grown hoary in follies is a woeful object of derision.

Our passions in youth are very powerful seducers; they hurry us into hasty enjoyments, which have often their ending in very long and fruitless repentance. Against these imminent evils, which have their foundations in early life, we have no kind of defence, but in the experience of later days, which those are the most happy who soonest acquire and regard.

The long-practised in life have found the futility of all raptures, and know that none are worth purchasing at the price of great hazards. The lover's dream of extacies, and the prodigal's of high delight, are equally delusions practised by passion on reason; for, in rational enjoyments only, duration is to be found. We grow speedily sick of what we only admire, but are often lastingly gratified with what we reasonably approve.

Thus must youth, to be happy, acquire some of the qualities of age; and age, to be comfortable, must retain some of those of youth. The strong passions and affections of both æras are alike deceitful; as in one stage we have not attained to the vigour of sound judgement, and in the other we have past it, and got into the date of second dotage, without the benefits of restraints that were our securities in our first childhood; and we are apt to continue full in the pride of experience, when the powers of reason are all decaying or become lost.

Age, pictured in the mind, is decrepitude in winter; retiring in the evening to the comfortable shelter of a fire-side, where, secure from the rage of elements, and weary of vain pursuits, it can please itself with prattling of evils overcome, and pleasures that it has parted with the enjoyment of without regret; seeking nothing but to wear down the last stage of life with ease, and leaving bustle and folly to those to whom by nature they belong. The greatest wisdom that can ornament hoary heads, is, to quit the croud with a good grace, and voluntarily to leave giddy society, before they become forcibly excluded from it. Infirmary must take shelter in the kindness

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of true friendship, and that is not to be expected from the many, but the few.

Talkativeness is the foible and gratification of old age, and has been so distinguished, by observation, from Homer's days, to the present time. A chearfulness, retained from youth, gives a gracefulness to this humour, and recommends even its imperfections, if not to common approbation, at least to particular good-will. If youth has its advantage of high spirits and fond pursuits, old age can boast its comforts of composure and resignation. One stage of life is to be represented by the pleasurable appetite with which we sit down to a meal; the other, by the satisfied indifference with which we are sure to rise from it; and the willing disposition we make after it for rest.

It is folly in youth to place too strong a reliance on long life; it is weakness in age to be over-solicitous about it. In the former case, the expectation is indulged with uncertainty; in the latter, the desire is attended by anxiety, because the chances of probability are entirely against it. All that we are sure of in this life is, that we must quit it, we know not when; and all that it most behoves us to do, is to be prepared for that call; which wisdom and virtue are our constant admonishers to. It little matters how long we live in this world; but it greatly does, in what manner we live in it. We have a full right, while we are here, to all rational enjoyments; and it is our faults, if we suffer other pursuits to become our deluders into disquiet. We should in all things be the seekers of our own peace and welfare, and the promoters of those of others. While we make such the rules of our conduct, we shall be certainly good and happy; equally ready to continue with life, and ready to resign it. Youth has no more bliss than sober reason can insure to it; nor has age more unhappiness than indiscretion brings upon it. All depends on our acting right parts in those different stages of our being; our credit and felicity being such as we ourselves make them: so that it is not providence, but perverseness, that makes us otherwise than happy.

I am, &c.

BRUTUS.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On the MEASLES.

— *Miseris succurrere disco.* VIRGIL.

AS I am engaged in a situation of life which affords me constant opportunities of observing diseases, both in their commencement and decline, I imagine some occasional remarks on the most prevalent complaints of our fellow-creatures, and the means of relief, would meet with acceptance from your readers, as no house is long exempt from the visitation of sickness, nor can any individual be an unconcerned spectator of the sufferings of a friend.

The measles is one of those dangerous diseases which has frequently exerted such tragic effects upon the tender offspring, that every attempt, to promote a safer and more judicious method of obviating the same, must tend to public benefit.

This disease is so well known to all ranks of people, as to render a minute description of it unnecessary: it is of more consequence to know how it may be cured.

To mark its progress more distinctly, it may be divided into three periods; the first including the attack of the disorder; the second, the eruptive state; and the last, the falling off, scaling, or decline of the eruption.

The symptoms of fever which accompany the attack of the measles, with the dry hard cough, sneezing, inflammation of the eyes, and discharge of water from them, sufficiently characterize this contagious disease in its first period.

About six days after receiving the contagion, the second period or eruptive state commences, with the appearance of small red spots like flea-bites, and generally on the next day larger ones like a rash of a bright colour, scarcely rising above the skin, spread over most parts of the body.

On the eighth or ninth day from the first attack, or on the third or fourth after the eruption, the spots begin to scale off, and a day or two afterward the skin is covered with a scurf or bran-like appearance, which concludes the last period.

The slower the eruption, generally the more danger; if the eruptions suddenly disappear with delirium, or difficulty of breathing, the risque is great; and particularly so, if they become

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become livid; and indeed paleness in the pustules, continued vomiting, great restlessness, and petechial spots, are all symptoms of an alarming nature.

The remedies chiefly to be depended upon are bleeding, vomiting, and a cooling regimen. If the cough continue violent, with much pain of the breast or side, bleeding may be used with advantage: when restlessness is also present, acidulated anodynes prove beneficial: the common drink may consist of gruel, barley-water, soft emulsions, acids diluted with water, imperial water, or cream of tartar dissolved in water, with the addition of a little lemon-peel and sugar. Animal food and fermented liquors should be avoided, and light puddings, custards, oranges, acid fruits, and tarts substituted. When the disease commences with sickness, a mild antimonial vomit affords singular relief, and throughout the whole progress the body should be kept rather laxative.

As a more favourable kind of small pox has been communicated by inoculation, it was natural to conclude, the same success might attend inoculating the measles. Dr. Home, professor of *materia medica* at Edinburgh, informed me, that he has communicated the measles, by inoculating with the blood of an infected person; "that the disease was exceedingly mild, without restlessness, inflammatory symptoms, or hectic fever arising, and even without cough or inflammation of the eyes."

In some instances he admits that the infectious matter did not take effect; but, although this method might not succeed in every case, there is sufficient encouragement to prosecute the experiment; and it is not improbable, that the water, which discharges from the eyes of such patients, might also communicate the disease. But the most certain method would be to take the matter from the pustules (which afford sufficient moisture) in the same manner as is practised with the small-pox.

No physician would promote a wanton experiment, where the life of any individual can be thereby endangered; but when a malignant fatal kind of measles rages among our own species, in their most helpless time of life, (a thing not unfrequent in this metropolis,) it would be laudable in the faculty to use every rational endeavour, every possible expedient, to prevent the fatality, and snatch the victim from the impending danger. Candour must admit here, from the experiments already alluded to, and from analogy in the success of inoculation in the small-pox, that the like attempt with the measles is equally justifiable and worthy of general attention.

APYREXIA.

For

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Description of A L E P P O.

A L E P P O, or Haleb, the metropolis of Syria, is 70 miles East of Scanderoon, on the sea-coast, and North by East of Damascus; long. $37^{\circ} 40'$ E. lat. $36^{\circ} 12'$ N. It is built on eight small hills or eminences, on the highest of which the castle is erected, and is now generally agreed to be the ancient Beræa. This mount is of a conic form, and seems in a great measure to be raised with the earth thrown up out of a deep broad ditch, which surrounds it. The suburbs to the N. N. E. are next in height to this; and those to the W. S. W. are much lower than the parts adjacent, and than any other part of the city. It is encompassed by an old wall, not a little decayed, and a broad ditch, now in most places turned into gardens. It is about three miles and a half in circumference, but the suburbs eight. The houses consist of a ground floor, generally arched, of an upper story which is flat on the top, and either terraced with hard plaister, or paved with stone. The apartments are placed on each side of a stone court; the ceilings are of wood, neatly painted, and sometimes gilt; as are also the window shutters, the pannels of some of their rooms, and the cupboard doors, of which they have a great number. These, taken together, have a very agreeable effect. Over the doors and windows, on the inside, are written passages out of the Koran, or verses of their own composition. The court-yard is neatly paved, and has generally a basin, with a jet d'eau in the middle; on one or both sides of which, a small spot, of a yard or two square, is left unpaved for a garden. The verdure, the flowers in pots, and the playing of the fountain, produce a very agreeable effect; but they can only be seen by those within, for the passage into the street is closed with double doors, so contrived, that there is no looking in when the doors are opened; besides, there are no windows to the street, except a very few in the upper rooms, which render the streets very disagreeable to the Europeans.

The better sort of houses have an arched alcove in the court, open to the North, and opposite to the fountain. The pavement of this alcove is raised about a foot and a half above the pavement of the court, which serves for a divan. Between this and the fountain the pavement is generally of Mosaic work, made with marble of various colours; as is also the floor of a large hall, with a cupola roof, which commonly has

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a fountain in the middle, and is a cool room in the summer-time. The divan is that part of a room in a Turkish house raised above the floor, and is covered with a carpet in winter, and in summer with fine mats. Along the sides are thick mattrasses, about three feet wide, and commonly covered with scarlet cloth. There are likewise large bolsters of brocade, stuffed with cotton, set against the walls to lean upon: on these they sit cross-legged, for they have no chairs.

People of fashion have but one or two rooms below stairs for themselves, in the outer court; the rest are for the servants and stabling. Above stairs is a colonade, if not round the whole court, at least fronting the west: behind which are their rooms and kiosks. These last are a sort of wooden divans, that project a little way from the other part of the building, and hang over into the street. They are raised about a foot and a half higher than the floor of the room, to which they are quite open, and by having windows in front, and on each side, there is a great draught of air, which renders them cool in summer. Beyond this court is another, containing the womens apartments, built in the same manner as other houses. Some few have a garden, and a tall cypress tree. There is likewise one of these in the outward yard.

The mosques in Aleppo are numerous, and some few of them magnificent. Before each of them is an area, with a fountain in the middle, designed for ablution before prayers; and behind some of the larger there are little gardens. There are many large khans, or caravanserais, consisting of a capacious square, on all sides of which is a number of rooms, built on a ground floor, used occasionally for chambers, warehouses, or stables. Above-stairs there is a colonade or gallery on every side, in which are the doors of a number of small rooms, wherein the merchants, as well strangers as natives, transact most of their business. The streets are narrow, but well paved, and kept very clean.

The bazars, or market-places, are long covered narrow streets, on each side of which is a great number of small shops, just sufficient to hold the tradesman and his goods, the buyer being obliged to stand without. Each separate branch of business has a particular bazar, which is locked up, as well as the streets, an hour and a half after sun-set: but the locks are of wood, though the doors are cased with iron. The slaughter-houses are in the suburbs, open to the fields. The tanners have khans to work in near the river. To the southward, in the suburbs, they burn lime; and a little beyond that there is a village where they make rope and catgut. On the opposite side of the river, to the westward, there is a glass-house,

house, where they make a coarse white glass, in the winter only; for the greatest part of this manufacture is brought from a village thirty-five miles westward.

The city is supplied with good water-springs, near the banks of the river Keylen, about five miles to the north-east, which is conveyed from thence by an aqueduct, and distributed all over the town by earthen pipes. This is sufficient for drinking and cookery, &c but the fountains are supplied by wells of brackish water, of which there is one in every house. Their fuel is wood and charcoal in the house; but they heat their bagnios with the dung of animals, leaves of plants, parings of fruit, and the like.

The rivulet Wic passes along the western part of the city, within a few yards of the walls, and serves to water a narrow slip of gardens on its banks, which reach from about five miles, to three miles south of the town. There are likewise gardens near a village called Bab Allah, about two miles from the north-east, which are supplied by the aqueduct. The rising grounds above the gardens are in some places laid out in vineyards, interspersed with olive, fig, and pistachio trees, and in spots where there are no gardens. The villages are destitute of trees and water, there being no other stream for twenty or thirty miles round; and therefore they save the rain water in cisterns.

The seasons are so regular, and the air so healthy, pure, and free from damps, that all the inhabitants sup and sleep in the court yards, or on the house tops, from the end of May to the middle of September. The severity of the winter continues only from the 12th of December, to the 20th of January, when the air is excessively piercing; and yet the ice, even in shady places, is seldom strong enough to bear a man, and the snow seldom lies above a day. Narcissuses, hyacinths, and violets, blow during this weather. In February, the fields are clothed with an agreeable verdure, to which the springing up of the latter grain greatly contributes. The almond-tree blossoms in February, and the trees begin to have leaves the beginning of March. During this month and April, nature assumes a gay and delightful appearance; but, before the end of May, all the fields are parched and barren; only some robust plants are capable of withstanding the heat. From this time there is no rain till about the middle of September, when a little generally falls, which refreshes the air, and bestows a more agreeable aspect on the country. For twenty or thirty days after this, the air becomes serene and temperate; which ended, the invariable weather begins, and the winter comes

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on gradually, though the trees retain their leaves till the middle of November.

The coldest winds in winter blow from between the north-west and the east, though those nearest the east blow most sharp: but, from the beginning of May to the end of September, the same winds are as hot as if they came out of an oven, and yet the water is much cooler than when there is a westerly wind; which is the coldest in the hot months, and is much more frequent; for the hot winds blow very seldom; but when they do, they bring on a faintness, attended with difficulty of breathing, which obliges the inhabitants to close their doors and windows.

The inhabitants of Aleppo, though of different religions, seem to be much the same sort of people. The number of souls, in the city and suburbs, is computed at about two hundred and thirty-five thousand, of whom two hundred thousand are Turks, thirty thousand Christians, and five thousand Jews. Of the Christians, the greater number are Greek, next to them the Armenians, then the Syrians, and lastly, the Maronites, each of whom have a church in the city called Judida; in which quarter, and the parts adjacent, most of them reside. The common language is the vulgar Arabic, but the Turks of condition use the Turkish. Most of the Armenians can speak the Armenian; some few Syrians understand Syriac, and many of the Jews, Hebrew: but scarce one of the Greeks understand a word of Greek; however, in their manners, they are all much alike.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

History of AMELIA GRAY.

I Was much pleased with your plan for a new publication: from your general invitation to the correspondence of the public, I presume you have no design to exclude our sex from the privilege of staining, occasionally, a few of your pages: I am therefore induced to make you an offer of my correspondence. My lucubrations, or, if you like it better, morning

morning essays, will not be distinguished by the graces of profound erudition; but I hope they will have the recommendation of being decently written, and will, on that account, be read at least with candour, if not with approbation. I have always thought there is something more than fancy in that pleasant observation of the elegant Addison; "that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, until he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a batchelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." If the literary productions, even of so fine a moral writer, required such a clue to unravel their meaning, I dare not presume to write a syllable till I have furnished your readers with the particulars of my descent and ascent, my person and my situation in life.

I am the only daughter of a gentleman who was educated for a mercantile life, and who, by a series of successful adventures, soon after his engagement in trade, had added sufficient to his paternal estate to purchase the family seat of a baronet in a neighbouring county. To this ancient pile he retreated, at the age of forty, from the hurry of business and the town, to spend the remainder of his days in the rural quietude of lawns, groves, and gardens. He amused himself several months in making some ornamental alterations about his new dwelling; but these were no sooner accomplished, than he began to think of an engagement, which, in the perpetual recurrence of mercantile affairs, had hitherto made but little impressions upon his mind. In short, he made his addresses to the eldest daughter of the lord of the adjacent manor, and had the pleasure to find them accepted. She was a lady on whose amiable endowments he soon built the warmest hopes of his future felicity for many years to come. But, alas! how unstable and perishing are all terrestrial enjoyments! how uncertain the accomplishment of purposes formed on the most flattering ground of human expectation! the excellent object of his affection lived just long enough to bear him one pledge of mutual endearment, and then bid adieu to the society of a husband, and the pleasing expectation of the duties of a mother. About two hours before her departure she summoned all the fortitude of a mind accustomed to devotion, and, with a voice which bespoke the most tender sympathy, spoke to my father as follows: "My dearest, my most affectionate husband! the moment of our separation is fast approaching: that solemn moment, which must dissolve an undissolved union, must put a period to each endearing intercourse, and tender appellation. Heaven is my witness, I have tenderly loved you. Your

love

love for me has been equal. We mutually cherished hopes of length of days, and had purposed to dedicate them to the duties of religion, the offices of charity, and the virtuous education of the children which God should give us: by his blessing I have borne you this little daughter; she is unconscious of my present weakness, and my prayers for her welfare. May God almighty bless and keep her by his grace, and more immediately bless you, her afflicted father. May the aid of his Spirit support you, and cheer your solitary moments, when I shall be no more. I bless his immortal name, I fear not a final separation from you; through his infinite mercy, I am going to an holy habitation; and, through that mercy, I trust you shall follow after. I thank you for all your tenderneſs, and bid you farewell."

My father bore this ſtroke of providence with religious reſignation; but ſoon found himſelf unable to reſiſh, as before, the ſplendour of opulence, or the common endearments of ſociety: in vain were the endeavours of his numerous circle of friends exerted to afford him conſolation: unaccuſtomed as he had been to diſappointments, he could not bear the weight of one ſike this. He grew ſerious, dejected, and melancholy; and followed, in a few months, his lovely partner to the world of ſpirits. I was left, by my father's will, to the joint guardianship of my grandfather and another relation, for whom my parents had a peculiar regard: their tender care over me, through the ſeveral periods of infancy, childhood, and youth, deſerves all grateful acknowledgement. Had my excellent parents lived a few years longer, to impreſs on my mind the ſentiments of filial endearments, my tears of ſorrow for their departure muſt have been plentifully ſhed; but, as I never knew them, I have had leſs cauſe to mourn their loſs, than to rejoice in the abundant kindneſs of thoſe intruſted with the care of my education. Distinguished, themſelves, for literature, and thoſe qualities which ſtill more adorn the mind, they ſuperintended my education from a motive of religion, and zeal for my advancement in the ſciences. They had the ſatisfaction to find me willing to co-operate with their endeavours reſpecting the latter; nor ſhall I be accuſed of vanity, if I ſay, that in relation to the former their hopes were not wholly diſappointed; for, under circumſtances ſo peculiarly favourable, vice in me had been as peculiarly odious. My fortune, far from being ſlender at firſt, has now augmented to a ſum, which, according to vulgar computation, has thirty-thouſand charms.

In point of perſonal charms, I have no pretenſions to approach towards that imaginary ſtandard, which mankind ſuppoſe

suppose to be somewhere erected, but which the diversity of their opinions demonstrates they have never been able to find. I am content with the features which heaven has given; and I acquiesce in the misfortune of accidental deformity. Under these circumstances, however, you will not be surprized if I tell you, I have had my real or pretended admirers from various quarters: but, as I consider the matrimonial engagement as a tie of the utmost moment to me, I have hitherto treated the flattery of coxcombs with indifference or disdain, the offers of more serious men with caution, and remain the mistress of my own affections. I consider myself capable, in my present situation, of passing through life with pleasure to myself and benefit to others. I find myself at leisure to range in the flowery fields of literature, and to contemplate the wondrous works of the celestial architect, so finely displayed around me; and also for the social duties of administering comfort to the widow and the fatherless; of visiting the sick, and of affording relief to the indigent of various classes. From employments of this kind I derive a secret satisfaction, which far exceeds my ideas of the happiness of some married women, whose fortunes were the principal objects of their husbands addresses. They have infinitely more charms for me, than the constituents of modern grandeur, the glitter of assemblies, the pomp of equipage, and the decorations of a palace. The one I consider as a constant source of wonder and delight, the other of perpetual inquietude and satiety. You are therefore to consider my future letters as *virgin* productions, in which I shall make occasional reflections on the manners and customs of mankind, on the important business of education, and the unchangeable obligation of morality and religion.

AMELIA GRAY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

To ESATORIUS in London, from his Friend in the Country.

My honoured Friend,

THE receipt of your last letter afforded me that pleasure, which ever arises from the interchange of sentiments between friends at a distance. You desire me to convey you any intelligence that may be pleasing. I shall therefore inform you

you that I have been very ill. "Is this the intelligence that is to give me satisfaction?" say you. No, my friend, the next sentence, had you proceeded to it without this interrogatory, would have informed you, that your Phylenor was restored to usual health. This account, I apprehend from my own feelings, will be pleasing. On a transition from sickness to health we feel that blessing in the most exquisite manner. When we leave the chamber of disease, and revisit the charming scenes of nature, in this delightful season, every object affects the senses with peculiarly pleasing sensations. This I experienced in a little excursion I made yesterday afternoon to the house of our mutual friend Benevolus. The physician, who attended me in my sickness, having advised the exercise of walking, I went on foot; which (the distance being only a mile) was rather agreeable than fatiguing.

The morning had been warmer than usual, although the sun had not shone out; but soon after it had passed the meridian the sky cleared, and the heat increased to a fervid glow. The rays had exhausted the dews, and shone out with parching lustre. The herbs, the flowers, and even the foliage of the trees, declined their heads in a languid posture, and could scarcely sustain the sultry influence of an unclouded sun. The beasts and herds, unable to support its blaze, retired to their leafy coverts; or sought the still more cooling refreshment of a small river, which, shaded by alders, flowed in easy circulations amongst the meadows. The birds had ceased to sing; their little throats were parched with thirst and heat, and they sought a shady refuge in the thick foliage of the groves.

A dumb and listless silence prevailed throughout the scene, except when interrupted by the drowsy hum of bees, collecting their sweets from the fainting flowers; or by the irritating chirping of grasshoppers in the pale and arid meads. *Full in the blaze of day, I moved on with lingering steps,* while the sweat descended in copious drops from my forehead. At length, coming into a shady lane, I sat down on a bank of expiring daisies to cool and rest me. I had not been long there, before the western hemisphere was suddenly overspread with dark clouds, which portended a sudden shower. A brisk gale now whistled through the trees with agreeable coolness, and administered refreshment to my languid spirits. The clouds continued to spread, "*wide and more wide,*" in black battallions, till the whole concave was incircled with a sable canopy. A few large drops, the certain presage of a sudden and heavy shower, now fell, and warned me to seek shelter under the shade of a thick-spread oak, which stood at a small distance. To this place I ran with precipitation, and secured a lodgement beneath

beneath a projecting part of the trunk, where no rain could reach me. Scarce had I gained the *living alcove*, before a flash of lightning darted through the gloom, and exhibited a momentary day. A clap of rattling thunder succeeded, and, rolling along the dusky vault of heaven, died on the ear with the most awfully-pleasing sound. Soon another, and another succeeded. My eyes and ears were alternately struck with thick flashes of red lightning, which flew in forked directions, and the roar of bursting thunder that shook the vast concave of the sky. In a scene, so pleasingly awful, my mind was struck with a peculiar solemnity. I not only indulged my *own* reflections, but recollected some beautiful passages of the inspired penmen, descriptive of the present scene—passages in which the spirit of divine inspiration is eminently conspicuous; and in which they describe the Almighty as arrayed in the glorious terrors of his inconceivable majesty, and unconquerable strength.

“He directeth the thunder (saith Job) under the whole heavens, and his lightning unto the ends of the earth.”

“He thundereth with the voice of his excellency, and he will not stay them when his voice is heard.”

“Can any understand the spreadings of the clouds, or the noise of his tabernacle?”

“Who hath divided a water-course for the overflowing of waters, or a way for the lightning of thy thunders?”

“And the Lord shall be seen over them, and his arrows shall go forth as the lightning.” Zech. ix. 14.

“The voice of thy thunder was in the heavens: the lightnings lightened the world: the earth shook and trembled: the clouds poured forth water: the skies sent out a sound: thine arrows also went abroad.” Psalm lxxvii. 17, 18.

On these, and the like magnificent descriptions and allusions, my mind dwelt with delight, while the objects described were present before me. I was struck with the solemn grandeur of the scene, and reverently worshipped that omnipotent hand, which

“Roll’d the big thunder through the vast profound.”

But soon the storm abated: the clouds, having disburdened themselves of the fiery vapours, filed off toward my right and left, and admitted through their fleecy partitions the clear azure above. The coruscations grew more faint, the thunder had now spent its force, and the sun again appeared, with milder radiance, to cheer the weeping face of nature.

nature. Every rank of sensitive beings congratulated the returning beams with joyful acclamations. Even the inanimate parts of nature, the herbs and flowers, seemed to partake the general joy, erecting their heads to meet the enlivening ray: or, in the more lofty and poetical language of Isaiah, "the mountains and the hills broke forth into singing before him; and all the trees in the field clapped their hands for joy."

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

MORAL REFLECTIONS UPON SELF-LOVE.

SELF-LOVE is the love of one's self, and of all things else, with reference to self. It makes men idolize themselves, and would make them tyrannize over others, if fortune put it in their power. It never loses sight of itself, and never stops for a while upon any external object, except, as bees do upon flowers, in order to extract what may serve its purposes. Nothing can be more impetuous than its desires, nothing more concealed than its projects, and nothing more artful than its conduct. Its subtilty is not to be conceived, its transformations surpass the metamorphoses of ancient mythology, and its refinements exceed those of the chemists. Its depth is not to be sounded, and the darkness of its abysses are not to be penetrated. It is hidden by them from the most piercing eyes, and wanders unseen through an inextricable labyrinth. In those recesses it is oft invisible to itself; it there, *unknown* to itself, conceives, nourishes, and brings to perfection, a thousand affections and hatreds. It forms some so monstrous, that, when it is delivered of them, it does not know them, or, at least, cannot resolve to own them. From this darkness, which surrounds it, arise the absurd persuasions which it has concerning itself. From thence proceed its errors, its ignorance, its gross mistakes, and its extravagances. It is this that makes it think its sentiments extinguished, when they only lie dormant; that makes it imagine it has no longer an inclination for exercise, when it is at rest; and that it has got rid of all the desires it has satiated. Yet this thick obscurity, which hides it from itself, does not prevent it from

seeing external objects; in which respect it resembles the eye, which, as Shakespear says,

Sees not itself, but by reflection.

It, with the most ardent labour, strives to obtain things which are so far from being useful, that they may prove destructive; but still, through whim or caprice, it pursues them. It is fanciful, and often gives its whole application to the most trivial occupations; finds its highest pleasure in the most insipid, and preserves its whole pride in the most contemptible. It is to be met with in every condition of life: it is every where; it can subsist upon every thing, and even upon nothing. It can find its account in the possession of things, and in their privation. It sometimes goes over to the side of those who oppose it; it enters into their views, and even conspires its own ruin. Its only desire is to exist, and, provided it exists, it is willing to be its own enemy. We should not then be surpris'd to see it sometimes unite with the greatest austerity, and contribute to its own destruction; because, at the same time that it destroys itself in one place, it finds means to gain ground in another. When we think it foregoes its pleasure, it only suspends or changes it; and even when it is subdued, and when we think we have got the better of it, it triumphs in its very defeat. Such is the nature of self-love, whose various agitations fill up the whole course of our lives. The sea is a sensible image of self-love, and its ebbings and flowings afford an exact representation of the turbulent succession of its thoughts, and its eternal emotions.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

The CHARACTER *of an* ANTIQUARY,
by BUTLER.

AN antiquary is one that hath his being in this age, but his life and conversation are in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and flights the future; but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra. He is an old frippery-philosopher, that has so strange a natural affection to worm-eaten speculation, that it is apparent he has a worm in his skull. He honours his forefathers and foremothers, but

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condemns his parents as too modern, and no better than upstarts. He neglects himself because he was born in his own time, and so far off antiquity, which he so much admires; and repines, like a younger brother, because he came so late into the world. He spends the one half of his time in collecting old insignificant trifles, and the other in shewing them, which he takes singular delight in, because the oftner he does it, the farther they are from being new to him. All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities, but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments. These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity, and the good services they *have done*. He throws away his time in enquiring after that which is past and gone so many ages since, like one that shoots away an arrow to find out another that was lost before. He fetches things out of dust and ruins, like the fable of the chemical plant raised out of its own ashes. He values one old invention that is lost and never to be recovered, before all the new ones in the world, though never so useful. The whole business of his life is the same with him that shews the tombs at Westminster, only the one does it for his pleasure, and the other for money. As every man has but one father, but two grandfathers, and a world of ancestors; so he has a proportional value for things that are ancient, and the farther off the greater.

He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind, to which he conforms exactly; but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world; and since, his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to any thing that is old, that he may truly say to dust and worms, You are my father; and to rottenness, Thou art my mother. He has no providence or foresight; for all his contemplations look backwards upon the days of old; and his brains are turned with them as if he walked backwards. He had rather interpret one obscure word in any old senseless discourse, than be author of the most ingenious new one; and, with Scaliger, would sell the empire of Germany (if it were in his power) for an old song. He devours an old manuscript with greater relish than moths and worms do; and, though there be nothing in it, values it above any thing printed, which he accounts a novelty. When he happens to cure a small botch in an old author, he is as proud of it, as if he had got the philosophers stone, and could cure all the diseases of mankind.

kind. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world; like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use; as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead; and the Fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

AS the doctrine of a particular providence is attended with the happiest advantage to religion and morals, so the disbelief of it tends directly to the subversion of all religious principle: It vacates the necessity, and even the propriety, of prayer, and deprives the wretched of that consolatory hope, which, in the midst of affliction, is their only refuge. If the Almighty is deaf to every petition for assistance, in resolutions of amendment, for fortitude in impending trials, and for support under the pressure of grievous ills, the mind must sink into a fatal dependency, and, like Noah's dove, will find no place of security whereon to rest; with this difference however, that the ark, to which it was accustomed to fly, can no more be found.

The moral world differs from the natural in this essential point, that the permanent uniform mode of government, by which the latter is directed, is incompatible with that freedom of the will, which we are conscious (if our consciousness and the remorse consequent on evil actions be not illusions) regulates the movements of the former. No *necessary* laws can therefore have place in the world of spirits, and the mind is thus left open and accessible to those immediate and salutary influences, which religion teaches us to believe, and reason doth not deny, are sometimes indulged to man.

This spiritual superintendance, it is easy to see, may take in a very large compass, and indeed may extend itself to the whole conduct and actions of mankind, suggesting thoughts and motives proper for the completion of the benevolent designs

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designs of providence, whether they regard the fate of nations and kingdoms, or the protection and reformation of individuals.

But, besides this beneficial intercourse of spirits, many sensible and pious men have adopted an opinion, that the providential influence reaches to the external system of nature, interposing, not solely in those miraculous contraventions of the regular course of events, instituted for the greatest and wisest purposes, which every one who believes in the Christian dispensation must admit; but in more common and familiar instances, directing certain parts of the system, by an imperceptible impulse, to the welfare of those whom the supreme Being sees meet particularly to favour.

This branch of the question is involved in some difficulty, but may, I think, be fairly discussed without any just imputation of impiety or scepticism on the objector; because there can be no doubt of the power of the great Author of nature to alter or suspend his own laws: it is a mere question of fact, whether such interruption takes place or not.

Neither does the supposition of the uninterrupted agency of the laws of matter at all loosen the obligations of gratitude and praise, which we are under to the Fountain of all good, for the multiplied benefits we receive at his hands. Over all his works he hath bountifully scattered his favours, and claims our acknowledgements as the *sole* dispenser of them, by whatever mode they are conveyed to us.

This peculiar difficulty attends the investigation of this subject; that the advocates for an immediate interposition in the external system allow that it cannot easily be discerned to alter the usual course of events, and is therefore but in few instances cognizable by the senses; at least in so determinate a manner as to distinguish with precision those which are providential, from those which are effected by natural causes. What lights have we then to direct our opinion? If we appeal to scripture, (which, however, I presume, was never intended to instruct us in the particular modes of administering the government of the universe,) to the full knowledge of which the human capacity must never be inadequate, we shall find it delivered from the highest authority, that the Creator of all things maketh "*his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust.*" Matt. v. 45. Expressions, which seem to convey a strong implication that the mechanism of nature proceeds in one unvaried tenor, without any partial regards to the merit or demerit of particular persons. And, if we examine the natural phenomena as far as they lie open to our notice, we shall accordingly find, as well in those which

seem

seem least regular, as in those where the uniformity is more conspicuous; as well in the fluctuation of the tides, as in the revolutions of the sun; that each event is connected with a chain of causes, of which, though the invisible extremity must terminate in the great first cause, yet it seems extremely probable that some, even of the material, links, are too subtle for our detection.

It will be readily granted that the grand operations of nature are constant and uniform, and, excepting on great occasions, are uninterrupted. But it will be said, "Though the planets revolve in stated periods, and the tides are regulated by the attraction of the sun and moon, there are yet anomalous appearances, which cannot be reduced to any system, nor accounted for by any unknown cause. Such are the disorders incident to the human frame, earthquakes, storms, thunder, wind, rain, and, in short, all the variations of the atmosphere; or if in a few instances we reach to a preceding cause, it is so imperfectly understood, that we are never able to foresee, as we can in the more regular parts of the system, the situations which will ensue. Here therefore is reserved a part of nature for the Almighty to display his power, and exercise his judgments in. 'He, who maketh the clouds his chariot, and hath his way in the whirlwind and the storm,' sendeth forth, by his immediate power, 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness,' and excites or allays the tempest, in a manner subservient to the safety or destruction of his creatures, as shall seem best in his unerring wisdom. It is besides plain, that in these phenomena there is not that regular operation of causes, which we can frequently trace in other visible effects, from the instances following; that according to such established principles, the more rain falls, the more rain should continue to fall; because, the more moisture there is upon the ground, the greater fund of exhalations is there for the sun to draw up; which is contrary to experience. And that in diseases, which frequently spring from no assignable cause, the same medicines, though given under similar symptoms, often fail to produce the same effects.

"Farther: we find that we ourselves have a limited power to direct and controul the laws of matter; and whilst we are providing for the accommodation of the creatures below us, (though for purposes of our own gratification,) we are, perhaps, instruments in the hand of providence for their good. If we are thus instrumental to their well-being, it is the conclusion of a fair analogy, that other created beings, superior to us in knowledge and power, sometimes direct the course of events, either solely with a view to our good, or in subordination

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tion to their own purposes, which may coincide with the same salutary consequence.

Indeed if every part of nature be alike governed by absolute pre-established laws, we are in fact under the dominion of no better principle than chance, and are exposed every minute to a thousand accidents, by which, if the protecting care of providence be withdrawn, we must inevitably perish."

If this argument, however, be closely attended to, it will appear to be of that species which is called *argumentum ad ignorantiam**, and is better calculated to silence than convince. It runs thus; "Here is an effect which must proceed from some cause. I assign this cause an immediate agency. It is incumbent on you to concur with me, or to assign a better." By the same mode of reasoning it may be proved, that a great loadstone, placed in the center of the earth, and attracting every substance towards it, is the cause of gravity. I have only to assert that it is so, and if you cannot assign a better cause, I obtain the victory. A most inconclusive method of arguing!

In former ages comets and eclipses were regarded as portentous events, and interruptions of the order of nature, for which the experience of more enlightened times hath discovered a probable and consistent theory. Even within our own memory, superstition, always prone to fear what is unusual and unknown, disposed the common people to consider the northern-lights as omens of some public calamity, which every body seems now to agree are the production of natural causes. The just and rational spirit of philosophy is a proper counterbalance to these superstitious fears; and, by its continual inroads on the borders of ignorance gives room to suspect, that the latent cause of every visible effect exists in the natural constitution of things. Few, I suppose, doubt but that the variations of the magnetic needle have some material cause, though "they have not been reduced to any system, nor can be accounted for by any known principle." Yet these are perhaps more difficult to account for than the variations of the atmosphere, which are known to arise in part from the influence of the sun and moon; though the exact combination of this influence with other unknown powers, cannot, nor perhaps ever will, be ascertained with sufficient accuracy to form any previous conclusions from the cause to the effect.

The instance produced of the falling of rain, cannot be allowed to establish any conclusive inference against the agency of general laws. The phenomena of the natural world are in most cases the production, not of a single principle, but of a certain conjunction of different principles. Thus the planets

revolve

* See Locke on Human Understanding; chap. on Reason.

revolve in their orbits by a proper compound of the centripetal and centrifugal forces. In the present case, if the exhaling power of the sun were simply to be regarded, the conclusion might be in some degree just; though, even then, the same clouds which afford the rain must, by their interposition, lessen that power, if not totally annihilate it. But we ought to take into the account the currents of air, by which the vapours suspended in it are continually agitated, and prevented from resting long in any one place. The air is known to be a subtle fluid; and its fluctuations, which appear to be the result of its nature, and of its subjection to the same laws of gravity and attraction with other fluids, furnish the means by which the earth in general receives the assistance so necessary to its fertility.

The human frame is a vastly complicated machine; and the fibres and vessels, of which it is composed, are exceedingly minute and involved. Obstructions in these escape the utmost efforts of human sagacity to distinguish, and hence similar appearances arise, probably, from very different causes. It is therefore no wonder that the same medicines should not always be followed by the same consequences. Indeed, I conceive, this argument, if admitted, would prove too much. There are very extraordinary singularities of constitution, which dispose some men to abhor particular animals, or particular kinds of food. It is impossible to point out the causes of these antipathies; but will it not be going too far to attribute them to an immediate agency? It seems to be *non dignus vindice nodus*.

The ministry of superior spirits, it must be owned, is by no means impossible. But it is still the same inconclusive argument *ad ignorantiam*. No instances, acknowledged and familiar to our experience, lead us to such a conclusion: And the argument from analogy will perhaps preponderate on the other side, when we reflect, that every part of matter, as far as we are able to discern the relation of cause and effect, is regulated by the agency of subordinate causes; and, consequently, where the causes are unknown, it is more consonant to sound philosophy, and to that experience which former observations have supplied, to conclude that the same influence still reigns over the same subject.

The belief, that the world is governed by general laws, is not equivalent to the belief that it is governed by chance. For what is chance? Is it any real existence? Is it possessed of intelligence and power to arrange and establish a system of laws? Certainly not. Whatever proceeds from a cause, cannot be the production of chance, which comprehends no principle of action,

tion, and is simply the negation of *all* cause. This is the strict definition; but we adopt the same expression, by a common latitude in the use of words, when the cause is not known, or at least not obvious: in throwing up a piece of money, for instance, we say it is an equal chance on which side it will fall; yet no one who considers it can entertain any doubt but that there is a determining cause actually existing, and that it consists of a certain combination of the power of gravity, with the force, the direction, and the circular motion, communicated by the hand which throws it. Thus we shall find that chance is not only excluded from all direction of events, but from all actual existence or positive power. The course of nature is indeed only another name for the order appointed by providence; and the general laws, by which it is said to be governed, relate only to the established uniformity of that order. Neither of those expressions imply, that the Almighty hath withdrawn himself from the rule of the universe, or that he hath delegated it to any other director.

The sacred writings are most justly entitled, beyond all others, to our regard and veneration; but they certainly never were intended to comprize a system of natural philosophy. Many parts of them, particularly the Psalms and the Prophets, abound in that poetical energy of expressions, which so much characterizes the oriental style, and which it would be highly absurd to construe in the literal sense. The lofty genius of this style delights in personification; and, disdainig to notice inferior instruments of the divine power, refers every operation of nature to its immediate exertion. *He sendeth the springs into the vallies.* Psalm civ. 10. *He watereth the hills from his chambers.* Ver. 13. *He rode upon a cherub, and did fly, and he was seen upon the wings of the wind.* 2 Sam. xxii. 11. *He covereth himself with light as with a garment.* Psalm xcvi. 2. *Clouds and darkness are round about him.* Psalm. civ. 2. These passages, so beautiful and so full of sublime imagery, would not only be exceedingly debased under a strictly literal interpretation, but the sense would be involved in the utmost perplexity. We are commanded to pray for our daily bread. But what return do we expect to our petition? Not that we shall be fed miraculously, or that the earth should yield its fruit without the labour of tilling.

The subject may perhaps receive farther illustration from an example. If a man had an intention of going by a decayed building, which, agreeable to the laws of gravitation, would fall on him at the juncture of passing, might not providence interfere to prevent his hurt or destruction? I answer yes. Nothing that has been said contradicts this idea. But if it

be again asked, Would the laws of gravitation be suspended? I reply, I believe not. Every one can possibly recal unaccountable suggestions, which have sometimes arisen to his mind, without any previous congruity of ideas; and it is more probable, in my opinion, that motives would *thus* be presented to him, to determine his going another way, or at another time. Thus his escape will be providential: in the other case it would be miraculous. These suggestions, however, I consider rather as the source from whence motives are derived, than as immediate motives themselves. They are not to be sought for, lest the imagination should substitute its fictions; and their consistency with sound reason, with the attributes of the Deity, and with the principles of morals, forms the test, which, like Ithuriel's spear in Milton, will always detect the impostures of that dangerous and illusive faculty.

The pride and self-importance, so inherent in human nature, is in nothing more evident, than in the disposition to arrogate to itself, as the *ultimate* end, the creation of the universe. So far from the sun, the moon, and the whole host of heaven, being made for the use of man, it doth not appear that even this globe which he inhabits was calculated for that sole purpose. The extensive regions of perpetual frost, the waste of inhospitable deserts, and the great disproportion of sea to land, furnish probable ground of suspicion, that he was rather adapted to his situation, than his situation to him. Full of infirmity and imperfection, the place of his residence is proper to receive such a guest. His weakness is comforted by innumerable benefits, and his presumption is repelled by the dangers and pains to which he is incessantly exposed. By the constitution of his nature, the images of death are continually presenting themselves, and frequent memorials of his perishing existence warn him to seek a more durable and unfading inheritance. His understanding may never be able to comprehend the part, which the planet, on which he is placed, sustains in the immense fabric of the universe; but it is no just conclusion, that, because it affords him the means of support and gratification, it answers no other design. Intelligences of a higher rank may be as superior to us, as we are to mites; but a mite would be thought a poor reasoner, which should conclude that, because a cheese afforded him food and habitation, it was made solely for his use. Let this idea of our insignificance teach us humility, but not excite distrust. The benevolent hand, which hath given life to his creatures, forgets not to provide for the necessities of all.

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This kind and beneficent protector, the great Author of our being and of our well-being, is a spirit; and the worship acceptable to him, must be performed in spirit. He who hath set bounds to the progress of evil, and hath said, "thus far shalt thou come, and no farther," will enable the humble supplicant to sustain those partial ills, which for wise ends he permits to fall on him; will not reject prayers which it is consistent with the welfare of the whole to grant; and will be found the best friend and father of those who seek him with sincerity and uprightness. S.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

REMARKS on LIGHTNING.

Felix, quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

NOTHING affords a stronger excitement to philosophical enquiries, than to see with what facility the effects of some of the greatest natural evils may be obviated: Sudden and fatal incidents, which arise from the occurrence of certain phænomena, inexplicable to earlier ages, frequently impressed the minds of the people with the most terrible apprehensions; at such periods, when rational investigation and philosophical enquiries were less encouraged, the most easy means of relieving the mind would be to refer such phænomena to a supreme agency, whereby future researches were precluded or neglected, and the human powers, for want of exertion, became enfeebled and torpid; and thus from one age to another we find an indolence prevailed, where even the instinct of self-preservation might have excited reflection.

When we consider this propensity of the mind, to refer the effects of natural phænomena immediately to a first cause or supreme agent, it is less admirable that mankind should have so long remained witnesses of the dreadful effects of lightning, without using any endeavours to avoid them, or to discover the causes by which they were produced. In the Augustan age, when literature and science in general were so liberally patronized, and when some electrical facts were ascertained*, the phænomena of thunder and lightning were constantly attributed to the immediate agency of a Deity; as Virgil's celebrated history of a storm evinces.

T 2

Great

* Theophrast, de Gem. 53.

Great Jove himself, whom dreadful darkness shrouds,
 Pavilion'd in the thickness of the clouds,
 With lightning arm'd, his red right-hand puts forth,
 And shakes, with burning bolts, the solid earth;
 The nations shrink appall'd; the beasts are fled;
 All human hearts are sunk, and pierc'd with dread:
 He strikes vast Rhodope's exalted crown,
 And hurls huge Athos, and Ceraunia down*.

WARTON,

Indeed long after considerable acquisitions had been made in electrical knowledge, by Dr. Gilbert †, Mr. Boyle ‡, Otto Guericke §, and others, the causes of lightning remained unknown; though prior to the experiments of the great Newton §. Dr. Wall ¶ had suggested some similarity betwixt electricity and lightning, and since, the same has been surmised by Mr. Grey **, M. le Cat, Abbé Nollet, &c. but that the cause was perfectly the same in both, was first proved by Dr. Franklin ††, who, as the Abbé Nollet expresses it, “first entertained the bold thought of bringing lightning from the heavens, of thinking that pointed iron rods, fixed in the air, when the atmosphere was loaded with lightning, might draw from it the matter of the thunderbolt, and discharge it without noise or danger into the immense body of the earth, where it would remain as it were absorbed.”

I shall not enter into a particular history of lightning; that electric matter arises from the earth, and is attracted by the clouds whence the lightning proceeds, has been fully demonstrated by Signior Beccaria ††: I shall therefore chiefly confine myself to the effects it produces, which are more generally known, and at the same time are easily prevented.

Every

* Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca
 Fulmina molitur dextra; quo maxima motu
 Terra tremit; fugere feræ, et mortalia corda
 Per gentes humilis stravit pavor; ille flagranti
 Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo,
 Dejicit. — G. I. 328.

† De Magnete, lib. II. cap. 2.

‡ Mechanical Productions of Electricity.

§ Experimenta Magdeburgica, lib. IV. cap. 15. See also Priestley's Electricity, 4to.

¶ Histoire de l'Électricité, p. 6.

¶ Philosophical Transactions abridged, vol. II. p. 275.

** Philosophical Transactions abridged, vol. VIII. p. 9.

†† Franklin's Letters.

†† Lettre dell' elettricismo.

Every year affords a fresh caveat to avoid the dangers of a succeeding shock: the late hot weather, in particular, hath not only evinced what damage lightning may produce, but likewise with what certainty and facility it may be avoided. Without dwelling upon the injuries sustained by the shipping, let us remark only some of the instances which have occurred about this metropolis, as the Obelisk and New Prison in St. George's-fields, and St. Peter's church in Cornhill. The first of these is built of free-stone, through the center of which runs an iron bar, from the top almost to the base, and probably owing to this circumstance it is, that the late accident took place, which has shattered it from one extremity to the other; for had the projectors of this standard conveyed the iron a few feet below the surface of the ground, the lightning would have been silently conducted into the earth.

The same reflection arises from the damage done to the Surry Prison, the chimney being capped with a pot which is leaded, and thereby rendered more capable of attracting the lightning, lead being found as good a conductor as any other metal.

The circumstances respecting St. Peter's are still more remarkable; the spire is covered with lead as well as the dome of the tower, and so far the lightning was conveyed without injury; but where the metal terminated, the damage commenced. Had any conducting medium communicated betwixt the leaded dome and the ground, this accident might have been prevented, and at a few shillings expence: for a leaden pipe, for conveying the rain from an adjacent part, extends up the greatest part of the tower of the church, and there remains no more to complete this conducting electrical medium, than to join the inferior edge of the sheets of lead with the superior end of the pipe, and its inferior end with the ground.

Our predecessors who were ignorant of the means of prevention were excusable, but there can be no reasonable pretext for wilfully neglecting the known means of security.

I have often admired that the inhabitants of this metropolis should continue so indifferent about their own security and preservation, when a very little expence would place them out of the reach of danger: as most houses are furnished with a leaden pipe, it is here only requisite to fix a metallic rod to the superior end of the pipe, and another to the inferior, that the lightning may be conveyed into the moist ground.

Private houses, indeed, not being so high, will be less liable to the danger alluded to. It is therefore towards the churches, and particularly such as are ornamented with some metallic figure,

figure, that I wish more immediately to draw the public attention.

I cannot conclude this paper without cautioning those who may be from home, exposed to a thunder storm, to avoid sheltering themselves under trees, especially the most verdant and full of sap; as water, and moisture in general, as well as metallic bodies, are found to be conductors of lightning. One cannot read, without emotion, those beautiful elegiac lines, where the poet introduces the fatal catastrophe of Amelia in the arm of her fond Celadon * :

———— That moment to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.

It does not indeed appear, from this description, that the lovers had taken shelter under a tree, but from the previous relation it may be inferred, as well as from numerous instances which our own experience furnishes,

Black from the stroke, above the smouldering pine,
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie.

Persons within doors, from what has been suggested, will doubtless take care upon such occasions to sit as far as possible from iron or any metallic substance †; and particularly avoid sitting or standing under any metallic body which may be suspended in a room, as chandeliers, brass candlesticks, &c. as well as handling the same, or any kind of pointed metallic bodies.

APYREXIA.

* The reader will recollect here the well known epitaph by Mr. Pope, as well as the manner in which the same has been travestied by lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in her critique upon the wasp of Twickenham, as she termed the celebrated English Homer.

† In the late thunder storm, a remarkable incident happened in the neighbourhood of the Monument. A gentleman, who handled a sword at that instant, received such a shock through the sword-arm, as had like to have cost him his life. During the same tempest, a porter at the General Post Office, who sat near the key of a door, received also such a shock, as deprived him of his senses for several hours, but, by bleeding and other means, he recovered.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

The RECLUSE, an Elegy.

1.
TIR'D with the splendid toil of public life,
 Phylenor sought true happiness to find;
 And far beyond the reach of noisy strife
 Retir'd; and left the busy world behind.

2.
 In the deep bosom of a grove he found
 A grot, by nature form'd in days of old;
 Thick arching oaks, high o'er the mansion frown'd;
 Beneath, a babbling brook its current rol'd.

3.
 From winds defended by the spreading trees,
 Whose shade in summer screens the piercing ray;
 In winter shelter'd from the northern breeze,
 And heat and cold's alternate rage allay.

4.
 To this retreat, *the sage* with joy withdrew,
 Nor felt a wish for ought he left behind;
 Here, tasting pleasures, pure, refin'd, and new,
 To contemplation he his soul resign'd.

5.
 In solitude the circling hours he spent,
 No cares corroding wound his peaceful breast,
 But, with the heav'n-descended nymph,
Content,
 His days he pass'd in unmolested rest.

6.
 No more ambition fires his peaceful mind;
 The voice of *fame* no longer charms his ear;
 No more to pomp, and noisy mirth inclin'd,
 Or bound to wealth by golden chains of care.

7.
 In this sweet haunt, where *wisdom* loves to dwell,
 To her instruction he attention pays,
 With her delighted, in his humble cell,
 He learns her precepts, and repeats her lays.

8.
 Each morn awak'd by Philomela's lays,
 E'er sol with crimson decks the purple east,
 He rises vigorous, and his tribute pays,
 While joy sublime diffuses his grateful breast.

9.
 With pure devotion rising in his soul,
 The *Lord of nature* humbly he adores;
 While in his breast serene reflections roll,
 The various scenes of nature he explores.

10.
 The circling seasons he observes with care,
 And marks the progress of the rising spring;
 How spicy gales perfume the genial air;
 How flower's expand, and birds harmonious sing.

11.
 Each plant and shrub, that rose around his cell,
 He prun'd and fashion'd, just as fancy led;
 Their names and *natures* none could better tell,
 Or why they tower'd rose, or widely spread.

12.
 The tuneful tribes, that vocal made the grove,
 By him were taught to assemble at his call,
 Perch on his hand, or round the grot to rove,
 Or fill with music sweet his rural hall.

13.
 These he would teach to imitate the sound
 (In notes articulate) of human song,
 Which made the grove with harmony resound,
 And eve's cool hours delightfully prolong.

14.
 Sometimes sublimer studies claim'd his care,
 To search the labours of th' illustrious dead,
 "To soar with *Plato* to th' *empyrean sphere*,"
 Or trace each science to its fountain head.

15.
 In *Locke's* profound, or *Milton's* heaven-taught page,
 In *Pope's* sweet numbers, or in *Johnson's* thought;
 Or where *Bellona's* sons in *Homer* rage,
 To elevate his soul Phylenor sought.

16.
 Fair bloom'd the flowrets round his peaceful cave,
 The violet, primrose, and their kindred train,
 No wanton hands, *him* of their sweets bereave;
 For sweet they flourish on the smiling plain.

17.

Contentment here with meek-ey'd peace
 resides,
 And joy, and temp'rance, pitch their
 tents around ;
 And blushing health o'er all that breathe
 presides,
 And harmless pleasure frolics o'er the
 ground.

18.

'Twas here Phylenor found substantial joy,
 Joy unexperienc'd by the sons of care ;
 Unmix'd with pain, untemper'd with alloy,
 His days were chearful, and his evening
 fair.

19.

Thus, till the lamp of life thro' age ex-
 pir'd,
 In peace the golden moments wing'd
 their way ;
 And then his soul, with nobler fervor fir'd,
 Sought the bright regions of eternal day.

EUSEBIUS.

An EPI T A P H.

STAY, Christian, stay, nor let thy haste
 profane
 The humble stone that tells thee life is vain ;
 Here beauty lies in mould'ring ruins left,
 A blossom nipt by death's untimely frost :
 Unwarn'd, yet unsurpriz'd, found on her
 guard,

A prudent virgin watching for her Lord.
 In early youth she wisely sought her God,
 And the safe path of smiling virtue trod :
 In bloom of beauty, humbly turn'd aside
 The incense flattery offer'd to her pride.
 Her front with blushing modesty she bound ;
 And on her lips the law of truth was found ;
 Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend ;
 Belov'd by all, to all the good a friend :
 The bad she censur'd by her life alone,
 Blind to their faults, severe upon her own :
 In others griefs a tender part she bore,
 And with the needy shar'd her little store :
 At distance saw the world with pious dread ;
 And to God's temple for protection fled ;
 There sought that peace which heav'n
 alone can give,

And learnt to die, ere others learn to live.
 Tho' clos'd those eyes, by which all hearts
 were charm'd,

Tho' every feature of each grace disarm'd ;
 Yet think not, that her piety was vain :
 Her soul survives, her virtues still remain ;
 O'er vanquish'd death th' immortal saint
 prevails,
 And op'ning heav'n the new-born angel
 hails.

A Description of Morning.

NOW glimm'ring light the purpled
 skies display,
 Aurora blushing ushers in the day ;
 The sun his orient rays remotely spreads,
 And gaily gilds th' aerial mountain heads ;
 The waking swains their labours now
 renew,

The meadows glisten with the pearly dew ;
 The choirsters, their nests relinquish'd,
 rove ;

The field revisit ! resalute the grove !
 The rising day their notes regaling seem,
 And join the murmurs of the purling
 stream ;

With odoriferous wings the Zephyrs fly ;
 Joy fills each heart ! and pleasure ev'ry
 eye !

Fair scenes appearing to the ravisht view,
 The whole creation seems reviv'd and
 new.

In rural seats, so lovely and serene,
 Health is, and truth in golden times was
 seen ;

Such are the beauties of th' unblemish'd
 mind
 (Surpassing all the charms of woman-
 kind !)

And such, ev'n such (cou'd we behold
 her here)
 So fair and tempting, virtue wou'd appear.

A Description of a tempestuous Morning.

THE morning is o'erspread with
 low'ring gloom,

The breaking day appears the day of doom ;
 The sun seems sluggish, and as loth to
 rise,

Obliquely gleaming through th' envelop'd
 skies ;

His disk by fits reveals a fiery red ;
 Descending clouds involve the mountains
 head ;

Hoar'd thunder rumbling growls, the hor-
 rid glare

Of forked lightning rends the dusky air ;
 By flashing starts a ratt'ling show'r
 descends ;

The sturdy oaks a rushing tempest bends ;
 The birds their late abodes explore again ;

And flocks and herds, mixt with th'
 affrighted swain,

Hie to thick coverts from th' inclement
 plain.

Thus is the mind, which passions force
 obeys ;

Foul lust, or wild imagination sways ;
 These its srenner pleasures ruffling spoil,
 And all the grace of heav'n and nature
 soil.

ARTICLES

ARTICLES OF INTELLIGENCE.

Extracted from the Public Papers.

BY a letter from capt. Robinson at Newbury-Port, near Boston, in North-America, dated Aug. 19, 1773, we learn that a dreadful hurricane happened at Salisbury and at Malmesbury town, consisting principally of poor ship-builders; it tore to-pieces seventy-six buildings, half of which were dwelling houses, and the other barns, shops, and work-houses, &c. Two vessels were taken off the stocks and carried upwards of 20 feet. Sundry people have received slight wounds, but none are in danger of losing their lives, except a master of a vessel, who was carried out of the rigging-loft upward of 140 feet from the bottom of the warehouse into the air.

Extract of a letter from an officer, dated Boston, Aug. 5, 1773, to his father at Dublin.

I continued six days at Philadelphia, during which time a thousand people landed from the north of Ireland. They sell their servants here as they do their horses, and advertise them as they do their beef and oatmeal.

Extract of a letter from Lisbon, Sept. 8.

By a vessel just arrived in the Tagus, from Magadore, a Portuguese settlement on the coast of Africa, we have advice that the St. Antonio, a Portuguese man of war, had been run away with, and the captain and crew murdered: she had been on a

cruise, and being foul, put into a small cove on the slave coast, to careen. The crew were on shore during the careen, and were overpowered and killed by the natives, who launched the vessel, and were seen in much distress by a small English ship that put in soon after at Magadore.

Extract of a letter from St. George's Key, in the Bay of Honduras, dated July 21.

In our last we acquainted you of the arrival of his Majesty's ship Diligence, capt. Davies, which was dispatched from Jamaica, by admiral Rodney, to look after the indigo saved out of the Thetis; however, for this business he was rather late, although he has got a few small parcels into his possession which were taken from people who had purchased it with money from the wreckers; and we hope, on his arrival at London, you will be able to recover it; for which purpose you will have sent you the letters of attorney of the proprietors; the greatest part is gone to New-York, Georgia, and Carolina, and with it the principal and oldest inhabitants of this place, not finding the articles of logwood and mahogany worth cultivating. It has proved a very fortunate circumstance to us all that capt. Davies came down, as he is of great service in assisting to quell the insurrection

insurrection amongst the negroes, which is almost general over this place; they have murdered Mr. John Hill, and Mr. Robert Deakin, and many other gentlemen, and we are under the greatest anxiety for our friends in the Old River, having heard of their dangerous situation: the rebels are not subdued, nor do we see any likelihood of it. The inhabitants begin to make heavy complaints of the taxes laid on them for carrying on the armament, and the hardness of the duty they are under the necessity of undergoing for the preservation of their lives. God knows how it will end; but we are of opinion, as well as many others,

that it will be the entire destruction of this settlement, as no person can be safe. We are under the necessity of carrying martial laws; every one who is able to carry arms is on guard on the Quay, or out in parties up the river, so that we have not been able to do any business for ten weeks; and, to add to our distress, we are likely to want provisions; what little is left is sold for cash only, at most extravagant prices; in short, destruction is inevitable if we stay, therefore we are determined to leave the place in the very first ship we can get a passage in, either for England or America.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Edinburgh, Sept. 28.

WE are informed from Calross, that on Wednesday last a coal-pit belonging to lord Cockran overflowed with water, by which two men were drowned. His lordship, who was at the mouth of the pit, hearing a noise, looked down and perceived the water rising with great rapidity, and had scarcely time to save his life. It rose in a few minutes six feet above the mouth of the pit, and overflowed the adjacent country. As the sea at the time was at the lowest ebb, and the pit eighty feet deep, it was looked upon as an extraordinary phenomenon.

The following are the fixed times for sailing, &c. of the undermentioned captains appointed for the India service, for the year

1773. Captains Dick, Gamage, Bendy, Newte, and Hayter, to sail Oct. 30; Jackson, Arthur, Kent, and Broadley, Nov. 14; Price and Barkley, Nov. 28; Rees and Clarke, Dec. 29; Thompson and Liel, Jan. 27.

The Duke of Cumberland, Paddock, from New-England, was lost the 22d ult. at Scilly.

A petition on behalf of the English seamen in the Spanish prisons, in the West-Indies, will, it is said, be presented to a great assembly the ensuing sessions.

Monday evening a fire broke out at a farmer's at Chilton, near Cambridge, which consumed corn to the amount of 2000l.

On Wednesday morning one house was burnt down and two others damaged, in Butcher's-Row, Rosemary-Lane.

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Last night, at the quarter sessions, Margaret's-Hill, a young woman was tried for robbing her mother of one shilling, and being found guilty, was sentenced to be transported for seven years. She had led a very dissolute life.

We hear that a revival of the laws, relating to tythes, will be one of the first objects of parliament the ensuing session.

Extract of a letter from Scotland, dated Strathspoy, Sept. 19, 1773. I am thoroughly convinced that the emigration will soon be general in this county: 250 emigrants sailed the other day from Fort St. George; and 308 of the McDonalds of Glangary, and the neighbouring districts; from Fort William, no less than 8 or 10 vessels are hired this season to carry off emigrants; 840 sailed from the island of Lewes in July. Alarmed with this, lord F——, their master, came down from London about five weeks ago, to treat with the remainder of his tenants. What terms did they ask of him, think you? the land at the old rents, the addition paid for three years back to be refunded, and his factor to be immediately dismissed. I have not yet learned whether he has agreed to these terms, but he must soon, or his lands will be left an uninhabited waste.

Several artificers in the clock and watch-making branches have been lately engaged to go, on very good encouragement, to Portugal, for which place many are already embarked.

Captain Phipps and Lutwidge, in their expedition to the North

pole, penetrated to 80° 30', when they found the ice so thick, that they could not proceed any farther for fourteen days; they were intirely surrounded, and began to think they must abandon their ships; they therefore prepared to drag their boats across the sea and direct their course for Spitzbergen; in this dilemma the ice broke, and they proceeded forward. On their return they met with a violent storm on the eastern shore of the German Ocean, and, though they threw four of their guns overboard, narrowly escaped foundering.

In July, 1772, Mr. Ingleton of Warpleston, near Guilford, Surry, planted nine grains of wheat, which, when sprouted out, he transplanted into 20 rows: he counted the ears in the outside and middle row, which amounted to 1000, and which produced, when reaped, eight sheaves of the common size.

Gloucester, Oct. 4. At Barton fair there was a greater quantity of cheese than had been seen there for many years; the prices were, best making 26s to 30s; but 28s was the run of the fair; two meal 23s to 25s.

It is said a scheme is in agitation for paying off 300,000l. of the national debt, by granting annuities for survivorship, the subscribers to subscribe stock, and every subscriber of 200l. to have a lottery ticket.

It is asserted that no less than 160 Jesuits arrived in England within the last month.

BANKRUPTS.

James Wyllie, and John Dry, of Exeter-street, Strand, carpenters and partners.
 John Fowler, of Ipswich, in Suffolk, merchant.
 Susannah Tiltote, of Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire, mercer and draper.
 John Greenway, of Newington Butts, rider.
 Abraham Hart, of London, broker.
 Edward Beck, and John Drew, of Stratford, in Essex, callicott-printers and partners.
 John Stevens, of Kingston upon Thames, malt distiller.
 Christopher Ackroyd, of York, money scrivener.
 William Bolts, of Harpur-street, Red Lion-square, merchant.
 John Ingham, of Bearbinder-lane, merchant.
 Mary Vaughan, of St. George's, Westminster, millener.
 John Sawel, of Coppice-row, Clerkenwell, cooper.
 John Herkes, of Russel-street, Drury-lane, baker.
 William Jackson, of East Dearham, in Norfolk, shopkeeper and grocer.
 William Tilyard, of Norwich, shopkeeper.
 John Day, of the Maze Pond, Southwark, Victualler.
 John Nightingale, of Liverpool, cabinet-maker.
 Gabriel L'Estrille, of Bury-street, Westminster, dealer.
 Thomas Carter, of Huntingdon, innholder.
 William Tomson, of Newmarket, in Suffolk, lime-burner.
 John Walker, junior, of Snaith, in Yorkshire, dealer.

BIRTHS.

THE lady of sir Gilbert Heathcote, bart. of a son.

Lady Granard, in Upper Brook-street, of a daughter.

The dutchess of Chartres, of a prince, at Paris, who is to bear the title of duke of Valois.

MARRIAGES.

MR. Thomas Baker, haberdasher, of Cheap-side, to Miss Susannah Bacot, of Church-street, St. Ann's, Soho.
 Mr. William Allen, of Limehouse, to Miss Prichard, of Endfield.

Mr. Peacock, stationer, in Chancery-lane, to Miss Willis, of the same place.

Mr. John Finnimore, coach-harness maker, in the Minories, to Miss Arnold, of Wallingford, Berks.

Robert Halliday, esq. of Enfield, Middlesex, to Mrs. Chapman, of Newborough, Yorkshire.

— Daniel, esq. lately arrived from the West-Indies, to Miss Maynard, daughter of major Maynard.

The rev. Mr. Taylor, curate of St. Andrew's, Holbourn, to Miss Newnham, daughter of Nathaniel Newnham, esq. of Newtimber-place, Sussex.

John Berkley, esq. to Miss Compton, daughter of sir William Compton, bart.

William Webb, esq. of Hanover-square, to Miss Beeton, of Merton, in Surry.

Daniel Brook, esq. to Miss Grayham, both of Hatfield.

Mr. Edward Good, pin-maker, of Gracechurch-street, son of Mr. Richard Good, of Sydenham, in Kent, to Miss Cornelia Maria Oldenzeel, daughter of Mr. Jan Oldenzeel, of Lisse, in Holland.

DEATHS.

DEATHS.

JOHN Lee, esq. son of the late colonel Lee, who was formerly an officer in the first regiment of foot-guards, and accepted of a captain's commission in the East-India company's service.

The rev. Mr. Morgan, commissary of the archdeaconry of Richmond, rector of Medburne, in Leicestershire, and formerly fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

One Ellen Hitchcock, aged 118, at Ashborne, in Derbyshire.

Mr. Anthony Harrison, in partnership with Mr. Blamire, attorney at law, in Hatton-street.

Mrs. Rebecca Widmear, aged 115, at Deptford. She enjoyed her senses to the last.

Doctor Leeds, late physician of the London Hospital, at Ipswich.

At Bath, Evelyn Pierpont, duke of Kingston. His grace succeeded his grandfather, Evelyn, duke of Kingston, March 5, 1725-6, William, his father, dying in the life-time of his grandfather, at the age of twenty-one, July 1, 1713. His

grace, on July 8, 1738, was constituted master of the stag-hounds on the North of the Trent; and on March 20, 1741, was elected knight of the garter, and installed April 21 following, and made one of the lords of the bedchamber to his Majesty, which he afterwards resigned. In 1745, on the breaking out of the rebellion in Scotland, his grace raised a regiment of horse for the service of the government. On a promotion of general officers, March 19, 1755, he was constituted major general; and on Feb. 4, 1759, promoted to the rank of lieutenant general. At the coronation of the present king, Sept. 22, 1761, his grace carried St. Edward's staff. On Jan. 10, 1763, he was appointed lord lieutenant of the county and town of Nottingham; and on the 29th of the same month was appointed steward and keeper of the forest of Sherwood, and park of Folewood, in Nottinghamshire. His grace married the hon. Miss Chudleigh, in 1769, by whom he had no issue.

The PRICE of WHEAT per Quarter, at the Corn-Market, Mark-Lane.

	Sep. 23.		Oct. 1.		8th		12th		15th		19th		22d	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, Red	45	56	48	54	48	54	44	53	44	53	40	52	40	52
Ditto White	45	56	48	54	48	54	44	53	44	53	40	52	40	52
Rye, —	25	27	24	26	24	26	24	26	24	26	25	26	25	26
Barley, —	26	30	29	31	29	31	27	30	27	30	25	29	25	29
Oats, —	17	23	18	23	18	23	16	21	16	21	17	20	17	20
Oct. 26. Red and White Wheat,	40 53s.													
Rye, 24 26s. Barley,	25 28s.													
Oats, 16 20s.														

AVERAGE

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,
From Oct. 11, to Oct. 16, 1773.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	6	0	3	3	3	6	2	4	3	6

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	6	5	—	—	3	8	2	9	3	9
Surry,	6	3	3	1	3	6	2	5	4	4
Hertford,	6	8	—	—	3	7	2	4	4	4
Redford,	6	10	4	7	3	10	2	2	3	7
Cambridge,	6	3	3	5	3	4	2	1	3	4
Huntingdon,	6	8	—	—	3	9	2	3	3	8
Northampton,	7	1	4	11	4	0	2	6	4	1
Rutland,	6	9	4	9	4	3	2	1	3	6
Leicester,	7	2	5	1	3	11	2	0	4	4
Nottingham,	5	10	3	8	3	5	2	0	4	3
Derby,	6	4	—	—	3	9	2	3	4	8
Stafford,	6	8	4	7	4	0	2	3	5	1
Salop,	6	4	4	8	3	9	2	1	5	4
Hereford,	6	1	—	—	4	0	2	2	—	—
Worcester,	6	3	4	0	4	1	2	2	4	4
Warwick,	7	2	—	—	4	0	2	8	4	10
Gloucester,	7	4	—	—	3	11	2	5	4	11
Wiltshire,	6	5	3	11	3	5	2	4	4	11
Berks,	6	11	3	6	3	7	2	7	4	2
Oxford,	7	3	—	—	3	5	2	6	4	7
Bucks,	6	9	—	—	3	10	2	4	4	3

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	5	6	2	11	3	4	2	3	3	6
Suffolk,	5	8	3	0	3	1	2	1	3	0
Norfolk,	6	2	3	1	2	11	2	0	—	—
Lincoln,	6	3	4	1	3	4	1	11	3	11
York,	6	1	3	11	3	5	2	1	3	11
Durham,	5	9	4	1	3	11	2	1	4	3
Northumberland,	5	11	4	3	3	3	2	2	3	9
Cumberland,	6	4	4	0	3	2	2	2	—	—
Westmoreland,	6	6	4	3	3	4	2	0	—	—
Lancashire,	6	3	—	—	3	0	2	1	3	7
Cheshire,	5	11	4	7	4	1	1	11	—	—
Monmouth,	6	2	—	—	3	7	1	7	—	—
Somerset,	6	4	4	0	4	11	2	1	4	1
Devon,	5	6	—	—	2	8	1	6	—	—
Cornwall,	5	6	—	—	2	6	1	6	—	—
Dorset,	6	1	—	—	2	11	2	2	4	9
Hampshire,	5	9	—	—	3	0	2	2	4	10
Suffex,	5	4	—	—	2	11	2	2	3	1
Kent,	6	2	—	—	3	2	2	2	3	3

Diary of the Weather.

From Sept. 20, to Sept. 25, 1773.											
W A L E S.											
Wheat			Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans		
s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	
North Wales,	6	4	4	7	3	5	1	9	5	3	
South Wales,	6	2	4	7	3	9	1	10			
Part of S C O T L A N D.											
Wheat			Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans		
6	0		2	10	2	7	2	3	3	3	2
Published by Authority of Parliament. WILL. COOKE.											

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
For September, 1773.

	Wind	Bar.	Thermom.			Weather
			M.	N.	Ev.	
1	S.S.E. little	30 ¹ ₁₀	64	68	65	Sun-shine, intervals cloudy.
2	Ditto. frein	30	63	65	63 ¹ ₂	Showers with some sun-shine.
3	S.S.W. little	30	62	66	64	Forenoon rain, afternoon fair.
4	E.S.E. little	29 ⁸ ₁₀	60	60	59	Continual rain.
5	Ditto little	30	59	60	59	Cloudy.
6	S.E. strong	29 ³ ₁₀	59 ¹ ₂	64	59 ¹ ₂	Frequent show. with strong wind.
7	S.W. strong	29 ⁷ ₁₀	59	63	59 ¹ ₂	Show. with interv. of sun-shine.
8	S.S.W. strong	29 ⁷ ₁₀	59	64	59 ¹ ₂	Showers.
9	Ditto strong	29 ³ ₁₀	59	63	59 ¹ ₂	Sun-shine with slight showers.
10	S.W. violent	29	58	60	59	Slight showers.
11	W.S.W. violent	29	58	62	59 ¹ ₂	Fair with sun-shine.
12	W. fresh	29 ² ₁₀	55 ¹ ₂	60	57	Cloudy.
13	W.S.W. fresh	29 ³ ₁₀	59	64	58	Forenoon thun. afternoon show.
14	W. little	30 ² ₁₀	57	61	58	Cloudy.
15	W.S.W. stormy	30 ¹ ₁₀	59	61	59	Fair, intervals of sun-shine.
16	W.S.W. fresh	30	55	58 ¹ ₂	57	Cloudy.
17	W. strong	29 ⁶ ₁₀	57 ¹ ₂	58	57	Cloudy. afternoon showers.
18	W.S.W. strong	30	54	58	56	Morn. fair, aftern. heavy rain.
19	Ditto fresh	30 ³ ₁₀	54	57 ¹ ₂	57	Fair and sunshine.
20	Ditto fresh	30 ³ ₁₀	58	58	58	Fair, intervals of sun-shine.
21	W.S.W. little	29 ⁷ ₁₀	58	59 ¹ ₂	58	Morn. fair, afternoon showers.
22	Ditto strong	29 ² ₁₀	58	58	54	Showers, intervals of sun-shine.
23	W.S.W. fresh	30	49	54 ¹ ₂	54	Cloudy and showery.
24	W.S.W. fresh	29 ⁶ ₁₀	55	58 ¹ ₂	58	Morn. rain, afternoon sun-shine.
25	Ditto little	29 ⁸ ₁₀	54	58	57 ¹ ₂	Morn. frosty, afternoon showers.
26	S. little	29 ² ₁₀	55	58	57	Fair with sun-shine, even. rain.
27	S. little	29 ² ₁₀	54	58	57 ¹ ₂	Cloudy with some showers.
28	W.S.W. little	30	54	57	56	Fine bright day.
29	W. little	30	56	59	58	Cloudy.

ERRATUM. P. 123, l. 20, for MONTHLY REVIEW, read MONTHLY LEDGER.

PRICES

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Se. 29	14344	15344	Shut.	—	Shut.	—	Shut.	Shut.	254	15466	15466
30	Shut.	15344	Shut.	87485	87485	84785	Shut.	Shut.	254	16476	16476
O. 1	1434	1534	Shut.	85	87485	—	Shut.	Shut.	254	15466	15466
2	Shut.	1524	Shut.	—	87485	—	Shut.	Shut.	254	15466	15466
3	Sunday.	—	Shut.	—	—	—	Shut.	Shut.	—	15466	15466
4	1434	1524	Shut.	—	87485	84785	Shut.	Shut.	—	16476	16476
5	1434433	1524504	Shut.	87485	87485	—	Shut.	Shut.	254	16476	16476
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8	1434	1504494	Shut.	854	87485	—	Shut.	Shut.	254	16476	16476
9	1434	149484	Shut.	—	87485	—	Shut.	Shut.	254	16476	16476
10	Sunday.	—	Shut.	—	—	—	Shut.	Shut.	—	16476	16476
11	1434	1494444	Shut.	—	87485	—	Shut.	Shut.	—	16476	16476
12	1434	149444	Shut.	85	87485	244	Shut.	Shut.	254	16476	16476
13	1434	1494849	Shut.	—	87485	84785	Shut.	Shut.	254	16476	16476
14	1434	1494	Shut.	84785	87485	—	Shut.	Shut.	254	16476	16476
15	1434	1494	Shut.	854	87485	—	Shut.	Shut.	254	16476	16476
16	1434	1494	Shut.	854	87485	—	Shut.	Shut.	254	16476	16476
17	Sunday.	—	Shut.	—	—	—	Shut.	Shut.	—	16476	16476
18	1434	1494494	Shut.	—	87485	—	Shut.	Shut.	254	16476	16476
19	1434	1484494	Shut.	854	87485	—	Shut.	Shut.	254	16476	16476
20	1434	—	Shut.	854	87485	—	Shut.	Shut.	254	16476	16476
21	1434	—	Shut.	854	87485	—	Shut.	Shut.	254	16476	16476
22	1434	—	Shut.	854	87485	—	Shut.	Shut.	254	16476	16476
23	1434	—	Shut.	854	87485	—	Shut.	Shut.	254	16476	16476
24	Sunday.	—	Shut.	—	—	—	Shut.	Shut.	—	16476	16476
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T H E
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.
ON CONJECTURAL METAPHYSICS.



EVER does a dwarf more naturally excite derision by his diminutive appearance, than when he stands unhappily contrasted by the side of a giant. Had the frog in *Æsop* been content with the ordinary size of his brother frogs, without aspiring at the stature of an ox, he might not only have escaped the scorn attending unsuccessful ambition, but have even deserved a compliment on his superiority over a fly for magnitude. — Not the sarcastic insult, but the salutary caution, contained in this fable, would I throw in the way of some philosophers; those, I mean, who, trusting too much to the wings of their contemplation, fancy they can soar to heights beyond the reach of a son of *Dædalus*.

When men of genius and judgement exercise their talents in forming systems of morality, on the basis of justice, and on principles of general utility; when they amuse themselves with researches into the world of astronomy, and investigate the

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X

properties

properties of motion, by mathematic aid; or when, in pursuit of knowledge, they dive into the bowels of the earth, and instruct themselves in the phenomena that are to be found in the province of natural history; they add to their stock of real knowledge, and are in a capacity to make advances in what they undertake for the subject of their inquiries. By these and similar disquisitions, (which depend on certain and uncontrovertible principles, and are open to industry and experiment,) the cause of learning is served, man becomes actually wiser, and (which is a pleasure denied the ideal and brain-sick philosopher) the inquirer is rewarded with satisfaction for his labours.

How much the reverse is the lot of those, who think they can reduce to system the uncertain and imaginary positions of metaphysics, which are advanced in the doctrine of first causes, of the essence of the Deity, and of the abstract properties of intelligence! If we examine the works of these airy adventurers, and place ourselves under their tuition and instruction, with a view to extend our views in the mental world, instead of meeting the expected lights we flatter ourselves will illuminate our paths, we are involved in contradictions, wilds, and intricacies; from which we would with pleasure retreat, could we discover the winding road again that led us astray. If a man has a ladder to assist him in mounting a height, without it, inaccessible, he is not the object of derision for attempting to scale it; but to lose his time and pains in a fruitless exploit, is an example of Quixotism fit only for a wild metaphysician to engage in.

There are parts in metaphysics in which the deductions of reason and experience lend a clue to direct the curious enquirer; from which some actual information may be derived. Under this head may Locke's observations on the human understanding be considered; where he reasons on the generation and connexion of ideas, the propriety of conclusions drawn from given sensations, and the like demonstrable doctrines, which are within the circle of man's capacity, and compose a system without chimæra and conjecture. Of a different kind are some doctrines, which have been dignified by the name of *science*, a name applicable only to what can be known.—Systematical positions of uncertainties are what I mean should be rejected; arguments drawn from the futile circumstances of humanity, and applied to illustrate the intentions, nature, and actions, of deity; properties of knowable effects predicated of hidden causes, not cognizable by the most subtle examination, and farther per-

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plexed the more they are discussed. To dive into this conjectural part of metaphysics is but to reproach our reason with its weakness, and to court disappointment. The inexplicable maze, the apparent contradictions, in which our sagacity is lost when it would comprehend the secrets of superior wisdom, should by this time have taught our men of learning that *there are some things above their capacity*, however they may flatter themselves with the extent of it. The best and most ingenious plan of theocracy that ever was published has its perplexities. It may be expected that some instance of this should be given. Instances are ready at hand, and easy to be produced. We will adduce a very familiar one. The established and much admired scheme of providence, as given by Pope in his Essay on Man, may seem to satisfy at first, but is calculated only to amuse inattention. In this scheme we are told, that a provision by *general* laws cannot exclude *particular* evils; and that it thence necessarily follows, that some evils must be endured by the very nature of such a general constitution. But alas! how weak are our strongest reasonings! An unfortunate question here starts up, Why it would be the will of the Deity to act by general, in preference to particular, laws? Till such a query is satisfactorily answered, I cannot be of opinion that our imperfect systems of philosophy can account for every instance of Arimanian leaven the universe presents to us. When I am favoured with an unanswerable solution of the difficulty, I shall think myself much wiser than before, and prostrate myself before the explainer as a superior being. But it is not from metaphysics I expect it. The light must proceed from that Fountain of intelligence which is entitled to our homage without the charge of idolatry. Must then the boasted philosopher be dumb? — Yes: he has but to lament his own littleness, and to make a merit of his modesty. To search farther, into this secret were as vain and fruitless as reiterated attempts to see through a mill-stone, which cannot be affected by the help of our present optics. — Some, more subtle and ingenious than their neighbours, as the easiest way to explain the existence of a God, deny it. This is indeed plunging into a river to escape a shower. An author who wrote about a century ago, in his chapter of atheists, asserts, on the testimony of another, that there were computed to be fifty thousand in the city of Paris only: I am sorry to add, that, if his author asserted a truth, there was at least the same number of miserable reasoners. Atheism is the top of absurdity. The doctrine of an *anima mundi*, or that man is a part of God, is infinitely wiser than atheism. — What greater difficulty is there in conceiving the existence of a deity, than in conceiving our

own existence? We know that we exist: we see traces of wisdom superior to our brightest intellects, instances of design we could never have devised, and yet some of our race have been weak enough to reject the positive evidence of their senses, in favour of, negative conclusions, contrary to the laws of both reason and jurisprudence.

Not to rest on one example of difficulties that set our reason at defiance, we may ask, Who, after all the arguments wasted on the subject, can digest the idea of creation in time, or existence from eternity, when applied to visible, tangible, matter? An universal vacuum is the only possible idea man can form, as to conceive nothing is the easiest conception; and even that is loaded with the embargo of space, which is elegantly termed, the *sensorium* of God. Neither the sagacious gloss of a Newton, which leaves us the evidence of experience and our senses, nor the subtleties of a Berkley, which put them to flight, can overleap that bourn of our understandings, which separates deity from the encroachments of humanity.

There are many other points, in this department of science, which are thus involved in darkness; to extricate ourselves from which we are quite at a loss whether we shall throw by our senses, or not; but these two shall suffice to shew that there are clouds that still do, and ever will, obscure the sunshine of metaphysical philosophy. The great secret that pallid looks and meagre face derive to the enquirer from these reveries, is only this, *that he knows nothing of the matter*. He finds, indeed, that he has travelled a great way, but has the mortification to be informed, that he is not a whit nearer the goal than when he at first set out. He is as much bewildered, with all his philosophy about him, as the man, who simply *wondered how houses came at first*.

What I have restrictively alledged against parts of this science has been comprehensively applied, by an illustrious writer, to the whole. "As for metaphysics, they are a bubble of air. They are a country, in which a traveller is lost amongst precipices and abysses: and I am persuaded that Nature never intended us for her privy-counsellors, but as ministers to execute her plans".

When our common experience, or when arguments that will not brook an objection, evince a truth, by the assistance of rational logic, our pains are well bestowed. The existence of a superior power, for example, is a thing so certain to an observer of his works, and, at the same time, a point of such moment to mankind, as to call aloud for the exercise of our mental faculties to consider it. But it is not a consequence that man is either able or obliged to explain the nature of that
Power

Power so loudly proclaimed, — In the present sublunary scene of things there are certain conveniences and fitnesses, certain appearances and regularities, which flatter and amuse within the human sphere, but would become eccentric in an uncircumscribed orb. As well might we, like children, fancy that the great Author of all is clothed in robes of purple or scarlet, because they are beautiful colours, as apply our mean ideas for the measures and standards of his immensity.

To compare great things with small, we will, with some authors, consider the human soul as an epitome of the deity, as it is the seat of intelligence, and the nearest pattern of him we can imagine. Yet how much at a loss are we to conceive the properties of this fragment of intelligence! It appears a task as arduous for the soul to dive into itself, as for a man to bear himself up into the air without external assistance. Surely, then, if we are unable to comprehend our own intellectual part, we must be in a perfect incapacity to settle the properties of supreme intelligence.

If the truth were known, the doubts of many a simple atheist are to be attributed to nothing so much as to the imperfect systems formed on this subject, and set up as a standard doctrine. Whereas, instead of subscribing what they could not comprehend, had our philosophers more insisted on the inexplicable nature of the Deity, and respectfully left it in that inaccessible and awful retreat wherein they found it, modesty would not have suffered these wavering minds to doubt of what is more out of the reach of their calculations than the unknown quantity in algebra, and not to be brought to light by the most subtle deductions. But weakly taking for granted, that the best systems of metaphysics that *had been* published were the best that *could be* formed, even by a being of superior sagacity, they rejected them all, together with the basis on which they stood, from motives of dissatisfaction.

This confidence in our own judgements is common to us with every creature. It is natural for us to think the conceptions we have formed perfectly adequate to truth: prejudice must appear under its colours, or it could not meet an asylum. The brute creation cherish some peculiar notions, incident to their condition, and regulate their actions in conformity with those notions. Every idle conception of theirs they doubtless are as well satisfied with as we are with the sprightliest efforts of our boasted reason. They are guided by instinct, and the bias of some trifling circumstance, which together constitute a knowledge not capable of universal application, from the absurdity of the *data* they assume. From these brutes, with the learned Grotius, we will borrow a hint; and conclude, that

as they cannot comprehend the nature of man, but, on the contrary, entertain ridiculous ideas of him, so neither ought we to be too forward in undertaking to unravel the mysteries of the Deity, who is infinitely more distant from us than we are from the brute creation.

The whole of this dispute brings to my mind the ludicrous story that is related of St. Basil. Once on a time a conceited pretender to science troubled that venerable father with vaunting boasts, that he knew the nature of God. The good orthodox bishop, to curb his vanity, instead of entering on a discussion of so abstruse a subject, began by examining him about humbler points, and puzzled him with three and twenty questions concerning the body of an ant. I fear this might have been the case of many a more skilful, and less vain, pretender than this empty man.

The words of a Roman poet will probably be quoted by some, as a short and sufficient answer to this whole chapter :

Nec tam
Turpe fuit vinci quam contendisse decorum est :

and urged as an apology for every the most extravagant exercise of curiosity. A thirst after knowledge, and, in consequence, every attempt to advance it, will my opponent urge, is laudable in the very intention of it. This shall be allowed. I profess myself as great an advocate for enquiry as any one ; and only mean to insinuate, that, as there are some things which elude human sagacity, it is the mark of a wise man not eternally to pursue what with equal pace flies before him, has fled before every one that has undertaken the chase, and has all the appearance of an endless repetition of the same delusion ; and to warn men not to advance for certainty what, after all, may be but the creation of a fertile fancy ; since, by separating doubtful positions from real knowledge, we as much serve the cause of the latter, as we mend our wheat by removing from it the tares that choke it.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On the COMPLAINTS of MANKIND.

THAT human life is subject to various kinds of disquietude, and to many real sorrows, is a truth which the experience of mankind in all nations, and in every age, has abundantly verified.

Pain is coeval with our birth, it attends us through every stage of life, and at seasons visits the habitations of all men. Trouble and disappointment form the shades in life's diversified picture; yet they appear necessary parts of that divine œconomy which is so visible throughout the creation. The utmost care, prudence, or vigilance, cannot, at all times, prevent their intrusion, or exclude them when they have gained possession of the mind.

Hence human misery has, by some *gloomy writers*, been made the standing topic of mournful complaint: they have warbled forth the strains of lamentation, and mused on the sorrows of others, till they became themselves really unhappy. But, notwithstanding much declamatory eloquence has been mistakenly employed to make men believe they are *very miserable*, a little reflection will convince us, that many of these complaints are irrational and void of any just foundation.

The dispensations of divine providence are all inherently and immutably good. He hath established them in consummate wisdom, and they are under the direction of that benevolence which sheds lustre over all his works. The merciful Author of our being has not placed us in a situation so wretched, as some melancholy writers have pretended. He has, indeed, for wise purposes, suffered *pain* of various kinds to invade us. We are not invulnerable to misfortune or the shafts of adversity; but let it be remembered that we are blessed with powers, which, properly exerted, will often resist, repel, or at least alleviate them, while we possess numerous real blessings and comforts which demand our grateful thanksgiving.

Many of the miseries complained of are merely *ideal*; most of the rest are brought on us by our own volition or imprudence, or for want of resisting them with a philosophic and christian fortitude.

When troubles and misfortunes invade us, we are too apt to resign ourselves quietly to the dominion of sorrow; or fly to mistaken remedies which serve only to increase it. At other times we brood over small troubles, with an unmanly weakness,

ness, till we increase their stream by our unavailing tears. This is too often the case with respect to real afflictions; but, as though *these* were not capable of giving us sufficient disquietude, we create to ourselves imaginary troubles, which we deplore with all the folly and imbecillity of childhood. The infant in leading-strings cries, when his *coral* or *ratle* is taken from him: the infant of a larger growth becomes pensive and unhappy when deprived of things equally insignificant.

Horio was born to a genteel independent fortune. Being bred up with tenderness and indulgence, his desires increased with his years; and, from having been implicitly obeyed, he became impatient of the least contradiction. Indulged in every wish by the servants of his father, he contracted a disposition incapable of brooking disappointment. This was the state of his mind when deprived of an affectionate parent, and left, too early left, to the direction of his own conduct. He became possessed of a fortune which enabled him to live elegantly, and to relieve the wants of his indigent neighbours. He had a constitution happily formed, and which a commendable temperance had secured from the attacks of disease. He married, was happy in his conjugal connection; and saw his *olive branches* rise, in a pleasing succession, around his table. But with all these, and many other blessings, Horio is still discontented. His neighbour has an estate lying contiguous, the possession of which would render his own somewhat more complete; but, alas! it cannot be purchased. Hence Horio is fretful and uneasy because he cannot obtain it. He also lately speculated in an article of merchandize, in hope of gaining large profits on the declaration of a war with Spain. That unpleasing prospect being now happily changed, he is (although not a loser) disappointed of the expected addition to his wealth; and having looked on the expected profit as *certain*, the loss of that chagrines him equally as though he had really lost a considerable part of his present fortune.

He planted some large clumps in his pleasure garden, with a variety of evergreens, which, for want of care, were killed last winter; and the loss of these makes him so peevish and uneasy, that he now seldom visits the otherwise-delightful plantation. He has also been unsuccessful in attempting to bring his tulips and ranunculas to greater perfection than his neighbours; and this has given him a distaste for the productions of *Flora*.

He was lately at an auction where some valuable paintings and fine old china were put up to sale. A piece done by *Correggio* caught his attention, and he determined to purchase it. Just as it was going to be knocked down he was presented with

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with a note from his steward, and, while he was giving a verbal reply, the hammer suddenly fell, and it became the property of another gentleman. A fine *mandarine* he indeed bought at a high price; but his servant, in carrying it home, fell down, and, behold, the admired bauble was shivered to atoms.

“The shining fragments glitter’d on the ground.”

These little misfortunes gave him a distaste for auctions; and he declared a confederacy was entered into against him to prevent his success, and load him with disappointment. Thus Florio magnifies *trifles* into *real miseries*, and is more unhappy, amidst all his affluence, than the meanest of his tenants. His disposition is soured by his own imprudence, and, instead of cultivating a grateful sense of the blessings he enjoys, he is only repining because it is not in his power to gratify every wish, and prevent those small apparent evils which are the constant lot of humanity.

Zephyllinda is young, rich, and beautiful, as the *houris*. She is the darling of her parents, and all her acquaintance are candidates for her esteem; yet Zephyllinda is not happy: her voice is not so clear and harmonious as that of *Seraphina*. This accomplishment she thinks the most valuable that her sex can inherit; and, because she does not possess it, considers the want of it as an irreparable loss. *Seraphina* is therefore the object of her envy. The bare mention of her name, and especially her musical powers, causes paleness to cover the cheeks of Zephyllinda: she interprets it as a kind of insult on herself, and retires in confusion. The maid had by accident killed her favourite *parquet*; she was inconsolable for a week, and nothing afforded her comfort. She railed incessantly against the carelessness of servants, and the persecutions of ill fortune. She bought a flowered lustring of the newest pattern, and anticipated the pleasure of being admired for the elegance of her taste in silks; but, on her first appearance in it at church, she was eclipsed by Melinda, who had one of the same figure, and made up in a newer mode. This spoiled her devotion and her temper. She was indeed serious; but disappointment, and not piety, had spread a melancholy over her features. The pleasing ideas she had formed of exciting admiration in the audience took their flight, when she found *that* admiration must be divided. She returned home peevish—laid aside the *now-hated negligee*—shut herself up in her dressing-room, and refused to be comforted. Her uneasiness occasioned a slight indisposition, and she passed the night sleepless, in accusations of providence, and repining against that gracious hand which

had shed numerous blessings around her, and placed her in the midst of plenty, ease, and happiness.

If we step into the walks of literature, the same folly prevails, and produces many imaginary evils. Here, indeed, we might reasonably expect it should be excluded, but we are deceived. Men who are capable of investigating the regions of science, of thinking with precision, and of drawing the most just consequences from the established principles of nature, reason, and morality, are, however, less excusable than others, when they thus sink beneath their proper characters, and become their own tormentors.

Eugenio had, with much study and application, written a poem, in which he thought all the powers of fine description, moral sentiment, and harmony of numbers, were united. He anticipated the praises of the learned, the admiration of succeeding ages, and deemed the work (in a poet's style) *immortal*. He published with eagerness; and enquired of his bookseller, every morning, with the most anxious solicitude, after the sale. He calculated both *profit* and *fame*; but having *erred* in the beginning of the process, the product was false. The critics, at length, attack him with their usual acrimony; they expose his secret faults; he is satirised without mercy; and a *loser* by the publication. To complete his misfortune, in a few weeks, he sees his poems,

“Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.”

POPE.

And has more than once been served with them *gratis*, as inclosures for his *snuff* and his *coffee*.

Hence he perpetually accuses the world of wanting judgment; complains of the slight *genius* receives from the hand of *ignorance*; the disregard that *merit* finds from an *ungrateful public*; and determines never more to confer his favours upon them. He is unhappy because the laurels of *fame* bloom not on his temples; and, deprived of this imaginary good, he resigns himself a prey to discontent and melancholy.

From these instances, and many others that might be adduced, we find that much of the unhappiness complained of in this life is either *imaginary*, or in itself very trifling. The munificent author of our being has showered innumerable blessings upon us; they are scattered around our dwellings, as the manna was formerly round the camp of Israel; and loudly call for the sincere tribute of gratitude and praise. If *real afflictions* assail us, we are often provided with means to repel, and always to alleviate, them, by the exercise of patience and

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and a prudential conduct. However gloomy the prospect of human life may be drawn by the pencil of melancholy, it is still replete with much beauty and real happiness. If clouds and darkness sometimes overspread our hemisphere, there are many *lucid* intervals wherein the radiations of light cheer us with their benign influence. But those, who, with a sullen kind of pride, affect to darken the shades, and are continually musing on imaginary evils, would be unhappy were they placed even in a terrestrial paradise; nay, *heaven* itself would not afford them complete happiness. The *root* and *ground* of their disquietude being in themselves, whilst *that* remains, its branches will spring up and expand in the most perfect state of enjoyment. All the blessings we receive are unmerited; they are the free gifts and mercies of him who "*afflicts, not willingly, the children of men.*" Therefore, the most acceptable offering, we can render to the adorable Source of all excellence and perfection, is that of a grateful heart, contented with its lot, and humbly thankful for the blessings it enjoys.

EUSEBIUS.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

If some of your *young* readers would give us a translation of the following, in the next number, it will oblige

P.

Y LESICERP kcolc eht fo eno ta elbat no eb ot rennid.
Eip-elppa derettub dna nocab dna snaeb no enid ot,
Lilth-Norffas no, Pih. eht fo ngis eht ta, ruof-ytxis dna
derdnuh neves dnafoht eno, Tfugua fo htneves-ytnewt
eht, txen Yadnom no, nerhterb ruoy fo tfer eht teem ot
detseuqer era uoy, ris.

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ON SUPERSTITION.

THE differently articulated sounds, called words, are so many, especially in the European languages, that we can scarcely have any idea which some one or more cannot communicate; yet the abuse of words, in affixing to them private and different senses, which general consent does not warrant, or which are unknown to the persons whom we address, has rendered mankind both in speech and writing, on many subjects, unintelligible to one another. I apprehend large volumes have been written, and long controversies maintained, about religious matters in particular, merely for want of precisely defining the terms contained in the *main* propositions advanced by the different parties. Hence mankind oftner misunderstand one another on most subjects, than differ in judgement about any: to avoid this inconvenience, previous to entering upon the subject of superstition, I shall attempt, at least, to explain what I mean by the *term*, that my readers, by comparing their own ideas and sentiments with mine, may clearly determine how far they agree.

Under the head of SUPERSTITION, I include every unworthy notion of God, with every article of faith, mode of worship, and religious practice, which is not enjoined by the bible, that cannot be fairly deduced from the doctrine it contains, or that is contrary thereto. But, by the doctrine of the bible, I do not intend the literal or figurative meaning of particular texts detached and considered apart from the rest, but the general scope of the whole. For, by selecting particular texts and mutilating others, proofs have been brought from the scriptures for some of the most absurd notions which the human mind is capable of entertaining. Different texts may be urged, by different persons or parties, to evince, that God is *corporeal*, *mutable*, *vengeful*, *inexorable*, *capricious*, *unwise*, *unjust*, and even that he is the *author of moral evil*. Others again to shew, that there is neither *virtue* nor *vice*; that the soul is *mortal*, and will perish with the body.

A man may indeed frame to himself the most ridiculous reverie, and, by mutilating the scriptures, find some parts to accord with his preconceived notion. This practice, too generally indulged, has given rise to most of the superstitions which have appeared in the Christian world; and has been the source of that contention, maintained from generation to generation, at the expence of charity, which is the very essence of true religion.

The abuse or misapplication of the best things may be productive of the worst consequences. Wine, designed to cheer the heart of man, has drowned more men than the sea; and several kinds of wholesome foods intemperance may convert into poisons. The sacred scriptures, designed by their author to instruct our judgements, and that, through the *patience* they recommend and *comfort* they suggest, *we might have hope*, expounded and misinterpreted by mere human imagination, have been the accidental cause of numerous errors both in ethics and divinity. In the Christian world every superstition has called the bible *my father*, and men, no better than lunatics and demoniacs, have assumed the honourable appellation of Christ's disciples, while they have held tenets and been fond of practices which both reason and revelation disclaim. To the unprejudiced reader, who understands what he reads, the sacred pages disclose the justest notions of *God the Creator*, and of *man his creature*. The former is represented wise, powerful, just, merciful, and good; the latter, ignorant, weak, and wicked; the former a self-sufficient being, the latter a dependent one, who cannot boast of any thing which he has not received. His reason is no more to be useless than his eyes: a medium of vision and objects of profitable science are adapted to each, and when he neglects to apply them to their several purposes, it is no wonder that he remains a novice respecting the objects of both; and taking up with the opinions of others, whom ignorance or interest may induce to mislead his judgement, it is also no wonder he is deceived to his injury, and mistakes his interest in the dark. An implicit faith in other mens opinions, at best, is but to believe by proxy, and the giving up of our understandings to the directions of other mens, is not less prudential, though more dangerous, than to be guided by other mens eyes while we are capable of seeing for ourselves. The God and Father of all men has endowed all men with a capacity of judging for themselves in matters relative to their final acceptance with him; and as this capacity (the gift of God) is various in degree, though not different as to its nature, so he expects no more from any man than the proper application of that degree which he hath received, of which God himself is the competent judge, and by whose judgement we must ultimately abide.

Superstition discovers a peculiar fondness for mystery; obvious truths are beneath its notice, and particular moral precepts of but little importance; it boasts of having captivated reason by faith, while in fact its favourite guide is a licentious fancy, no less variable than the winds; it rises and falls with the barometer, according to the temperature of the air, or the changes

changes of the atmosphere. In different climates and constitutions it assumes different appearances, and the phenomena which it exhibits, like monstrous births, are ever disproportioned and irregular.

Infidelity may proceed from too minute an investigation of subjects which human reason cannot comprehend, but superstition is the offspring of a too prompt credulity. Those who are too indolent, or too timid, to enquire freely for themselves, adopt their religious principles implicitly from others, and are the disciples of their leaders as the Turks are of Mahomet, by the mere influence of tradition which they hold it unpardonable to examine. They imbibe the notions of people who they have been taught to believe are wiser than themselves, and at all events embrace their dogmas as of equal authority to divine revelation. Human reason is degraded to the lowest degree as the greatest foe to true faith, and the most irrational principles are received with avidity, merely because they are mysterious, and the merit of believing them is enhanced in proportion to their being unintelligible. The depravity of human nature, and the majesty of the supreme Being, before whom we must appear, and to whom we must account, are indeed of all subjects the most serious and important: to a considerate person, no temporary enjoyment can be brought in competition with his eternal interest, or acceptance with his Maker, who is capable of making him either everlastingly happy or miserable. Alarmed therefore with the danger to which we are exposed on a review of our own unworthiness, the passions, violently agitated, prompt many to adopt expedients of reconciliation which fancy may suggest, or the misguided judgements of others may propose. Thus *ignorance, fear, and credulity*, have given rise to numerous speculative dogmas and superstitious rites, calculated more to inflame the passions than to amend the heart, and to palliate the evil which true religion only can cure. Superstitious people of every class, in all nations, have discovered rather more zeal for the maintenance of *rites*, at best but the *appendages* of devotion, than for devotion itself, which depends essentially on the disposition of the *mind*, and not on the trappings of *exterior shew*, or the multifarious sacrifices made upon the altar. Many of the *bigotted* of all parties do but affect the Christian graces which they recommend; and, while they publish the gospel of peace with their tongues, envy, malice, revenge, and other vicious passions, alternately take possession of their hearts; disguised by the pretext of a holy zeal for the *honour of God* and the *good of souls*; and when they would piously give over their dissenting brethren to the devil, they suspect not that they are promoting his cause, and in fact fortifying those strong holds of

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in which themselves possess, while they level their artillery against reason and common sense, which cannot be compelled into their service.

Every degree of superstition is a species of idolatry, and it cannot be less criminal to worship the mere creatures of our imagination than the *works of our own hands*, nor to command others to believe such notions, or conform to such practices, than it was in *Nebuchadnezzar* to command the people to bow down in the *plains of Dura* to the molten image which he had set up. To adopt any opinion or practice unworthy of God, were to dishonour him whom we are commanded to glorify; and the attributing of any creaturely properties or affections to the Deity is to make a god after our own likeness, and is not better than a graven image of a human being deified by the imagination.

The Deity who made, pervades and governs, the universe, is infinitely removed from all creaturely properties, and is as void of human passions as of human parts; superstition, however, supposes him to be possessed at least with the former, and has adopted reconciliatory means to appease his vengeance and procure his favour, not dissimilar to those common prudence dictates to gain access to an absolute prince, or to keep a capricious tyrant in good humour.

Superstition, that many-headed monster, is of a sable complexion, and its aspect is no less forbidding than gloomy; and though its humility is assumed, it is unwearied in attempting to copy it in every countenance. The sprightliness of youth, the vivacity of innocence, the cheerfulness which the most virtuous may indulge, are banished from its abodes, where the bare necessities of life are scarcely admitted; as if the Almighty, who has given his creature, man, so many blessings with one hand, would restrain him from the enjoyment of them with the other.

While one deluded part of mankind would persuade us that we have nothing to fear from the indulgence of every appetite in the extreme, another will scarcely allow us to gratify any of them in the medium; the former *live to eat*, the latter will scarcely *eat to live*; as if it were necessary to keep the stomach empty of food, in order to have the mind filled with grace, and to proscribe the gratification of every corporeal sense, to make way for the indulgence of spiritual ones; or that, to be happy in the next world, we must voluntarily augment the infelicities of the present; and that, to secure the blessings of eternity, we must renounce all the enjoyments of time.

The scriptures, however, interpreted in a rational sense, contain no such doctrine. *Godliness is profitable to all things; to*
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the life which now is, and to that which is to come. Both reason and revelation allow, and even urge, mankind to partake of every blessing within certain limits, the bounds of temperance and sobriety: inordinance only is prohibited; the abuse, and not the use, of the creatures, is precluded by religion. The temperance, enjoined by christianity, qualifies us to enjoy more, rather than less, from the munificence of a bounteous providence, and leads us rather to estimate the real worth and usefulness of all God's gifts, than to despise or refuse any of them.

In treating upon this subject, I have endeavoured, at least, to avoid giving a just occasion of offence to any religious community, and neither mean to excite levity in the thoughtless, nor incur the censure of the serious. Under the pretence of exposing superstition, the former too frequently inroach on the sacred boundaries of true religion, and confound even a rational spirit of devotion with the mere effusions of a dis-tempered imagination; while some of the latter, indulging an improper diffidence, can scarcely allow a just reprehension of superstition, lest truth and virtue should unavoidably suffer by its disgrace, and by their silence unwarily encourage a vice to which human nature is so much prone, and by which human nature, as well as true religion, in every age of the world, has suffered so much. Infidelity has ever been confined within a small circle of mankind; a speculative few only have been its votaries: but millions have bowed the knee to *Baal*, and offered hecatombs at his shrine. Many are the vestiges still to be found of its baneful effects. Its unholy zeal has made many children fatherless, and many women widows. It has dissolved every social tie in domestic life, and engendered the most alarming feuds in communities. It has armed princes against their subjects, subjects against their princes; and, in the name of the Lord, has massacred millions, and dyed rivers with human blood, to maintain and extend its dominion. Superstition, however, is lessening in Europe; people of all ranks have in some degree detected its machinations, and are less attached to its interests; the wisest and worthiest of all parties concur in wishing this corrupt tree might be extirpated, and the weak and wicked (though from different motives) only fear to lay the ax of truth to the very root of it: but the fears of the well-meaning are groundless; for true religion, like gold, will not be diminished in value, nor lose any of its lustre by being separated from the base alloy of superstition.

T. L.

An Account of the Sitodium-altile, or the Bread-fruit Tree; from S. Parkinson's Journal of a Voyage to the South-Seas, in his Majesty's Ship the ENDEAVOUR.

THIS tree, which yields the bread-fruit so often mentioned by the voyagers to the South-seas, may justly be stiled the Staff-of-life to these islanders*; for from it they draw most of their support. This tree grows to between thirty and forty feet high, has large palmated leaves, of a deep grass-green on the upper-side, but paler on the under; and bears male and female flowers, which come out single at the bottom or joint of each leaf. The male flower fades and drops off; the female, or cluster of females, swells and yields the fruit, which often weighs three or four pounds, and is as big as a person's head when full grown. It is of a green colour; the rind is divided into a number of polygonical sections; the general shape a little longer than round, and white on the inside, with a pretty large core. The fruit, as well as the whole plant, is full of a white clammy juice, which issues plentifully from any part that is cut: it delights in a rich soil, and seldom grows, if ever, on the low islands: it is a very handsome tree to look at, of a beautiful verdure, and well clothed with leaves, bearing a vast quantity of fruit, which appears to hang in bunches, and, by its great weight, bends down the branches: it bears fruit a great part of the year, of which there are several sorts, some smaller and others larger, which are ready to pluck at different seasons. They generally pluck it before it is ripe, using a long stick with a fork at the end of it for this purpose; and, before they roast it, scrape all the rind off with a shell; and then, when large, cut it in quarters; and, having prepared one of their ovens in the ground, with hot stones in it, they lay the fruit upon these, having previously put a layer of the leaves between, and then another layer over them, and, above that, more hot stones, covering up the whole close with earth, and, in two or three hours time, it is done; it then appears very inviting, more so than the finest loaf I ever saw; the inside is very white, and the outside a pale brown; it tastes very farinaceous, and is, perhaps, the most agreeable and best succedaneum for bread ever yet known, and, in many respects, exceeds it. When thus baked, it only keeps three or four days, another contrivance being used for keeping it; they take the baked fruit, cut out all the cores, and, with a stone-mallet, mash it to a pulp in a wooden trough, or tray. This pulp they put in a hole that is dug in

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the ground and lined with leaves; this is close covered up, and left a proper time till it ferments and becomes sour; then they make it into little loaves, which they wrap up in the leaves, and, in this state, it is baked, and called by them Mahe, and will keep several months, being eaten when bread-fruit is out of season, and carried to sea with them; and of it they form several sorts of paste, such as pepe, popoe, &c, which are used by them at their meals. The leaves of this tree are very useful to wrap fish and other eatables in, when put into the oven to be baked. Of the wood they build canoes, and make several other sorts of utensils; and, of the bark of the young plants, which are raised on purpose, they make very good cloth, which is but little inferior to that made of Eaowte, only somewhat more harsh and harder.

An Account of Batavia, from S. Parkinson's Journal.

BATAVIA, formerly called Jocatra, is situated in a very large open bay, in which is a great number of low islands; the principal of which, called the Milles Isles, lie off the bay. It is walled round, and has many canals cut through it, supplied by a river, which is divided into several streams, that run through the town. The main canal, which is large enough to admit small vessels, is carried a long way into the sea by means of a mole. The mountainous part of this country is at a great distance within land; and the plain flat land, which surrounds the city, is of considerable extent, very fertile, and watered with a great many rivulets; which renders the communication between different parts very easy. The roads, which lead from the city are many, and as good as ours in England. They extend a long way into the country, and are so many avenues, planted with Tamarind, Cocoa, Pisang, Bread-fruit, Jacca, Durian, and Allango trees, which render them very pleasant. There is a great number of villas all along these roads, many of which have a magnificent appearance. In brief, the whole country looks like a garden, divided into different plantations by hedge-rows of trees and canals. But these canals, which are so convenient and enrich the views of the country, are supposed to be prejudicial to the health of the inhabitants: for, in the dry season, they stagnate, become putrid, and, being exhaled by the sun, the air is charged

charged with noxious vapours: while the great number of trees prevents them from being dispersed by the winds, and occasions that kind of putrid fever, which is so common, rages so much, and is so fatal amongst them, insomuch that it carries off a patient in a few days; and indeed the climate is so unhealthy, that even the slaves, brought here from other parts of India, feel the effects of it. Fluxes too are also very common and dangerous at Batavia, and their intermittents, which the inhabitants think trivial, are very prejudicial to foreigners; but it must be allowed, however, that they mostly prove so for want of observing a proper regimen.

The houses in the city are mostly built of brick, and plaistered over; many of them are very spacious, and furnished very sumptuously, especially on the ground-floor; the bed-chambers, in general, having but little furniture in them. There are five gates to the city, with draw-bridges to each, which are shut at night. The suburbs, which surround the town, cover a large piece of ground, but are meanly built. The Campan China, which is largest, is on the south side.

The public buildings, in this city, are the castle, a town-hall, and several churches. The castle is square, surrounded by a ditch, and consists of several square courts, in one of which is deposited a great number of warlike instruments, especially of guns and balls.

The town-hall and the great church are handsome edifices. The church is of an octagon figure, having a dome and lanthorn of the same form, and has a very fine organ. Ruyter's kirk, belonging to the Lutherans, is small, but a very neat building. The Portuguese church is of an oblong square; and the priests, belonging to it, preach in the Malay as well as the Portuguese language.

The streets of Batavia are paved on both sides, are very regular and straight, and a canal runs through the middle of most of them, both sides of which are planted with trees, which have a very agreeable effect; and, as all kinds of goods are conveyed by water, the streets are in good repair. The bazar, or market-place, is large and square, intersected by rows of stalls, and abounds with different fruits and garden herbage; also with poultry, pork, dried fish, and a variety of other commodities. Near it is another square bazar, for fish, shell-fish, and meat; but the chief market for vegetables is held at a place, called Tannabank, a little distance from the town, on every Saturday morning, where they may be had very cheap.

This city is the seat of the Dutch governor-general and council of the Indies, and is, with several neighbouring settlements

ments of that nation, immediately under their direction; and to them all the other governments, belonging to their East-India company, are subject. They meet, for the dispatch of business, several times in a week. There are also two *fabanders*, who, amongst other things, transact the business of foreigners with the council; a mayor of the city; and a land and water *fischal* for criminal affairs.

The Dutch, by their industry, have done more here than any other power in Europe has done in India; and, by means of their policy, have rendered it one of the most flourishing cities in this part of the world, where most European, as well as Indian commodities, may be purchased; but it is not a good market for Indian goods; for you meet with but few of them, and those few are very dear. This city is the chief rendezvous of the Dutch trade for the East-Indies, and from this port the ships for Europe take their departure. Here is a large house, appointed by the company, as a hotel for the accommodation of all European strangers, where they are obliged to reside, and pay two rix-dollars a day for a maintenance, while the Dutch may live for twenty-five rix-dollars a month. There is not, perhaps, any city in the world that contains a greater variety of people. One would imagine there were assembled, of different human beings, from every nation under heaven, who, for the most part, retain their several peculiar dresses, and are allowed to live after the manner of their respective countries. Of whites, there are Dutch, who are masters; but the greater part of the company's servants, and of the inhabitants, are Germans, Danes, Swedes, and Hungarians; with a few English, French, and Italians; of these the foreign merchants are chiefly composed; and most of them keep their chariots, and live in great luxury and elegance. A great number of slaves precede and follow their chariots; and, when the women go abroad, the female slaves sit on the steps of the chariot. The men are dressed excessively gay, having silk and velvet garments, richly laced and embroidered, with laced hats, and finely-dressed wigs. Their waistcoats have sleeves; and, when they sit in a house, they always take off their coats. Amongst the middle class of people, a pair of drawers, which have two gold buttons and reach above their breeches, is reckoned a great piece of finery. The women dress mostly in chintzes, made generally in the European, though sometimes in the Malay, fashion: they are seldom seen walking in the streets, usually riding in carriages. Both men and women have a sickly complexion, without any colour in their cheeks; but paleness, it seems, is reckoned one mark of beauty among the ladies. Besides chariots, which

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are open and richly ornamented, they have sedans, with wooden lattice, carved and gilt, and short spokes, which make an awkward appearance to a stranger: and, for their children, they have a sort of oblong square box, with a lattice at the sides, and a roof fashioned like the eaves of a house; this has a spoke at each end, and is carried by two men on their shoulders, and the child within sits all along on the bottom of it.

Their manner of living is pretty much the same in all seasons of the year. They rise as soon as it is light, and drink tea or coffee; then transact their business, either within or without doors, till nine o'clock in the morning, at which time it is too hot to be in the open air; and they negotiate business, or divert themselves otherwise, within doors, till about noon, and then dine. After dinner, they strip themselves of every thing, except a pair of drawers and a short cotton gown, and go to bed. At four or five o'clock in the afternoon they rise again, drink tea, and, if they have no business to transact, as there are no public places of diversion, they take an airing in their carriages, come home, sup, and go to bed again about eleven at night. Those born here of European parents, who are not many, and are of a mixed breed, generally follow the Malay customs.

The inhabitants are mostly Chinese, and their number is very great both in town and country. The China town, which is on the south side of the city, is pretty large, but meanly built, as the better sort of Chinese live within the city. The greatest number of shopkeepers are Chinese; they make all the arrack and sugar; nor can any person hold an arrack-house without having it under the name of some Chinese. They also cultivate all the variety of garden-stuff with which Batavia is furnished; and of them there are silversmiths, pewterers, carpenters, joiners, masons, calkers, barbers, hawkers, dealers, and chapmen. There is not any trade, however mean and servile, which they do not follow: and, though the Dutch have laid them under many restrictions, yet they find means to acquire a comfortable subsistence, and often accumulate wealth. The Dutch have imposed a poll-tax on them of a ducatoon, or six shillings and eight pence, a month.

The Chinese in and about Batavia have a fallow complexion, black eyes, and tolerable good noses, but they pluck their beards up by the roots, and make, upon the whole, a very effeminate appearance.

They form two sects, and keep mostly to their own customs. One of them wears all their own hair; and the other, which

is by far the most numerous, shaves all the head except the crown. These different modes arise from a peculiar religious tenet held amongst them. When a rich man has a child, and thinks he can maintain it, independent of any servile employment, he suffers the hair on its head to grow, which is wound up, tied upon the crown, and ornamented with a gold bodkin or two, and it must never afterwards be shaven; these are of high rank amongst them. The other children have their heads shaven nine months after their birth, and on every ninth day afterwards, till they attain a certain age; and then they are at liberty either to wear it growing or have it shaved: the lock of hair, left on the crown of some of their heads, grows to a great length, reaching down to their posteriors. Their dress is excellently adapted to a hot climate, being generally white taffety, or callico; and consists of a pair of trowsers, over which they wear a frock with wide sleeves, which buttons before: a purse, wrought with silk, hangs beneath the upper garment; and a pair of Chinese pampouches completes their dress. The old men sometimes wear a sort of white boots, that reach up to their knees; and they always carry a fan in their hands, to shade their heads from the sun. Their usual salutation is, *Adda bai ké, how do you do, sir?* and they are very courteous in their address and behaviour, especially to Britons, whose generosity, I suppose, they have often experienced. The hawkers, amongst them, who outdo the Jews in low artifice, will ask twenty dollars for a thing, and take one; and have acquired, even among themselves, the character of great cheats.

Before the rebellion in 1740, the Chinese were intirely governed by two of their own nation, who were judges in all cases, and sat in council. At present, they have a captain and two lieutenants, one of whom sits every forenoon, with a jury of twelve, in a hall they have for that purpose, to hear and make up suits and quarrels, which happen amongst them; if possible, before they go before a Dutch court of judicature; and this the Chinese must do, if they design to live in harmony with their community. To the said hall they all repair, the three first days of the month, to pay their head-money; at which time there is a Dutch ensign hoisted on a staff before the gate.

The Chinese have four pagodas, or places of worship, in Batavia; but they do not seem to be a religious people, and are very careless and inattentive in the time of worship. I went into one of their pagodas, where I saw a company of them playing at cards in the principal part of it, that had an alcove, with several images in it, and lamps burning before them;

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them; some little boxes full of ashes, on which they burnt paper before their idols; and, on the wall, a number of Chinese characters; in other parts of the edifice there were lamps, images, and several small stoves. I saw a ceremony performed in one of the streets, on the decease of a person, which, for its singularity, may be worth relating.—Having made a large fire, with slips of paper, they brought out, one after another, a great number of paper pageants, gilt and coloured, with several human figures composed of the same materials, and kept feeding the fire with them, till they were all consumed; then they threw a parcel of cups and bottles into the fire, that had something in them, but I could not learn what, went into the house, and the ceremony ended. Their mourning for the deceased is a white turban.

There is, it seems, but one Chinese woman in Batavia, and she is but seldom seen: It is deemed a crime to bring them from China; such of the Chinese, as design to continue here, and incline to marry, take to wife one of the Malay women.

The Malays of both sexes, who are mostly slaves, are very numerous: Every white man keeps a number of them; and they are the only servants employed within-doors and without. Under this name are comprehended many sorts of people, who come from Sumatra, Amboyna, Banda, and Ceram. Those that come from the coast of Malabar, are distinguished by their slowness and complexion, which is jet black. The Orang Bougees, or such as come from the island of Celebes, are remarkable for their fine black hair; and those from Timor are pretty black: These, with all others from the eastern isles, are, in general, called Malays; and all speak the low Malay, though their languages are different in their respective countries. Most of them have flattish noses, and are, in general, short; the women, especially, are very small.

The dress of the male Malays, who are slaves, is very simple; consisting of a pair of short drawers, and a long shirt, or frock, above, made of striped or plain cotton, which buttons about the wrist with six small buttons; and those who can afford it have two or three gold buttons at the neck. They are accustomed to hold one hand on their heads, placed in a particular manner. The free-men are better clad, and affect, in some respects, the European dress and customs, having black fatten breeches, and waistcoats with sleeves, and carry their hats under their arms; but they wear neither shoes nor stockings.

The women-slaves wear a long piece of cotton check wrapped about their loins, which serves instead of petticoats; and,

and, over that, a very short white callico jacket, which buttons at the wrist, and is close before. They have remarkably good hair, which they tie upon the tops of their heads, and stick two or three silver or gold bodkins into it; this, with a silver peenang-box which hangs to a girdle, and a handkerchief, with searée, put over their shoulders, makes them appear very gaudy. The free-women, who are called Noonga Cabaia, wear a long chintz banjan, called a Cabai, which reaches down to their heels; and they have square-toed slippers, turned up at the points very high, with which they make shift to hobble along.

The Malays, and many of the white people, bathe in the river at least once in the day, and sometimes twice. The men are much addicted to gaming; and all of them chew the Penang and Searee, which blackens their teeth; but they have an expeditious method of cleaning them with betle: They also chew tobacco, cardamums, and gaimbre. They are reckoned to be an indolent revengeful people; and, when they think themselves injured, they repair to a gaming-house, and smoke opium till they are mad-drunk, and then fall out, with a creess in their hand, to seek their enemy; attempting to kill every person that opposes them; and are often killed themselves, before they are apprehended: This is called an Amock, and is very common in Batavia. The criminal, if taken alive, is broke upon the wheel.

The Malays are Mahometans, and have several mosques about Batavia.

There is another set of people, called Portuguese; whom the Malays call Orrang Cerami, or people of Ceram; but for what reason I could not learn: They are very dark-coloured, but you may distinguish European features amongst them.

Other people, of which there are many to be seen at Batavia, are Banjans, or Gentoos; the Malays call them Orang Codjo: Their heads are shaven, and covered with a conical cap; the other parts of their dress are a short petticoat, or wrapper, about their loins; and, over that, a banjan. The Javanese, who reside here, are dressed much in the same manner, except the cap: they are all free, as the taking them for slaves is prohibited under a very severe penalty. Here are also Armenians, Persians, Moguls, people from many parts of India, as well as negroes from Madagascar, Mosambique, and all the eastern parts of Africa.

Batavia is plentifully furnished with all sorts of provisions; but, in this city, as well as in others that are very populous, most articles bear a high price. Here are some bullocks, but many more buffaloes, which are sold on reasonable terms, and their

their flesh eats pretty well; also Cambeong, or goat-sheep; but they are lean, dry, and indifferent food: Hogs of the Chinese and European breed; the former are very fat, eat very well, and are cheap; but the Europeans despise them, and prefer the latter, which are very dear. They have also tame fowls in abundance, which are cheap. I have likewise seen wild-fowls. Their ducks are not so good as ours, and are of another kind. Muscovy ducks and geese are bought reasonable; but turkeys and pigeons are dear. They have a plentiful market for fish, (which is the favourite food of the Malays,) but no great variety: Claw-fish, shell-fish, and particularly oysters, though small, are pretty good food; but their turtle, of which they have a plenty, is remarkably bad, and is only eaten by the common people. I believe there is not any place can equal Batavia for the variety of provisions, which may be bought at stalls, and are hawked about the streets, ready cooked, or cooking. They are furnished with flour from the Cape, and their bread is very good and cheap; but rice is more generally used, which grows in Java, and is very plentiful. Their common drink is arrack punch. The best arrack is sold for fifteen-pence the gallon. By what I could learn, the principal ingredient in it is sugar; with the best sort they mix Dooae, or palm-syrup; but whether they use rice I cannot tell. Claret and Rhenish are the most common wines drank at Batavia: Claret you may buy at eighteen-pence the bottle; but beer sells at twenty-pence. Sugar is another article which they have in great plenty; the best sells for about twopence-farthing the pound; and sugar-candy at threepence-halfpenny. They have a great quantity of coffee, which grows at Java: It is a company's trade, but may be bought, smuggled, for twopence-halfpenny the pound. They make as good butter as need be eaten; and have a sufficient quantity of it to serve most of the inhabitants with their coffee and tea: they have also some good butter from the Cape. Of garden-stuff, they have pease, French-beans, asparagus, cos-lettuce, parsley, purslain, onions, white radishes, potatoes, cabbages, spinage, cucumbers, celery, endive; and these all the year long: besides these, which are exotics, they have several sorts of Cajang, or beans, Oobe, or yams, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, mushrooms, Vuevues, which taste like mushrooms when roasted, garlick, and a sort of small onions that taste like shallots, Chabe, or red-bird pepper; with a variety of other pot-herbs, too tedious to enumerate.

The best fruits they have at Batavia are the Mangasteen, which is so wholesome, that it may be eaten in a fever: the Ramboutan, about the size of a large plumb, growing in bunches,

bunches, and covered with a thick husk, of a bright red colour, full of soft prickles, which gives it a furzy appearance; the inside, which is about the size of a pigeon's egg, is transparent, and yields a very rich juice, which has an agreeable poignancy. Pine-apples, which are also very good and plentiful, may be bought for an halfpenny or a farthing each. The Nanca and Durian are much admired by the natives; but they are very disagreeable to foreigners, as they smell like onions and garlic, mixed with sugar: the Nanca is rather long, divided into four equal parts within, has a stone in each, and is as large as a half-peck loaf: they grow on the trunk of a tree; the outside of the fruit is of a green colour, and the inside of a yellow: they are covered with a bag, before they are ripe, which preserves them from the vermin. The Durian is considerably less, quite round, and covered with spiny tubercles. They have bread-fruit, too; but, being full of seed, it is never eaten. Also a plenty of mangoes, of several sorts, which, in my opinion, eat best when they are green, with pepper and salt. Oranges are very scarce and very indifferent; but they have plenty of limes, and some Namnams too, which eat very well fried. They also have a fruit, produced by a sort of rattan, called Salac, which is covered over with small brown scales, and tastes like cheese, apples, and onions. Guavas, though deemed good of their kind, smell so disagreeably, that I could not endure them. Of Jamboo, they have many sorts, some large, some small, some round, and others long; white, pink, crimson, and scarlet. They have also a plenty of cocoa-nuts, of which they generally make their oil. Their other fruits are Pisang, or plantains, Manco, or water-melons, anona squamosa, custard-apples, anona reticulata, grapes, pumple-noses, citrons, and acajou apples.

All the ships, which are careened and hove-down here, go to a small island in the bay, called Unrust, about seven miles from Batavia; where there is proper tackle to heave them down, and a bafs, or overseer, to manage all matters. The whole island is one dock-yard, inhabited entirely by carpenters, and others, who belong to the ships that are there. Near Unrust is another island, called the Kuypers, or Coopers, which is full of warehouses, where ships deposit their goods while they are heaving-down. About a mile from this, there is another island, called Palmirante, where there is an hospital for sick seamen: and upon this island the ships companies inter their dead. There are many other islands in the bay, named Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Eadam, where the company have rope-manufactories, and send their felons.

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The island of Java abounds with monkies, cockatoos, parrots, and wild poultry: there are also a great many horses, which are small, but very spirited.

The westerly monsoon sets in about October or November, and sometimes later; and then the rainy season comes on: the easterly sets in about April or May.

The general language spoken at Batavia is low Malay; and it is necessary that every person, who designs to stay long there, should learn it. This language is very different from the high and proper Malay, which is spoken on the continent of India; and may be compared to the *Lingua-Franca*, being a compound of several other languages; viz. of Malay, Portuguese, and those of the eastern isles.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

AS it is to be presumed that a reader's intention, in the study of history, is to be informed of real facts, it would be useless to point out the ill effects of an historian's departure from the truth; and therefore any attempt, to rescue particular passages, in the accounts of a nation, from error, (however weakly executed,) must be received with pleasure by every lover of veracity, as it may stimulate persons of more eminent abilities to undertake the investigation of the same matters, whose authority may establish the credit of a new proposition, and help to throw a veil over such historical falsehoods as a length of time may have consecrated, and rendered writers tenacious in defending, through the difficulties attending their refutation.

When historians, through too great a dependance on earlier authors, take on trust those opinions which have been current for preceding ages, without making use of their own judgment, in examining the merit of them, it must be allowed that there cannot be a more effectual hindrance to the progress of truth: and this appears to have been the case (with respect to the English history) in the generally-received notion, that the Saxons were the *founders* of parliaments and juries. The author of the following short essay, having long entertained different sentiments, has at length been prevailed on to submit them to the public, through the channel of your Literary Repository: fully sensible of his inabilities, he hopes to be

excused for this publication, when it is considered that his motive was a regard for truth; the lustre of which is so great, that it throws a light on weak arguments, and shines the brighter for opposition.

A short View of the Foundation of PARLIAMENTS and JURIES, in ENGLAND.

THIS enquiry naturally leads me to consult the accounts of the first inhabitants on this island, which are so much involved in obscurity and fable, that it seems almost an impossibility to determine who they were; but the best authenticated opinion is, that it was first peopled by some tribes of the Celæ, from the opposite coasts of France. As they lived without commerce*, at that early time, it has rendered any histories of them, which we might expect to find in the neighbouring kingdoms, very liable to be suspected for mere guess-work, or imposition.

Their GOVERNMENT.

By consulting the most authentic historians, we learn, that a great part of the first settlers in Britain † lived under the aristocratical administration of their numerous lords; whilst others, who chose to enjoy their natural liberty, and live without any restraint, preferred a democracy, electing a chief only in times of danger and distress: yet they sent deputies, whenever there was a general meeting called by the Druids, and also to the yearly meetings of the several states, to determine all causes and settle the national affairs, These meetings appear to have been the origin of our parliaments, as there were deputies for the popular state; the lords, or heads of the different clans; and the Arch-Druid, with the other principal Druids, who may be said to have possessed the power of the king, from their great weight in civil and religious matters, and their extensive authority over all ranks and degrees of people.

If

* There was no trade carried on in this island, till some of the Belgæ came and settled in Devonshire, Cornwall, Kent, and Sussex, who were acquainted with traffic, and, finding the natural productions of those countries turn to a very advantageous account, traded with the Phenicians, &c.

† It retained this name till the heptarchy was founded, when it was changed to England.

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If we may form our judgement of their laws by those of the people whom they originated from*, they had an institution resembling our juries: for Cæsar (book VI. sect. 17.) speaking of the customs of the Gauls, says, that, if a woman was suspected of the death of her husband, she was severely questioned thereupon by her neighbours, and, if found guilty, tied alive to a stake, and burnt to death; which is nearly the method of trial used, and the very punishment inflicted, at present, for the same crime; except that the criminal is first strangled; which mitigation is not really allowed by law, and practised within these fifty years only.

Here, therefore, appear the rude seeds of the two greatest securities of English liberty, parliaments and juries; which plans were only adopted and improved under the government of, and not invented by, the Saxons, who have generally been allowed that honour.

Though it is presumed these were the originals from which the Saxons drew the scheme of government that has since prevailed in this island, it is not asserted that either their national assemblies or juries were as well regulated as those at present; it required a length of time, joined with a close observation of the manners and genius of the people, before they could be so well adapted to their natural love of democracy; and, at the same time, become a restraint on the licentiousness too frequently engendered by so great a degree of liberty: this essay was only intended to prove that the Saxons were not, as has been generally imagined, the *founders* of our excellent constitution. How far it has succeeded must be left to the judgement of the unprejudiced reader.

Sequel.

VERITAS.

* It is more than probable that their laws, at first, were alike, as there was such a striking conformity in their other customs; the division of both kingdoms, into so many petty states, was exactly similar, and the priests of both were the Druids, who were likewise the most powerful and popular men in each nation, and whose laws were entirely the same.

CHARACTER of a very mischievous MONOSYLLABLE.

AS I find you admit the descriptions of characters in private as well as public life, give me leave to present you with a portraiture of myself, which (contrary to my usual practice) I shall draw faithfully, and in its true colours,

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I must confess, that I ever possessed a very mischievous disposition; that my great pleasure has ever been to mislead people; and that I have done more mischief in the world than can possibly be described; yet am I universally caressed by persons of all ranks, conditions, and persuasions.

Were I inclined to boast of my ancestry, I trace up my genealogy even higher than the sons of Adam; for I could bring Scripture to prove, that my grand progenitor was no less a person than the tempter of Eve himself.

It would be an endless work for me to enumerate all the particulars, in which I have employed those little arts, which have never failed to recommend me every where. Suffice it to say in general, that I have been caressed by every class of mankind; and that I have always been esteemed among the ladies in particular, and constantly made one of their company in all their routs and assemblies.

I have concerned myself greatly in religious matters; and not only the Roman Catholic religion, but some sects among Protestants have been wonderfully supported and encouraged by my influence. You will think it strange, but I assure you, that the infidel also, and even the Atheist, boast of me as their strongest advocate.

But the Bar, and Courts of Justice, are more immediately my province. Here I am to be found in my true glory: I am sure to be retained on both sides in every cause; and if it were not for me, a lawyer would have very little to say.

I have been of great service to the practitioners of physic, as well regular as irregular. The first of these I have frequently assisted in drawing up cases fitted to the writings in theory, though contrary to the observations in practice. The latter, who go under the ignominious denomination of quacks, are obliged to me for furnishing the contents of their advertisements; and many persons have been perjured in swearing to affidavits in behalf of these doctors, which have been dictated entirely by me.

I have had a great hand in many works relating to almost every branch. I have made up the far greater part of most books of voyages and travels, the authors of which are known to be very intimate with me even to a proverb: I have compiled many volumes of authentic and impartial histories: I have furnished many new systems in philosophy, and have carried on many a warm controversy in polemical divinity. As for poetry, my talent has lain chiefly in panegyric, though I have frequently dabbled in satire.

In politics, gentlemen,—in politics,—aye, there indeed, I shine. During the present political squabbles, I have been

of

of infinite service to both parties; and, in every thing that has been published, it has plainly appeared, that I have had no small concern. Maubert could not have eked out his Brussels Gazette without me; and all the news printers have received from me many wonderful paragraphs.

To conclude quite in character,

I am, gentlemen,

Your most obliged and

Affectionate humble servant,

L Y E.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

An authentic ANECDOTE.

THERE is scarcely any moral phænomenon in nature, that opens in a benevolent heart a wider avenue of grief, than that of a worthy character, ineffectually encountering a series of difficulties, and sinking under the weight of misfortunes, which his wisdom could not foresee, nor his virtue and prudence prevent—but these objects are too seldom seen, at least by those who have hearts capable of feeling for the distresses of merit, and of meditating a plan for their relief, within the power of their hands to execute; and the reason is, because their attention is so much engrossed by other objects, inferior interests, and amusements, that, though they are not destitute of sympathy with apparent indigence, nor unwilling to relieve it, yet the *greater* grievance which is often borne in secret, with silent sorrow, till the inquisition of benevolence gives it a tongue, escapes their notice, while the lesser one reaches their ears with loud importunity, and seldom importunes in vain. Many people, of but *little* real merit, can scarcely bear a blast of adversity, while others, of much *greater*, endure the rage of a storm, prevented by their modesty from soliciting shelter in any quarter from its violence and threatening desolation. Persons of refined sensibility, and delicate feelings, the wisest and the most virtuous of men, are to nothing so blind as to their own merits, nor do any thing with more reluctance, than ask a favour which they despair of ever having in their power to return, or to make a demand on friendship for which they have not already given an equivalent. *Publius* was a man, whose character and case nearly answer the foregoing

going description, from the increasing expence of an increasing family, and a decrease of business, with a variety of losses, which he sustained by the indiscretion of having too much confidence in the pretexes of honour and ingenuousness: his affairs became much embarrassed, and he saw himself gradually verging towards the brink of ruin, without a single hope of escaping it. As he was known to many, so his many virtues gained him the esteem of some of rank in life superior to himself; and though they could not but perceive that a hidden sorrow lurked in his heart, yet, not supposing the real cause of it, they neglected to enquire into it, and his life at length fell a victim to adversity. Near the conclusion of the tragical scene, he sent for some of his friends, and disclosed to them the causes of his languishing condition, and begged of them to lend that assistance to his wife, and helpless children, which modesty, with too mean opinion of his own merits, and a reluctance to become burdensome to them, had prevented his doing in season for himself—how gladly then would they have healed the wound, which, by his neglect to expose, and theirs to enquire into, was become incurable—it was too late; every string of his heart, that connected him with this world, was broken by the continued strokes of adversity, which he could not elude, and they were left to regret that they came not to his assistance till they were sent for; and then, that it was too late.

The relation of this anecdote, which is founded on fact, excited within me some peculiar feelings that I cannot express; and I could not resist an inclination to publish it to the world, in hopes that the affluent and benevolent might be induced by it, not only to attend to the *cries* of the oppressed, but also to devote a part of their leisure time to *seek out* and administer to the wants of those who are cautious of even whispering, unasked, the occasion of their sorrows in the ears of a confident or a friend. *Many* in affliction meet from the hand of charity a speedy and effectual remedy; *many* of the *obvious* indigent are relieved, the *hungry* are *fed*, the *naked* are *cloathed*, the *maimed* find friends in them that are *whole*, and the *blind* in them that can *see*; but were the rich to turn occasionally out of the common beaten walks, where distress in various shapes implores their friendly aid, where a crowd of supplicants, a *few* worthy amongst the *many* unworthy, attend, they might see *helpless innocence* and *suffering virtue* neglected, shedding their tears apart in solitude, without a friend to advise, or a benevolent hand reached forth to redeem them, awaiting their fate, and preparing to meet the shock which they cannot shun. In those gloomy unfrequented recesses of human misery, the unbidden

visitant

visitant would be an acceptable guest who had a heart to sympathize, a head to conceive an adequate method of relief, and ability to pursue it with success. Charity might there dilate itself, and, opening the storehouse of her blessings, without a fear of being robbed of any, or of misapplying them, the benevolent would feel in themselves an earnest of that reward which they will not fail to enjoy uninterrupted hereafter.

I would not be understood to discourage the charitably disposed from listening to the complaints of the *vulgar* poor, whose poverty may have been the offspring of vice and imprudence. The merits of the indigent should not, in the time of pressing immediate necessity, be the measure of the relief to be given to them. To extend it only in proportion to the virtues of the supplicants, were to exclude *mercy* from being one motive of the exercise of charity; but *merit*, which is either too much overlooked and disregarded, or the *last* object of our attention, ought to be the first. We should be first *just*, then *generous* and *merciful*. The claim, which *virtue in distress* makes to our benevolence, is founded in justice: to relieve her necessities is but to give her the reward due to her merit; whereas, the claim which *demerit* makes to it, is founded in mercy: to commiserate her sufferings *Christianity* enjoins, nor would I by any means attempt to weaken the obligation to that duty. Though the mercy we should shew to the imperfections of one another ought not to be made too cheap, occasion and circumstances should be considered, lest by a too early ill-timed act of mercy and compassion, in relieving their wants, we do them, in effect, an injury rather than good; weaken the sacred bonds of moral obligation, and countenance licentiousness. It is proper, sometimes, that the effects of imprudence be felt, for a while, by the subject, for his own sake, that, feeling the *bitter* consequences that flowed from the seeming *sweet* draughts of vice, he might be taught, in the school of affliction, to correct, in his *future* life, the errors of his *past*.

B.

Description of a DISEASE vulgarly called the H Y P.—

SOME gentlemen of the faculty have favoured your readers with *medical advice* and *cautions* which were well accepted, and may be of general use to mankind: and, in hopes of obtaining from them some farther public service, I

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shall

shall acquaint you with a peculiar species of disease, not less common, among the *indolent* part of mankind, than the *gout*; and which hitherto has been as difficult to eradicate. The disease I intend is vulgarly called the *hyp*, though the seat of it seems to be in the *brain*. It prevails more or less in every season, but is the most general and violent in cloudy weather, when the sun approaches near to the autumnal equinox. This disease, at different times, (if we may credit the unhappy patients,) assumes the appearance of every disorder to which human nature is incident, and its paroxysms are attended with a peculiar species of delirium not to be equalled even in Bedlam; of which I can give you some extraordinary instances. A gentleman of our neighbourhood has been long afflicted with this disease, and the fever which attends it sometimes runs so high, as to render life almost intolerable to himself, and very troublesome to every body about him. Sometimes he tells us that a stone is breeding in his kidneys, at another of the gout in his head; now he is dropical, and then in a deep consumption; and, as his symptoms vary, he varies his regimen and medicines. Saponaceous and oily draughts are taken for the stone, cordials to keep the gout from his stomach, and a poultice is applied to his feet to draw it out of his head. It is, however, very remarkable, that when at the worst, if a friend steps in and relates any remarkable piece of lively news, or tells a merry story or two, he laughs as heartily as if in good health, and, forgetting all his symptoms, is exceeding good company.—At other times, when perfectly well, if any body happens to say he looks *poorly*, his countenance changes, and, as if they knew better than himself, he gives credit to their opinion, and quarrels with every person who disputes the truth of it. His wife, poor woman! who is almost harrassed out of her life with humouring his temper, cautions every person in the neighbourhood not to tell him that he looks *indifferently*. When his symptoms abate, he is sometimes prevailed on to ride or walk out a little way, but it must be in the middle of the day, and he previously consults the barometer; and, according to the state of the air, estimates the number of garments necessary on the occasion to keep up a due perspiration; but if he is overtaken with a gentle shower he generally relapses, and has been confined to his room for a month, where he passes the time in feeling his pulse, complaining of the miseries of life; and, as he cannot agree with himself, quarrels with every body about him, who can do nothing to please him, as it is the peculiar quality of the disease to render the patient incapable of being pleased.

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Sometimes he imagines that his body is converted into the substance of glass, and, knowing that composition of matter to be peculiarly brittle, he cannot be persuaded to stir out of his chair, even to exercise his expulsive faculty in a more proper place, lest he should fall to-pieces in the attempt. At other times, he thinks his body so much swelled, that it appears to him no less than a Colossus, and cannot be prevailed on to walk, lest it should sink under its own weight. While the paroxysm is on him, though he feels the appetite of hunger, he can scarcely be persuaded to eat sufficient to support life, lest a good meal should prove his death, as he imagines he has lost the powers of digestion. He talks of death, and of dying, as if his last hour was come, and as often disappoints those about him, who are almost wearied out of their lives in watching for the end of his. The aliment he takes, must always be dealt out to him by weight and measure, at stated times; but he will not touch a morsel after sun-set, lest he should not live through the night, till it rises again; and, while he talks of death with the indifference of a martial hero, he seems to dread it as much as a coward does the day of battle, and, like a convict doomed to be hanged on the morrow, would give all he is worth for one day's reprieve. He pretends to be tired of the world, and the world is tired of him; yet he cannot bear the sight of a corpse, and will go twenty miles to avoid going to a burial, even of a near relation. He seems to enjoy no pleasure in life, and by his perpetual complaints many others enjoy much less than they otherwise might do; yet he invents a thousand expedients to lengthen the duration of an existence which he says is such a miserable one. His closet is like an apothecary's shop, and smells so strong of hartshorn, cordials, assa foetida, and musk, that the whole house is scented by them, and a stranger would imagine he had a pack of civet-cats about him. He has a barometer and thermometer in every room, and consults his pulse oftner than his bible or his prayer-book. His tongue too, morning and evening, is examined at the glass, and, by its different appearance, he always imagines he has an inflammatory or putrid fever. *Huxham* and *Sydenham* are carried in his pocket, and, on every supposed alteration of his symptoms, he consults them as a lawyer does adjudged cases, and prognosticates his fate with as much certainty, as a client may the issue of a suit depending in Westminster-hall, by consulting *Coke's Institutes*, or *Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England*. In brief, this disorder has the appearance of every one by turns, but of none long. Its symptoms vary with the weather and the moon, and the most skilful of

the faculty in our neighbourhood do not know what to make of it. If *Apyrexia* or *Galen* would give us their thoughts on a disease so alarming, and yet so deceitful, it would oblige

Q. in a corner,

N. B. It is observable, that, though some worthy persons are afflicted with this disease, yet *misers*, *sceptics*, and *indolent gentlemen*, who have no taste for rational amusements, are the most subject to it.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THE letter signed *Rusticus*, on the *town*, in the last number of the *Monthly Ledger*, contained *some truth*, but not the *whole truth*. London may indeed be the center of British luxury, but it is diffused in lesser streams throughout every city and village in the kingdom; and the complaints of mankind are not louder in London than in the country, nor are they made with less propriety. The *poor country tradesmen* complain of the stagnation of trade, and the *poor farmers* of the extravagant rent of farms, while the mode of living, amongst both those classes, is as much altered as the Londoners. My age is nearly equal to that of *Rusticus*, and I am what they call an old-fashioned cit. I deal in an article for which there is a general demand, and have customers in many parts of the country who used formerly to be punctual in their remittances; but, of late years, too many of them, for want of cash and not of memory, have sent me up humble decent apologies, instead of good bills. Their letters are filled with complaints of the *dearness of trade*, the *high price of provisions*, and the *scarcity of cash in the country*: and, as I sometimes take a pipe and pass an hour in an evening at a reputable porter-house in the neighbourhood of Bow-lane, over a tankard of *Calvert's entire*, where I read the public papers, I cannot help observing, that the country news, contained in them, corresponds with my private intelligence; and, were the articles contained in both well authenticated, we might expect that country tradesmen are all on the point of starving, and the farmers ready to vacate their farms, as no longer tenable. I determined, however, to adopt a practice which

which I ever disliked, and engaged a person to ride for me. Before he set out, I told him of the general complaints which my customers had transmitted to me instead of cash, and cautioned him to treat my worthy necessitous chapmen with lenity, and not press them too hard, as you know generosity is the peculiar characteristic of the Londoners. In about a fortnight after he left town, I received from him the following.

S I R,

Having formerly been reduced to straits myself, it was with peculiar reluctance that I entered on this journey; for, on your representation of the indigence and hardships to which your customers were subjected, I concluded my task would be very arduous and unpleasing to a person not destitute of humanity. But, sir, give me leave to tell you, that the idea you formed of *poor country tradesmen*, and *poor farmers*, from the public papers, and from your private intelligence, is as chimerical as the adventures of Don Quixot. In every town and village I passed through, there are as few signs of poverty and want, as are obvious in the metropolis. Many of the buildings are no less elegant than those in town; the markets are well furnished with provision, and the face of the country is clothed with at least the appearance of plenty; many of its cultivators, the farmers, with their wives and daughters, as well as the families of tradesmen, are dressed out in the best of every kind of apparel, made up in the newest mode, and trimmed with all the finery a licentious fancy can invent. The wife of a *poor farmer* came into Mr. B—'s shop yesterday to buy a gown for her daughter, in a riding habit, turned up with blue velvet, edged with a neat gold cord. Mr. B. laid all his stock of silks before her, but there was not one forsooth rich enough for her ladyship, and she left the shop, turning up her nose with an air of contempt, and said, "*I must wait till I go to town, for the country affords nought but paltry commodities.*" I have scarcely passed through any market town that has not a hair-dresser, a dancing-master, a musician, a company of strolling-players, and an assembly-room, which I understand is not only frequented by the gentry in adjacent parts, but also by the wives and daughters of the poor farmers, who complain so heavily of the exorbitant rent of land. In *Norfolk* and *Lincolnshire*, several of this species of gentry ride in as elegant carriages as are to be met with in Piccadilly or Soho: and their houses, especially in some parts of *Lincolnshire*, are no less superb than the Londoners country-boxes, within twenty miles

miles of town. Luxury and extravagance of every kind reigns through every class, except amongst the lowest: there, indeed, all the evils of poverty stare you in the face from every quarter; husbandmen and workmen, in some branches of manufactory, with emaciated bodies and pale countenances, the very pictures of famine, "*solicit the cold hand of charity, and what is still worse, solicit it in vain.*" Their sufferings must excite the tenderest emotions of sympathy in every mind not lost to the delicate feelings of humanity. The scenes of poverty and distress which I met with in the cottages, whose inhabitants had nothing but rags and wretchedness which they could call their own, brought to my mind those inimitable lines of a favourite poet:

O pity human woe!

'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.

The idea drew from me an unavailing tear for the wants of those whom I could not relieve, and whose afflictions I could not alleviate. You desired me, sir, to exercise lenity to your country chapmen. I have obeyed your orders both from inclination and duty; but I assure you, very few merit the forbearance you have long shewn to them. Some of them, indeed, appear to have but little trade, and as little *common prudence*. The furniture of their houses, and of their tables, would better become a *country squire*, or *lord of a manor*, than a *retailer of thread and tapes*. One of the principal causes of the present unthrifty state of tradesmen is a too general resistless inclination for an easy and luxurious mode of life. As every person would be exempted from laborious employments, every one aims at an easy and genteel profession. Hence retail shops are become more numerous than ale-houses; both in country towns and in the villages, the number of shops is so much increased, that the trade of some towns and districts, scarcely equal to support more than two, contains no less than half a score; and as every one would rival all the rest, and monopolize the whole trade of the place, the profit of almost every article is so much reduced, and such long credit given, that the country trader can hardly make common interest of the money employed in trade; and rarely more than an individual, perhaps, in a cluster of seven shopkeepers, can make stock at the year's end. The Londoners, it must be acknowledged, have contributed to the evil under which they complain. Riders in almost every branch, like the light-horse, are continually scouring along the field of commerce, and at a venture will credit persons in any obscure corner, for any quantity of goods. This induces people of no property to open shops without

without any risque to themselves, as they have nothing to lose; and, if they do not succeed, can at length sink no lower than to their primitive obscurity and nothingness. When they can no longer live an easy life by their wits, they are but reduced to their former necessity of labouring with their own hands for a maintenance. This practice too must, in the end, materially affect the commercial world in town, whose great expences incurred by riders, and whose fondness for taking orders of any *shopling*, and almost on any terms, nothing but an extensive trade, which all cannot attain, can support. In short, sir, (for I have already trespassed too long on your patience,) *pride, idleness, and fulness of bread*, characterise the rich classes of mankind, who do nothing but eat, drink, and rise up to play. Pride and poverty prevail too generally in the reputed middling ranks; want and wretchedness in the lowest. The disease of luxury is become epidemical in the two former; but few escape the infection, and but few, indeed, have an inclination to remedy the growing evil. The generality are in a delirium; and, unless the inflammatory fever should abate, we have every thing to fear from the indication of its symptoms.

From your humble servant,

P.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THE advantages resulting from inoculation are the perpetual boast of the practitioners of that art; and faith in this point is so essential an article in the modern medical creed, that any hesitation respecting it may be deemed a kind of heresy in physic. From the smallest glimmerings of doubt, however, have arisen the highest splendors of knowledge; and theories, which caprice and antiquity have favoured and established, would be utterly impregnable, if some licence of doubting were not allowed, and if an appeal did not lie to observation and experiment.

The success of this expedient hath usually been estimated by comparing the proportion of those who die, to those who recover, under the natural course of the small-pox, with the proportion of deaths to survivals under inoculation. But this I apprehend to be a mere sophism. The fury of the pestilence itself might probably be mitigated by such an artificial process; but the proper enquiry in either case is, whether the disease can be mitigated to such a degree, as to overbalance the mischief which would arise from spreading the contagion. If a
less

less number of deaths by the small-pox, in proportion to the whole number of burials, has happened since the introduction of this mode of treating it than before, it will afford a strong presumption in its favour. If a greater number of deaths has occurred, the benefit will be more problematical: for if, upon the whole, more lives are now lost to the community by this disorder than heretofore, it will be in vain to urge that individuals will find their account in adopting the practice, because the danger of infection is thereby increased. What is hurtful to the community at large cannot generally be beneficial to the members who compose that community: and if greater loss be sustained by inoculation than by permitting the disease its natural course, the abolition, rather than the continuation, of that practice, must be esteemed a public benefit.

In all enquiries of this kind, the wider the field of observation, the more justly will the conclusions be founded. Inoculation hath now been established a sufficient number of years to ascertain, at least in some degree, its merit. A series of forty-two years since it has prevailed, compared with the same period previous to its introduction, in so large and populous a city as London, it is presumed, will afford fair and reasonable grounds of a calculation to that purpose.

It fortunately happens, that the experience of forty-two years, preceding the introduction of inoculation into this country, is already placed in this point of view, and for this express purpose, in the Philosophical Transactions, by Dr. James Jurin *, who was a sanguine advocate for inoculation, and whose testimony is therefore unexceptionable. His numbers are taken from the yearly bills of mortality; and the reason why the fourteen years from 1686 to 1701 are omitted, shall be given in his own words, "The fourteen intermediate years, between 1686 and 1701, are left out, because, in the bills for those years, the accounts of the small-pox and measles are not distinguished, as in the preceding and following years, but are joined together in one article; so that from them no certain account can be drawn of the number of persons that died of the small-pox."

* Eames and Martyn's Abridgement, Vol. VII. page 613.

From the YEARLY BILLS of MORTALITY.

Years	Total No of burials.	Of fm. pr. In all 1000	Years	Total No of burials.	Of fm. pr. In all 1000
1667	15842	1196 75	1731	25262	2640 104
1668	17278	1987 15	1732	23358	1197 51
1669	19432	951 49	1733	29233	1370 46
1670	20198	1465 73	1734	26062	2688 03
1671	15729	696 44	1735	23538	1594 67
1672	18230	1116 61	1736	27581	3012 100
1673	17504	853 49	1737	27823	2084 74
1674	21201	2507 118	1738	25825	1596 61
1675	17244	997 58	1739	25432	1690 66
1676	18732	359 19	1740	30811	2725 88
1677	19067	1678 88	1741	32169	1977 61
1678	20678	1798 87	1742	27483	1429 52
1679	21730	1967 91	1743	25200	2019 80
1680	21053	689 33	1744	20606	1633 79
1681	23971	2982 125	1745	21296	1206 56
1682	20691	1408 68	1746	28157	3236 114
1683	20587	2096 102	1747	25494	1300 54
1684	23202	156 7	1748	23869	1789 75
1685	23222	2496 107	1749	25516	2625 102
1686	22609	1062 47	1750	23727	1219 51
1701	20471	1095 53	1751	21028	998 47
1702	19481	311 16	1752	20485	3538 172
1703	20720	898 43	1753	19276	774 40
1704	22684	150 66	1754	22696	2359 103
1705	22097	1095 50	1755	21917	1988 90
1706	19847	721 36	1756	20872	1608 77
1707	21600	108 50	1757	21313	3296 154
1708	21291	1687 79	1758	17576	1273 72
1709	21800	1024 47	1759	19604	2596 132
1710	24620	3138 127	1760	19830	2187 110
1711	19833	915 46	1761	20063	1525 72
1712	21198	1943 92	1762	26316	2743 104
1713	21057	1614 77	1763	26143	3582 137
1714	26569	2810 106	1764	23202	2382 102
1715	22232	1057 48	1765	23230	2498 107
1716	24436	2427 99	1766	23911	2334 97
1717	23446	2211 94	1767	22612	2188 96
1718	26523	1884 71	1768	23639	3028 128
1719	28347	3229 114	1769	21847	1968 90
1720	25454	1440 57	1770	22434	1986 88
1721	26142	2375 91	1771	21780	1660 76
1722	25750	2167 84	1772	26053	3992 153
Genl. average 903798		65079 72	Gen. av. 100527		39628 89
Vol. I.		C c			O.1

On comparing these tables, it appears that, out of 1005279 burials within the last 42 years, 17242 persons more have died by the small-pox than the proportionate number, as collected from the experience of the first 42 years; or seventeen more burials in a thousand have been occasioned by the small-pox, since inoculation hath been generally adopted, than before.

Should it be objected that it is unfair to estimate the success of an improving art, by a general average from its first rise, we will examine it by shorter periods, in its progress to the present year.

The æra of inoculation is about the year 1722. In the first eight years, from thence to 1731, the little ground which it had gained, and the care taken to prevent the infection from spreading, made, I suppose, very little alteration in the fatality of the disorder.

In the 12 years, from 1731 to 1742 inclusive, the average proportion of deaths, by the small-pox, is 74 in 1000; in the succeeding 10 years it is 83; in the next 10 it is 96; and in the last 10, when the disease and the method of treating it are supposed to be better understood than ever, it is increased to 109: Doth not this intimate connection, between the progress of inoculation, and the destructive increase of the small pox, lead to a suspicion that the one is in some degree, at least, influenced by the other? and may it not be asked, with some appearance of reason, where is the cause for those triumphs which have so unsparingly been claimed for the success of this fashionable innovation?

The inferences, naturally arising from this view of facts, tend strongly to this conclusion; *That inoculation, as practised in this country, hath not been attended with the salutary effects expected from it, but that it hath, on the contrary, been prejudicial to the interests of society.* For though the practice, under certain restrictions, were to be allowed its due merit, the present indiscriminate mode of adopting it, under a total neglect of that attention to the seclusion of the infected, which the public good and the dictates of humanity jointly require, can hardly be denied to have been of pernicious consequence.

This mode of computing the value of inoculation, I think, with Dr. Jurin, is the fairest that can be obtained; because, in so large a compass of years, other diseases may be presumed to claim their just and equal average; and because it precludes any objection which might arise from a variation in the number of inhabitants.

I tread this path, I own, with diffidence; yet it hath not been wholly unfrequented. Similar doubts have some years ago been started, and the experience, since acquired, hath given

given them additional weight. If, however, there are any insecure places on which the argument rests, your medical correspondents, I am persuaded, will not fail to detect them, and clear the subject from these apparent embarrassments. But it should be remembered, that it is always difficult to demonstrate a negative proposition. The burthen of proof is evidently incumbent on those who affirm, that great public advantage is derived from inoculation; and, before the general assent to this opinion is expected, the facts and inferences which support it should be produced, and shewn to be clear, full, and decisive.

As I do not mean to enter into the usual topics of declamation, I forbear to insist on those malignancies which are often said to be consequent on this artificial disorder; and which, I fear, are indeed too frequent to be totally overlooked in a full discussion of its merits.

There is a certain boundary prescribed to man by nature, beyond which whenever he attempts to pass, he becomes somewhat in the situation of the countryman in the fable, who petitioned Jupiter for the management of the winds and weather, and was nearly ruined by the grant of his request. Or rather perhaps in that of a bungling workman, who, undertaking to mend the scheme of a skillful architect, pulls down the building over his own head.

S.

A concise Account of the EARTHQUAKE that happened the 27th of May, 1773, at the BIRCHES, between COALBROOK DALE and BUILDWAS BRIDGE in SHROPSHIRE; as also of an EARTHQUAKE on the 25th and 26th of the same Month above and near BUILDWAS BRIDGE, upwards of half a Mile from the BIRCHES.

IN the dead of night, between the 25th and 26th, Samuel Wilcocks's wife, who lived in a small house at the Birches, was sitting up in bed to take care of one of her children that was ill; when she perceived the bed shake under her, and observed some tea in a cup to be so much agitated as to be spilt over: On the morning of the 27th, Samuel Wilcocks and John Roberts (who likewise lived in the said house) got up betwixt three and four o'clock, and opening their windows to see what the weather was, they observed a small crack in the ground about four or five inches wide, and a field that was sown with oats to heave up and roil about like waves of water:

The trees moved as if blown with a high wind, but the air was calm and serene: The river Severn (in which at that time was a considerable flood) was agitated very much, and the current seemed to run upwards: They perceived the house shake, when in a great fright they raised the rest of the family and ran out of the house, about twenty yards, providentially the right way: They then perceived a great crack open and run very quick up the ground from the river:—immediately eighteen acres of land, with the hedges and trees standing (except a few only that were overturned) moved with great force and swiftness *mostly* towards the Severn, attended with a great and uncommon noise, which Wilcocks compared to a large flock of sheep running swiftly by him.—That part of the land next the river was a small wood about two acres, in which grew upwards of twenty large oaks, a few of which were thrown down, some left leaning, and the rest upright as if never disturbed, (but now all felled.)

The wood was pushed with great velocity into the river, (which at that place was remarkably deep,) and forced the water in large columns a great height like mighty fountains, and drove the bed of the river on the opposite shore, where it lodged full twelve feet above the surface of low water, and it is supposed thirty feet perpendicular above the bottom of the old channel: the side of the wood likewise rested on the opposite banks.—The current being instantly stopped, occasioned a great inundation above, and so sudden a fall below, that many fishes were left on dry land, and several barges were heeled over, some of which, before the water returned, were sunk.

The river soon took its course over a large meadow that was opposite to the wood, and in three days wore a navigable channel through the same meadow.

A part of the turnpike road, leading from Coalbrook Dale to Much Wenlock, was removed from ten to forty yards from its former situation, and the greatest part, to all appearance, rendered impassable.—A barn which stood near the house was carried thirty-five yards towards the river, and left as a heap of rubbish in a large chasm. The house received but little damage though removed about four feet; a hedge that joined to the garden was carried near forty yards, and the land, which fell in various directions, lies in confused heaps, full of cracks, from four inches to more than a yard wide, and seems as if it would never be fit for tillage or pasture.

Several very long and deep chasms are formed in the upper part of the land from ten to more than forty yards wide, and at the first were in some places full twelve yards deep: In the chasms

chasms are many pyramids of earth left standing, with the turf remaining on the tops of several. Hollows are raised into mounts, and these sunk into hollows: Less than a quarter of an hour completed this dreadful scene.

The morning of the 27th, soon after the earthquake, the chasms and cracks were observed to be very dry: The wet from the late rains had penetrated but a little depth: The soil is what miners call dye earth; it is free from any mixture of clay, and is of a hard nature till exposed to the air.

At a house situated upon a high bank near the Severn above Buildwas Bridge, (more than half a mile from the Birches,) inhabited by one Richard Reynolds, a considerable shock was felt in the night between the 25th and 26th, (the same night Wilcocks's wife perceived her bed shake and saw the tea spilt as mentioned above,) which alarmed Reynolds's wife so much, that the next day, being the 26th, she removed her goods and left the house; which, with the out buildings, garden, court, and road in the front of the house, continued in motion all that day.—Francis Wilkinson, who rented these out-buildings, got assistance to prop them up, (being greatly rent.) They continued on the place several hours, which was much agitated, and shook all the time; the ground opening and closing alternately: but many of the openings remain unclosed, and extend to the edge of the banks near the Severn, being parallel to the river, but the banks did not slip or give way.—Francis Wilkinson and his assistants erected poles in different places to prop up the buildings; they observed those poles at the gable-end, which stood in a contrary direction to the river, were much more bent than the others, by the said end giving way. The house and garden fell in different directions: the upper tree of a pump was by the violent agitation of the earth heaved out of its socket and thrown down, but the brickwork round the well remained undisturbed.

About ten o'clock in the night of the 28th of May, Edward Thomas, who inhabited part of a house called Adney Farm, situate above a mile from the Birches, was alarmed by a violent shaking of his bed, which was so great that he compared it to the rocking of a cradle, and was so much affrighted, that he retired to a mill near Buildwas Abbey, about a mile distant, to spend the remaining part of the night.

**** A Plan of the most remarkable effects of the Earthquake has been drawn by George Young, and is sold by John Young, at No. 34, Gracechurch-street. Price Two Shillings.*

P O E T R Y.

Verse written at BUXTON.

IN these wild mountains and uncultur'd plains,

Where ever drop the melancholy rains ;
Blame not the muse, if, by the climate
aw'd,

She, timorous virgin, ventures not abroad ;
But, like the sad recluse, still wastes away
In sullen solitude the tedious day.

Each lively thought, each bright idea
flies,

And wit and fancy pant for milder skies :
Yet since by heav'n was kindly meant the
pow'r

Of song to sooth the dull and dreary hour,
This trifling verse, a hand unknown shall
raise,

That claims no merit, and that seeks no
praise.

What means the plaintive note from ev'ry
tongue ?

Why grieve the sick and healthy, old and
young ?

All, all, complain that Buxton's gloomy
shades

No ray of mirth or gaiety pervades :
That scarce a pair, by mutual choice or
chance,

Tread the quick mazes of the lively dance.
That here all pow'rful Love his darts denies,

And famish'd Scandal wants her due sup-
plies.

Such comfort, Buxton, in thy walls are
found,

And no sweet change disturbs the solemn
round.

Each morn the cups, in nice disorder plac'd,
To well-known tables draw the hasty guest.

At noon the bell invites to formal prayer,
Then sounds for dinner with more cheer-
ful air.

How groans the board with piles of ill-
drest meat,

That take away the very power to eat !
And, lest convivial wit too much abound,

Unmeaning healths and awkward nods go
round.

Then, as the lingering hours roll on, we taste
Th' unsocial ev'ning's wretched poor re-
past ;

To dirty rooms the drowsy call obey,
And drink, in sleep, oblivion of the day.

Yet still from blame be sacred all thy
springs,

Whence health emerging her blest tribute
brings :

Whether in pure inspiring cups they flow,
Or bid the limbs with warmth enliv'ning
glow.

Hail, healing pow'rs, that dwell these
streams beneath !

For you I reverence Buxton's barren heath,
Your lenient gifts can soften ev'ry toil,
Chear nature's gloom, and make these
rocks to smile.

Justly you boast that, from your founts
serene,

A short relief you gave a captive queen* ;
What time the royal mourner sought your
aid,

Her youth departed, and her form decay'd,
Taught with your waves her bitter tears
to flow,

No stranger then to penitence and woe,
O may your springs still salutary prove,

And yield their treasures to the friend I
love !

Mean while, you motley circle, doom'd
to tread

These wild abodes, by chance or sickness
led ;

Ye fellow-sufferers in this dismal den,
Cut off from all the cheerful ways of
men ;

'Till health restor'd forbids your longer
stay,

And the brisk fiddle speed you on your way,
To you I consecrate this hasty rhyme,

Dull as the place, and barbarous as the
clime.

An Evening MEDITATION.

THE western sky was streak'd with
faintest red,

Hush'd were the winds, hush'd every
gentle breeze ;

The flowers, refresh'd, no longer droop'd
the head ;

Nor rustling noise was heard among the
trees ;

When young Maria, lovely blooming fair,
Walk'd meditating where the princely
sage

Describes terrestrial joys, as light as air,
And vain the warm pursuits of every age.

Riches are vain, vain learning, honours,
power,

Vain all the pleasures found beneath the
sun :

* Mary Queen of Scots,

Unstable,

Unstable, transient, as the fleeting hour,
Which scarce begins e'er the swift sands
be run.

On these deep themes intent the fair began;
Say then, shall joys like these my care
engage?
How short is life, so justly term'd a span?
How quick transition from fair youth
to age?

Beauty's a short liv'd flower, soon decays,
Disease can blast it even in its prime;
It blooms, it blossoms, for a few short days,
Then falls and dies beneath the scythe
of time.

And vain the wish to charm the roving
eye,
With all the glittering pageantry of
pride;
The meanest insect can our drefs outvie,
The meanest flowers the weak attempt
deride.

Honour is but a bubble, full of air,
Borne up on high by fame's uncertain
breath;
The sport of rumor tossed here and there,
And soon dissolved at the touch of death.

And ah! how vain the joys which fortune
brings;
How empty are they, and how short
their stay?
They mount on high, as on an eagle's
wings,
Which tow'rs the desert swiftly speeds
his way.

Vain are the schemes of happiness we raise
On friendship's basis, or the tenderest
tie;
The hand of death these structures soon
decays,
They all bear this inscription, "We
shall die."

The wise Disposer of events below
Hath mix'd each earth-born pleasure
with alloy;
Left our affections to the earth should grow,
And joysterreftrial all our cares employ.

But pure those gifts religion can bestow;
Her votaries pure unmixed pleasures
share;
'Tis she applies a balm to every woe,
And clears the mind from every gloomy
care.

Come then, Religion, all my soul inspire,
Assist its councils, o'er each thought
preside;

Prevent the rising of each wrong desire;
Point out my path, and all my foot-
steps guide.

Oh lead me through this life's perplexing
maze!
Preserve me from the blandishments of
vice;
Teach me to shun the path where folly
strays;
Nor let me yield when sinners would
entice.

And, when the king of terrors shall draw
nigh,
Be present then with healing on thy
wing;
By thee supported, teach me then to cry,
Where is thy victory, grave? where,
death, thy sting?

E S G H E E.

The HAPPY MAN.

HOW blest the man, no slave to
worldly cares,
Whose life the image of his Maker wears;
Righteous and just, sedate and calm the
mind;
With heart benevolent to all mankind:
Unmov'd by splendid glory's flattering
wiles,
No baneful luxury his sense beguiles:
Pleas'd and content with health and com-
petence,
To slide thro' life in chearful innocence.

LÆLIUS,

Norwich, Nov. 9.

The BEGGAR.

From a Collection of Poems lately published,
—inopemque paterni

Et laris, et fundi—Hon.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne
him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest
span,
Oh! give relief—and heav'n will bless
your store.

These tatter'd cloaths my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my length-
en'd years,
And many a furrow in my grief-worn
cheek

Has been a channel to a stream of tears.

Yea.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect, drew me from my
road.

For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm, and
poor !)

Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial forc'd me from the
door.

To seek a shelter in a humbler shed,
Oh ! take me to your hospitable dome,
Kew blows the wind, and piercing is
the cold !

Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor—and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of ev'ry
grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your
breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind
relief.

And tears of pity could not be repress'd.

Heav'n sends misfortunes—why should
we repine ?

'Tis heav'n has brought me to the state
you see :

And your condition may be soon like mine,
—The child of sorrow—and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd
the morn ;
But ah ! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my
corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my
age !
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my
care !
Struck with sad anguish at the stern
decree,
Fell—ling'ring fell a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and
me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !
Whose trembling limbs have borne him
to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest
span ;
Oh ! give relief—and heav'n will bless
your store.

CELEBRATION of the FEAST of ST. ROSALIA at PALERMO.

[From BRYDONE's *Travels*.]

ABOUT five in the after-
noon the festival began by
the triumph of St. Rosalia, who
was drawn with the utmost pomp
through the center of the city,
from the Marino to the Porto
Novo. The triumphal car was
preceded by a troop of horse,
with trumpets and kettle-drums,
and all the city officers in their
gala uniforms. It is, indeed, a
most enormous machine : It
measures seventy feet long, thirty
wide, and upwards of eighty
high : and, as it passed along,
greatly over-topped the loftiest

houses of Palermo. The form
of its under part is like that of
the Roman galleys, but it swells
as it advances in height ; and
the front assumes an oval form
like an amphitheatre, with seats
placed in the theatrical manner.
This is the great orchestra, and
was filled with a numerous band
of musicians, placed in rows,
one above another. Over this
orchestra, and a little behind it,
there is a large dome, supported
by six fine Corinthian columns,
and adorned with a number of
figures of saints and angels ; and

on

on the summit of the dome there is a gigantic silver statue of St. Rosalia. The whole machine is dressed out with orange-trees, flower-pots, and large trees of artificial coral. The car stopped every fifty or sixty yards, when the orchestra performed a piece of music, with songs in honour of the saint. It appeared a great moving castle, and completely filled up the street from side to side. This, indeed, was its greatest disadvantage, for the space it had to move in was in no wise proportioned to its size, and the houses seemed to windle away to nothing as it passed along. This vast fabric was drawn by fifty-six huge mules, in two rows, curiously caparisoned, and mounted by twenty-eight postillions, dressed in gold and silver stuffs, with great plumes of ostrich feathers in their hats. Every window and balcony on both sides of the street were full of well-dressed people, and the car was followed by many thousands of the lower sort. The triumph was finished in about three hours, and was succeeded by the beautiful illumination of the Marino.

A range of arches and pyramids extended from one end to the other of this noble walk; these are painted and adorned with artificial flowers, and are entirely covered over with small lamps, placed so very thick, that, at a little distance, the whole appears to many pyramids and arches of flame. The whole chain of this illumination was about a mile in length, and, indeed, you can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful. There was no breach or imperfection any where; the night being so

still, that not a single lamp was extinguished.

Opposite to the center of this great line of light was a magnificent pavillion, erected for the viceroy and his company, which consisted of the whole nobility of Palermo. And, on the front of this, at some little distance in the sea, stood the great fireworks, representing the front of a palace, adorned with columns, arches, trophies, and every ornament of architecture. All the chebecs, galleys, galliots, and other shipping, were ranged around this palace, and formed a kind of amphitheatre in the sea, inclosing it in the center. These began the show by a discharge of the whole of their artillery, the sound of which re-echoing from the mountains, produced a very noble effect; they then played off a variety of water rockets, and bombs of curious construction, that often burst below water. This continued for half an hour, when, in an instant, the whole of the palace was beautifully illuminated. This was the signal for the shipping to cease, and appeared, indeed, like a piece of enchantment, as it is done altogether instantaneously, and without the appearance of any visible agent. At the same time the fountains, that were represented in the court before the palace, began to spout up fire, and made a representation of some of the great *jet d'eau*s of Versailles and Marly. As soon as these were extinguished, the court immediately assumed the form of a parterre, adorned with a variety of palm-trees of fire, interspersed with orange-trees, flower-pots, vases, and other ornaments. On

the extinguishing these, the illumination of the palace was likewise extinguished, and the front of it broke out into the appearance of a variety of fons, fairs, and wheels of fire, which, in a fhort time, reduced it to a perfect ruin. And when all appeared finished, there burft from the center of the pile, a vaft explosion of 2000 rockets, bombs, ferpents, fquibs, and devils, which feemed to fill the whole atmosphere. The fall of thefe made terrible havock amongst the cloaths of the poor people who were not under cover, but afforded admirable entertainment to the nobility who were there. During the exhibition we had a handsome entertainment of coffee, ices, and fweetmeats, with a variety of excellent wines, in the great pavillion in the center of the Marino; this was at the expence of the duke of Castellano, the prator (or mayor) of the city. The principal nobility give thefe entertainments by turns every night during the feftival, and vie with each other in their magnificence.

So foon as the fire-works were finished, the viceroy went out to fea, in a galley richly illuminated. We chofe to ftay on fhore, to fee the appearance it made at a diftance. It was rowed by feventy-two oars, and indeed made one of the moft beautiful objects you can imagine; flying with vaft velocity over the waters, as fmoother and as clear as glafs, which fhone round it like a flame, and reflected its fplendor on all fides. The oars beat time to the French horns, clarionets, and trumpets, of which there was a numerous band in the prow. The day's entertainment was conclu-

ded by the Corfo, which began exactly at midnight, and lafted till two in the morning.

The great ftreet was illuminated in the fame magnificent manner as the Marino. The arches and pyramids were erected at little diftances from each other, on both fides the ftreet, exactly betwixt the foot-path and the fpace for carriages, and, when feen from either of the gates, appeared to be two continual lines of the brighteft flame. Indeed thefe illuminations are fo different, and fo greatly fuperior to any I have ever feen, that I find it difficult to give any tolerable idea of them. Two lines of coaches occupied the intire fpace betwixt thefe two lines of illumination. They were in their greateft gala, and as they open from the middle, and let down on each fide, the beauty of the ladies, the richnefs of their drefs, and brilliancy of their jewels, were difplayed in the moft advantageous manner.

This beautiful train moved flowly round and round the fquare for two hours, and every member of it feemed animated with a defire to pleafe. The company appeared all joy and exultation. Scarce two coaches paffed without fome mutual acknowledgement of affection or refpect, and the pleafure that sparkled from every eye feemed to be reflected and communicated by a kind of fympathy through the whole. In fuch an afsembly, it was impoffible for the heart not to dilate and expand itfelf. I own mine was often fo full that I could hardly find utterance; and I have feen a tragedy with lefs emotion than I did this fcene of joy.

Extraft

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Extracts from Miscellaneous Pieces, in Prose, by J. and A. L. Aikin. 8vo. 3s. bound. Johnson.

IN this essay the author exposes the folly of those, who vex themselves with fruitless wishes, or give way to groundless and unreasonable discontent. The following observations place this point in a light, in which, perhaps, it has seldom been considered.

Men of merit and integrity often censure the dispositions of Providence for suffering characters they despise to run away with advantages which, they yet know, are purchased by such means as a high and noble spirit could never submit to. If you refuse to pay the price, why expect the purchase? We should consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where Fortune exposes to our view various commodities, riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is so much ready money which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, chuse, reject; but stand to your own judgement; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase. Such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing every thing else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings by toil, and patient diligence, and at-

tention to the minutest articles of expence and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free unsuspicious temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be a coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the schools must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealous and worldly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust, things; and for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenious spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments; but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the right hand or to the left. "But I cannot submit to drudgery like this—I feel a spirit above it." It is well: be above it then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price? That too may be purchased—by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be wise. "But (says the man of letters) what a hardship is it that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto of the arms on his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life." *Et tibi magna jatis!*—Was it in order to raise a fortune that you consumed the sprightly hours

hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring? You have then mistaken your path, and ill employed your industry. "What reward have I then for all my labours?" What reward! A large comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man—of God. A rich, flourishing, cultivated, mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas; and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good heaven! and what reward can you ask besides?

"But is it not some reproach upon the œconomy of Providence that such an one, who is a mean dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation?" Not in the least. He made himself a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty, for it; and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and bluish in his presence because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better. I have chosen my lot, I am content and satisfied."

BANKRUPTS.

THOMAS Vowel, late of Friday-street, London, Stationer.

James Hudson, of Upper Thames-street, London, and William Barfoot, of Mile-End, Middlesex, Wharfingers, Coal Merchants, and Partners.

Robert Johnson, of Tinley-street-Hanover-square, Taylor.

Thomas Ingall, of the parish of St. Sepulchre, London, Hosier.

Thomas Lee, and Tho. Lee, jun. of the Town of Kingston upon Hull, Merchants.

Henry Dekar, late of Gracechurch-street, London, but now of St. George's-fields, Southwark, Hatter.

John Wilson, of Old Graves-lane, Ratcliff-highway, Middlesex, Mariner.

Francis Brooke, late of the city of Worcester, Merchant.

James de la Pryme, and William Fullard, late of Sheffield, Yorkshire, Ironmongers, Manufacturers and Partners.

James Langley, of Wapping, Middlesex, Block and Pump-maker.

Philip Perratt, of Ringwood, Southampton, Currier.

John Phillips, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Buckle-maker.

Morgan Shipman, of Leather-lane, Holborn, Middlesex, Oilman.

Frederic Rider, of Angel-alley, Whitechapel, Middlesex, Sugar-refiner.

George Jolliffe, of Air-street, Picadilly, Middlesex, Money-scriver.

MARRIAGES.

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MARRIAGES.
M George Kier, Oilman,
 Bridge-street, West-
 mint to Miss Jarvis, of
 Pall.
 Thomas y, Esq. of Paichley,
 to M. Constable, of Tice-
 hurst, ex,
 At Hadle, in Suffolk, Dr.
 Newell, of Colchester, to Miss
 Sally Hafoll, youngest daugh-
 ter of Mr. Hafoll, of Had-
 leigh.
 At Wooburn, in Bedfordshire,
 Mr. Henry Gunwell, aged
 108 years, to Mrs. Mary
 Gibbs, aged 99.

DEATHS.
SIR Robert Ladbroke, Knt.
 Alderman of Bridge-Ward
 Without, and Father of the
 City; Member of Parliament
 for the City; President of

Christ's Hospital; Colonel of
 the blue Regiment of City
 Militia, and President of the
 Artillery Company.
 John Hawkesworth, L. L. D. of
 Bromley, in Kent.
 At Bristol, Thomas Williams,
 Esq. an eminent merchant of
 Barbadoes, and Searcher of
 Speights Town in that island.
 At Little Chelsea, Robert Jef-
 freys, Esq. formerly an Officer
 in the Welch fusiliers.
 John Gould, Esq. formerly an
 Orange-merchant in Thames-
 street, but had retired.
 The Rev. Mr. Francis Gresley,
 rector of Strensham, Worces-
 tershire; which living he en-
 joyed 67 years.
 At Exeter, Mr. Andrew Brice,
 Printer.

E R R A T U M.

Page 173, line 31, instead of *not less prudential though more danger-
 ous*, read *less prudential and more dangerous*.

The Letters, signed Z. Phylander, A. T. Eusebius, Crito, Cato,
 Peter Blunderbuis, Lycurgus, Rationalis, Esqhee, with several
 other pieces, are received. The remarks of A. T. contained in a
 letter to the Editor are worthy of note, and shall be attended to.
 Phylander and A. T. in the next number.

The PRICE of WHEAT per Quarter, at the Corn-Market,
 Mark-Lane.

	Oct. 29. Nov. 2.		5th		9th		12th		16th		19th	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, Red	40a53		40a51		40a51		40a51		40a51		38a45	
Ditto White	40a53		40a51		40a51		40a51		40a51		38a45	
Rye, —	24a26		24a25		24a25		24a25		24a25		24a25	
Barley, —	25a28		25a28		25a28		25a28		25a28		26a28	
Oats, —	16a20		15a18		15a18		15a18		15a18		16a19	
Nov. 23. Red and White Wheat,	40a50s. Rye, 23a24s. 6d. Barley,											
	26a30s. Oats, 16a19s,											

AVERAGE

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN, From Nov. 15, to Nov. 20, 1773.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	5	3	3	0	3	3	2	0	3	6

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	5	11	—	—	3	7	2	5	3	9
Surry,	5	2	3	3	3	5	2	3	4	5
Hertford,	5	8	—	—	3	4	2	4	4	6
Redford,	5	11	4	6	3	9	2	2	3	7
Cambridge,	5	6	3	4	3	6	2	2	3	11
Huntingdon,	5	9	—	—	3	10	2	2	3	10
Northampton,	6	10	4	8	3	10	2	2	3	11
Rutland,	6	6	—	—	4	0	2	2	3	9
Leicester,	6	10	4	9	4	0	2	0	4	3
Nottingham,	5	6	3	8	3	5	2	2	3	10
Derby,	6	2	—	—	3	8	2	2	4	4
Stafford,	6	2	4	1	3	9	2	0	4	7
Salop,	6	0	4	4	3	8	2	0	4	2
Hereford,	6	4	—	—	3	10	1	11	4	2
Worcester,	6	3	4	1	4	3	2	3	4	3
Warwick,	7	0	—	—	4	0	2	8	5	0
Gloucester,	6	9	—	—	3	7	2	5	4	10
Wiltshire,	5	9	—	—	3	3	2	4	5	0
Berks,	6	1	3	7	3	6	2	5	4	2
Oxford,	6	9	—	—	3	9	2	6	4	6
Bucks,	6	0	—	—	3	9	2	4	3	8

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	4	6	2	11	3	3	2	2	3	6
Suffolk,	5	2	2	11	3	2	2	0	2	9
Norfolk,	5	11	3	4	2	10	2	1	2	10
Lincoln,	5	10	3	10	3	3	1	10	3	4
York,	5	8	3	9	3	4	2	0	3	10
Durham,	5	6	3	11	3	2	2	0	3	10
Northumberland,	5	6	4	2	3	1	2	1	3	11
Cumberland,	6	1	3	9	3	0	2	11	—	—
Westmoreland,	6	6	—	—	3	0	1	9	3	6
Lancashire,	6	1	—	—	3	0	2	0	3	8
Cheshire,	6	2	4	7	3	9	2	0	—	—
Monmouth,	6	3	—	—	3	8	1	8	—	—
Somerset,	6	6	4	3	3	7	2	0	3	9
Devon,	5	6	—	—	2	8	1	7	—	—
Cornwall,	5	0	—	—	2	6	1	6	—	—
Dorset,	6	3	—	—	2	11	2	2	4	7
Hampshire,	5	5	—	—	3	2	2	2	4	0
Sussex,	4	11	—	—	2	11	2	2	3	8
Kent,	5	5	—	—	3	0	2	0	2	10

From Nov. 8, to Nov. 13, 1773.

W A L E S.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
North Wales,	6	4	5	2	3	6	1	9	5	4
South Wales,	5	9	4	4	3	5	1	6		

Part of S C O T L A N D.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans		Big.
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.
	6	0	2	10	2	6	2	3			2

Published by Authority of Parliament. WILL. COOKE.

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
For October, 1773.

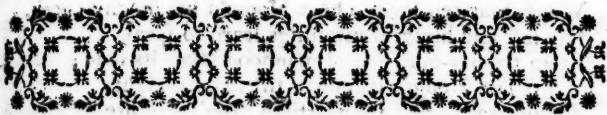
	Wind	Bar.	Thermom.			Weather
			Bar.	M.	N. Ev.	
1 W.	little	30 ¹ / ₈	58	59 ¹ / ₂	58	Fair and sunshine.
2 W.S.W.	fresh	30	54	57	56	Cloudy and slight showers.
3 W.	strong	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	52 ¹ / ₂	56	55	Slight rain, intervals sun-shine.
4 S.	strong	29 ⁴ / ₁₀	55	58	56	Cloudy.
5 W.S.W.	fresh	29 ¹ / ₁₀	55	56	54	Morn. fair, aft. show, nigh. frost.
6 W.S.W.	little	30	50	54	53	Fair with sun-shine.
7 W.	fresh	30	53	55 ¹ / ₂	54	Early rain, cloudy thro' the day.
8 W.S.W.	fresh	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	54	57	55	Cloudy and showery.
9 S.	var. little	30	55	58 ¹ / ₂	57 ¹ / ₂	Morn. early rain, aft. sun-shine.
10 S.S.E.	strong	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	58	58 ¹ / ₂	56	Frequent showers.
11 W.	little	30 ¹ / ₁₀	51	56	54	Frosty air, fair and sunshine.
12 W.S.W.	strong	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	54	57	54	Ditto.
13 W.	fresh	30	53	55	51	Forenoon sun-shine, aftern. rain.
14 W.	fresh	30	50	54	51	Fair and sun-shine.
15 W.S.W.	little	30 ² / ₁₀	50	55	52 ¹ / ₂	Morning foggy, sun-shiny day.
16 S.W.	little	30 ¹ / ₁₀	51	56	53	Morn. foggy, fine bright day.
17 W.S.W.	little	30 ¹ / ₁₀	54	57	57	Foggy morn. after. light rain.
18 W.	little	30	56	58	55	Mo. early thun. heav. rain, af. fhers.
19 E.	little	30 ¹ / ₁₀	52	53	50	Sun-shine & fair, even. frosty air.
20 N.E.	little	30 ³ / ₁₀	46	54	52	Morn. foggy, fair & sun-shine.
21 E.S.E.	little	30 ¹ / ₁₀	46	53	52	Frosty air, morn. foggy, fine day.
22 E.	little	30 ² / ₁₀	52	56	55	Cloudy.
23 S.	little	30 ¹ / ₁₀	55	58	56	Moist and close, without rain.
24 Ditto	fresh	30	57	60	56 ¹ / ₂	Forenoon fair, after. light rain.
25 S. & variable		30 ¹ / ₁₀	55	59	56	Cloudy with light rain.
26 S.S.W.	fresh	30	56	59	57	Ditto.
27 S.	strong	29 ¹ / ₂	56	58 ¹ / ₂	58	Cloudy foren. aftern. heavy rain.
28 S.	little	29 ¹ / ₂	55	57	56	Fair and sun-shine.
29 Ditto	strong	29 ¹ / ₂	55	57	56	Fair and clear, at night rain.
30 S.W.	fresh	29 ² / ₁₀	54	56	58	Heavy fhers. with intervals fair.
31 W.S.W.	little	29 ¹ / ₁₀	59	53	50	Fine brilliant day.

PRICES

P R I C E S O F S T O C K S.

No.	BANK Stock.	E. India Stock.	South Sea Stock.	Old S. Sea Annuity.	New S. Sea Annuity.	Reduced Annuity.	Consols. per Cent.	3 per Cent. per Cent.	3 per Cent. per Cent.	E. I. An. An. 1751.	3 per Cent. per Cent.	Consols. per Cent.	Long Annuity.	In. Bonds prem.	New diff.
27	141½	—	—	Shut.	86½	86½	87½	—	—	80½	89½	90½	25½	21,20,21½	1½
28	141½	148½	—	Shut.	86½	86½	87½	—	—	80½	89½	90½	—	20,21½	1½
29	141½	147½	94½	84½	86½	86½	87½	—	—	80½	89½	90½	—	21,20,21½	1½
30	—	146½	—	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	36	—	—
31	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
32	141½	146½	—	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	20,21½	—
33	141½	145½	—	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	21½	1½
34	141½	145½	—	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	20,21½	1½
35	No	—	—	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	20,21½	1½
36	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
37	141½	145½	—	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	21½	1½
38	No	—	—	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	20,21½	1½
39	141½	144½	—	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	20,21½	1½
40	141½	144½	94½	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	20,21½	1½
41	141½	143½	—	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	20,21½	1½
42	141½	143½	—	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	20,21½	1½
43	141½	143½	—	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	20,21½	1½
44	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
45	141½	—	—	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	20,21½	1½
46	141½	142½	—	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	20,21½	1½
47	141½	142½	94½	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	20,21½	1½
48	141½	142½	—	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	20,21½	1½
49	141½	142½	—	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	20,21½	1½
50	141½	142½	94½	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	20,21½	1½
51	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
52	141½	142½	—	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	20,21½	1½
53	141½	142½	—	—	86½	86½	87½	—	—	—	—	—	—	20,21½	1½

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VOL



T H E
MONTHLY LEDGER,
O R
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

REFLECTIONS *on* HUMAN LIFE.



AM a great lover of walking; and it is my custom to look back from every rising ground I meet with in my perambulation, and examine the change of prospect, and the face and situation of the country I have left behind me.

I have transplanted this good custom from my body into my mind; which I have, for some years past, inured to make pauses, now and then, in life; and reckon over its past stages, and the uses I have adapted them to: and this I sometimes do after a general, and, at other times, in a more particular, manner. The distinction of ages, by Solon, into divisions of seven years, is an example of the first kind; and has something in it that is just and natural; and uncommon enough to be worth translating:

VOL. I.

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The

The seven first years of life (man's break of day)
 Gleams of short sense, a dawn of thought, display.
 When fourteen springs have bloom'd his downy cheek,
 His soft and blushing meanings learn to speak.
 From twenty-one, proud manhood takes its date;
 Yet is not strength complete till twenty-eight.
 Thence to his five and thirtieth, life's gay fire
 Sparkles, burns loud, and flames in fierce desire.
 At forty-two his eyes grave wisdom wear;
 And the dark future dims him o'er with care.
 On to the nine and fortieth, toils increase;
 And busy hopes and fears disturb his peace.
 At fifty-six, cool reason reigns intire;
 Then life burns steady, and with temp'rate fire.
 But sixty-three unbinds the body's strength,
 E'er the unwear'd mind has run her length.
 And when, from seventy, age surveys her last;
 Tir'd, she stops short—and wishes all were past.

Of the second and more particular kind, I have met with no livelier example than that of the illustrious Paulo Paruta, a noble Venetian; who was sent ambassador, from his Republic, to Pope Clement the eighth; and composed the following soliloquy during his residence at Rome; wherein he briefly examines the whole course of his past life.

Where am I? What am I doing? What am I designing?—I am hastening already to the end of my life, and have hardly so much as thought upon the end of my being!—I am transported with that which I am not sure to possess a day, and neglect to acquaint myself with what I must carry with me through eternity.—Age has naturally a power to afflict and mortify the body; let it now exert a nobler influence, and exalt and quicken my spirit!—Summon, O my soul, thy strayed and degenerate thoughts; know the dignity of thy condition; and let nothing proceed from thee, but what may truly be worthy of thee.

I fear, if I make a scrutiny into the conduct of my life, I shall disgrace my blushing reason by a recollection of my vanity.—The tenderness of my infant years was too weak to afford matter that could merit my age's notice; and yet the tears, methinks, which it was subject to, might have forewarned me that I was entering upon a wilderness of misery.

In the boyish years, which succeeded childhood, I drew in pleasure at my eyes and ears; and gave my soul a tincture that prepared it for the impressions of future levity.—Riches, honour, and worldly greatness, glittered on me from a lovely distance;

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distance; and retirement, when I heard it talked of, seemed stupidity or madness.—These conceptions gathered strength, as I advanced into riper life, from the common consent of all men to practise and to praise as I did; and that most among those who were reputed wisest and most happy.

At my entrance into youth, I applied myself to study.—I delighted, chiefly, in rhetoric and philosophy; and, having the good fortune to meet with excellent masters, I made a swift and unusual progress.—Yet I cannot help confessing that it added fuel to my native pride. It inflamed me with a thirst of praise, and served to countenance that self-love, which stood in need of no incentive.—Knowledge is apt to puff up its possessors.—I dare not say I possessed it; but, if I should be asked, What fruit I reaped by my studies? I think I might venture to answer, That philosophy, if it did not teach me truth, awakened and prepared me to receive it.

For a while I was very earnest in the study of morality; and delighted in it so much, that I published a treatise on that subject; and afterwards, when I was come to man's estate, I composed, in obedience to my father's particular command, an elaborate history of my country.—But, while I laboured to contribute toward the glory of other men, I pleased myself with a flattering prospect that I too, by those my labours, should have a place in the temple I was building; and live in my fame many ages after my death.—Absurd extravagance of erring vanity! as if, what is nothing in itself, could gather an existence from the opinions of others!

Next, I gave myself wholly up to the service and government of my country; and found my way so plain and easy, that I soon attained great honours, and helped to fill the foremost employments.—But, alas! What boast is this? Am I not sensible that not only the most busy, but even the most pleasing, of my present thoughts, will vanish like a silent shadow? All these dignities and distinctions, these state bustles and negotiations, with which my mind is so gloriously incumbered, will dissolve like smoke into the wind; or be withered, like flowers, by the beams of that sun which cherished them. But, unstable as these phantasms are, and as I know them to be, I must meditate on them only. My thoughts, however reluctant, must at all times, and in all places, give way to the imaginary importance of these proud chimeras; and abandon the contemplation of things intrinsically noble.

Alas! how hard it is to serve two masters of opposite meanings! my reason and my pride seem to have divided me between them.—Pride teaches me to measure my actions, with regard only to outward appearances, by which men rather seem happy

than are so.—But reason is always whispering me, that patience, humility, mediocrity, and self-denial, are the roads which lead to felicity.—As I approached to old age, I grew more and more sensible on which of these two sides truth lay; but I persisted, even against conviction, and sacrificed my peace and rest to careful power and splendid misery.

What then do I wish? What is it that I am expecting?—If I know that my pursuits are follies, what hinders but that I change them?—If, after having wasted the vigour of my life, without advantage from such applications, I am less satisfied than when I began to live, am I weak enough to hope, that while I myself do not change, the very nature of things should alter?—Shall disappointment turn to delight because I am fondly in love with pleasure?—Or shall a world, that produces nothing but cares, be taught hereafter to abound with comforts, that I only may be indulged with new and unnatural satisfaction?

Look out, my soul, upon these ruins that are every where spread around thee! This was once that awful Rome! the queen of the dependant world!—Where is now her unbounded influence? Where the majesty of her empire? Where are her treasures? her triumphs? and the dreadful consequences of a thousand victories? Are they not the prey of death and time? Do they not lie buried in these heaps of ruin? And shalt thou be fond of glory? Thou, who canst look down with pity on the desolation of a power that drew a chain round the world;—shalt thou presume to pride thyself in honours or distinctions? or grow vain upon the little preference of a light and momentary dignity?

No; thou, who hast duration and stability! thou, who shalt endure, unwaiving, through the changes of eternity! consider better the true rate of things, and proportion thy desire to their value.—If they are not of real worth, why then hast thou loved them? Why endeavourest thou to retain them? Why art thou shaken at a prospect of thy losing them? Or, granting they have in them any thing that may be called a real good, why, at least, is it not remembered for how short a time thou canst possess them?

A thousand ways these worldly benefits have it in their very nature to deceive us.—While we suppose their increase the only means to make us happy, we insensibly become miserable; for we fix our minds so intently upon the little we yet want, that we continue dead to the enjoyment of all that we were before possessed of.—The fear of losing what we have already got has a power to impoverish vulgar minds as effectually as if they really possessed nothing! And a greater vexation than
this

this the human soul is not capable of being tormented by.—Because, as the misery is imaginary, it is boundless; and, as it drew its evil from depravity, it can receive no cure from reason.—Strange perverseness of our nature!—We have our happiness within ourselves, and are always seeking it abroad:—We have our miseries remote, and without, and yet are for ever smarting inward; and transplanting tortures to ourselves, which have no roots but in our diligence to excite and nourish our own mischiefs.

If we feed the soul with meat which is not proper to her nature, what wonder that she pines, and can never be fully satisfied?—But, I perceive, while I praise Mary, I am imitating Martha.—I discern the right way; but I choose to travel in the wrong, till I have lost myself in its intricate windings.—I am troubled and busied with many things; though I know, well enough, there is but one of them sincerely necessary.—I am birdlimed by the tempting world.—I am given over to a variety of solicitous and grinning cares, which I hug like blessings to my bottom; and am softened more and more into an affection and partiality for them.—The love and gratitude I owe my friends; the hopes, and fears, and touching tenderness, with which I think of my wife and children; domestic and private œconomy; and the weightier concerns of the government of the commonwealth; press my thoughts on every side, and afflict me with purposes diametrically opposite to each other.

Fain would I free my soul and restore her to her liberty from these passions which confine and torture her; but I neither know how nor when to resolve it.—Yet am I comforted, however, that I feel in myself a strong desire to exert the prerogative of my reason; since I consider it as a sign, that I retain the principles of well-doing.

B.

If the Editor of the Monthly Ledger thinks the following Essay will be of any service, it is at his disposal.

On the PARTIALITY of PARENTS.

IT has sometimes given me pain when I have been in a family where I have discovered an evident partiality in the conduct of a parent, or of parents, towards their children,

children, who, though entitled to an equal claim of that parental tenderness, which nature has, for the wisest purposes, implanted in the human breast, yet we have instances of that tenderness being lavished in excess upon a favourite child, a daughter perhaps, on whom nature may have bestowed a little more elegance of features, complexion, or shape; whilst a brother or a sister, whose intellectual abilities and innate good nature shall at once prepossess an impartial person in their favour, shall be treated with indifference, excluded from company to make way for a sister, and be obliged to herd with servants; glad, even there, to find a spark of that humanity which their unfeeling parent hath lost. Or, should it happen that a child be neither blessed with exterior graces, nor yet shine in the more desirable endowments of the mind so eminently as a brother or a sister, yet perhaps be furnished with such qualifications as constitute what is termed common sense, it does not follow, that a natural deficiency should exclude such a child from those privileges which others, more happily favoured, enjoy; but certainly calls louder for a closer attention of the parent in the cultivation of the understandings, in order to draw those virtues forth, which by a total neglect might remain for ever in obscurity, and give occasion to an impartial world to load a parent's character with an opprobrious stain, which a daily experience will convince them they but too justly merited. It would perhaps seem strange were I to charge this evil upon mothers more especially, from whom we universally expect more delicacy, sensibility, and a greater flow of tenderness and compassion, than from our own sex; yet, so far as my observation has led me, the charge is well grounded; and I have known fathers, who, I believe, have tried every expedient in their power to convince the unthinking mother, but in vain, of the impropriety of her conduct. Hence it is plain, that this unnatural behaviour does not altogether arise from ignorance, but rather from want of a serious impartial retrospection into her own actions; or from being blinded by an education similar to that which she is entailing upon her daughter: but, if such a mother be not entirely devoid of thinking, what must she propose to herself from a conduct so utterly repugnant to common sense? If she means to render her favourite more pleasing, more accomplished, more amiable, in the eyes of the more unprejudiced and judicious part of mankind, she will, in the conclusion, find herself grossly deceived; and the child, whom she excluded from her favour, shall anticipate the darling of her bosom, not only in the kind sentiments of mankind, but in the fruition of real felicity; for, while good nature in distress may be compassionate, a haughty spirit will

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will be despised, debased, and dishonoured. It is not indulgences, caresses, and allowing a daughter to be gratified in every pettish fancy, and decorating her person to profusion, in dress, that shall recommend her to masculine favour and esteem, while the necessary duties and accomplishments, required in a woman designed to fill the elevated station of wife or mother, are totally overlooked and neglected. What prudent man would connect himself with a woman, who was ever taught to look down, even upon her equals, with a supercilious contempt? Such an one will be impatient of the gentlest endeavours of others to convince her of what, in their opinion, may seem contrary to her sentiments; and, as she has never been accustomed to act in condescension, her pride readily takes the alarm when her judgement is disputed, and there is no alternative but either to submit or forfeit her favour. Must not such a woman be totally incapable of those tender-foothings, which would mollify the cares of a fond husband, and alleviate the distresses of a heart formed to make her blessed, did not her own deportment damp every sentiment of regard, and break the cord of the sincerest attachment? Nothing, I am persuaded, would sooner destroy, than a conduct of this kind, that amity we wish to maintain with the female heart, which, while it remains purely feminine, will never want its proper effect.

Short is the rule, and to be learn'd with ease,

Retain your gentle selves, and you *must* please.

It is female softness, blended with an innocent cheerful vivacity, that we seek for in the sex, and we start, as if we met a serpent, when we find in *woman* a contrary character. If the young ladies themselves would but reflect what it is that endears them to us, that good nature, sense, an obliging willingness to please, mildness of temper, a proper knowledge of such family concerns as are likely to come more immediately under their notice, will ever make them amiable, and never fail, with a man of sense, to fix his affections on themselves, and repay them with unlimited kindness; surely they would despise the indulgences of an erring partiality, even from a parent, when it would, in its consequences, have a certain tendency to make them shunned and avoided by every sensible thinking man. Instead of having their thoughts entirely occupied with an enthusiastic fondness for dress, parade, and diversions, and a constant expectation of a deference to be paid to them, would it not be better to make themselves acquainted

quainted with more desirable accomplishments, such as might lay the foundation for real esteem and affection, the only solid basis for conjugal felicity, and which, under such circumstances, would receive a gradual increase? But to return again to the parent, from whom, for the most part, the grand error in education first takes its source; a degree of partiality for a child is an inherent property, but then it ought to be universally extended to every child born of the same parent: Whence then arises that shameful neglect and want of affection that I have mentioned? Whatever may be the cause, the effects are but too obvious; and instances are not wanting, where children, thus treated, have been put upon determined, and perhaps in some cases, desperate, efforts, to get rid of an insupportable bondage: for, as the inculcation of virtuous principles has been neglected in their education, they have naturally and insensibly imbibed sentiments from those with whom they were under a necessity of holding converse, widely different from those which constitute the basis of moral rectitude; hence they have thought it no breach of that duty, which they were never properly instructed in, to join themselves in marriage to men beneath themselves and family, in order to extricate themselves from a situation which they looked upon to be more debased than the one they have made choice of. Others, I believe, who have had a greater share of sensibility, being unable to support a life of alienation and contemptuous disregard from a parent, have been brought to such a desperate pass, as even to meditate means which might for ever free them from taunts and insults, by bidding a last adieu to the world, by the commission of suicide. How can parents, who have thus been the cause of their childrens ruin and destruction, answer it to God and their own consciences, when a fatal sickness shall awaken their reflection, and place their past actions with gloomy horror before them! I would therefore wish every parent to scrutinise their own conduct with impartiality, and endeavour to rectify every little tendency to a deviation from the guide of nature, at its very first appearance, lest it gain ground and blind the understanding; and, like enthusiasm, elude every effort that others may make to correct an erroneous judgement: for it is, perhaps, rather from a want of due consideration, than design, that some have acted so inconsistently with themselves, who, in other respects, have been possessed of many amiable qualities, but which are, and ever will be, clouded and obscured by such a gross insult and attack upon nature.

My chief intention in writing this, is, the satisfaction that I should feel, if I could in some measure contribute to relieve
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the sufferings, and lighten the painful burden which those distressed children must feel, who move in no other sphere but that of subordination and abject servitude, not only to the commands of an injudicious parent, but, perhaps, to the unmerited chidings of an imperious brother or sister, in no wise intitled to a superiority, but as they are allowed to take the example from one to whom they look up as to a patron, and to whom I now chiefly address myself, and could wish to awake them to a timely sense of a necessary and natural duty.

PHILANDER.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

*A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.* POPE.

THE views, hopes, fears, and dispositions, of mankind, are as different as their features ; and, while happiness is the end designed by all, the means mankind pursue to attain it are different. The avaricious man racks his brain to invent lucrative schemes, and all his faculties are employed in accumulating wealth. The ambitious will voluntarily embrace poverty, and even sacrifice life to acquire fame. The epicure studies to please his palate, and prefers a favourite dish to the joys of heaven. But, among other infatuated beings, there is a great number who are peculiarly fond of *cutting a figure*, as it is called, and of these are different species ; the *sumum bonum* of some is to cut a figure on Change, others would cut a figure upon the stage, and others at a ball, in the pulpit, at the bar, or an assembly. Some by attempting to display personal or mental accomplishments which they do not possess, and acquirements which they have not attained : but, of all the unsuccessful candidates for that bubble called Fame, none cut a more *despicable figure* than the errant fop and puny witling, who, void of all grace, have flattered themselves, and would persuade others, that they are endued with every grace ; their affectation and volubility distinguish them from every other class of mankind, while their consummate ignorance is to be equalled by nothing but their impudence. They think themselves superior to every body, while they are, in fact, the most ridiculous of all God's creatures ; and, though they give themselves credit for superior merit, they are destitute even of one grain. Fools, indeed, flatter their vanity, but their ad-

mirers are only to be found where common sense is wanting. Happening lately to pass an evening within a small circle of judicious friends, one of these upstarts introduced himself amongst us, and took upon him to be the mouth for the whole company all the time he stayed; and indeed he *cut a figure*, though it was a very contemptible one in the estimation of every person present but himself. His air distinguished him no less than his tongue; an affectation of superior accomplishments was displayed by both. He started fifty different subjects, but was master of none; and expatiated on several branches of science, though he manifested an ignorance of the first principles of any, and while timid modesty silently blushed at his indiscretion, others of the company, wiser than himself, would have corrected his errors, but he would not allow them to utter a syllable before he replied; and treated every one as a novice, who attempted to give him better information. Were such but to see themselves as they are seen of mankind in general, to whom they would recommend themselves, nothing need be said to abate their pride and correct their petulance; but their self-deception is so great, that they pride themselves in the thought of *cutting a figure*, while the loud laugh, occasioned by their folly, and the severest satire passed on their impertinence, is attributed either to the approbation or envy of those who meant to burlesque their ignorance and effrontery; as the wise man justly observed; "*seest thou a man wise in his own conceit; there is more hope of a fool than of him.*" But, while we despair of correcting their errors, we may be more successful in attempting to guard others, not yet intoxicated with the fumes of vanity and self-importance, from laying themselves open to the censure which is so justly incurred by many who ineffectually attempt to cut a *respectable figure* in spheres of action for which they were not designed. Nature has furnished man with two ears and but one tongue, and designed that he should be *swift to hear, and slow to speak*; but one might imagine the sense of hearing was given to some men in vain; their eternal talkativeness, in all companies, renders them as deaf to the instruction of superior wisdom, as blind to their own foibles. The tongue is, indeed, an *unruly member*, and wisdom only can govern it. Some people speak with it by rote, like a parrot, and are as hard to be silenced; they only repeat some thousand times a few quaint phrases, and commonplace notions, gleaned from puerile novels, which start up, in the republic of letters, like mushrooms, and, like an *ephemeron*, live but a day. It is worthy of note, that good sense and great volubility, are seldom displayed in the same character. Those, who think before they speak, in general speak but little, but

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twice the better for it; their words follow their ideas; but the words of the eternal prater take the lead of his ideas and sentiments. The words of the former, directed by a well-informed understanding, and "*fitly spoken, are like apples of gold in pictures of silver.*" The latter speaks *without understanding* what he says, and offers the sacrifice of fools, which, like the crackling of thorns under a pot, gives but a momentary flash. It is the property of ignorance to be over-talkative, as it is of deformity to have the most pride. The means, to prevent or remedy the evil complained of, are, for such people to "let the finger of silence be upon their lips," to exercise them less, and their ears with their understandings more. Useful knowledge is not like corn and other goods, an article to be monopolized by a few. Common sense, as well as air and light, is more or less freely communicated to all; though most of those, who would cut a figure or appear wiser than all the rest of mankind, either have, in general, a less degree of it, or make the worst use of it; and while they boast of *cutting a figure in company*, they labour under a peculiar disease, situate within the pericranium, near the pineal gland, and had need be *cut for the simples*. Some moral anatomists have presumed (as it is said the brain of a prating fool is peculiarly soft) that the peccant humour, flowing down copiously on *his unruly member*, stimulates it to action; and hence *fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue*. But to be serious, "*act well thy part, there all the honour lies.*" Every man has a part to act in the grand drama of life; but nature has not qualified any individual for every part in it; in attempting every one, a man cannot cut a respectable figure in any one. Our studies should be adapted to our talents, and not merely to our inclinations; and our duties in life should be measured by the sphere we move in, or the circumstances we are placed in. Those who attempt things to which their abilities are inadequate, may read their destiny in the fable of the *frog* and the *ox*. Real genius will ever be distinguished by the judicious, even in its humblest station, from presumptuous empiricism and affectation of every kind. "*Pigmies are pigmies still, though perch'd on Alps; but pyramids are pyramids in vales.*" Every man cannot be the *philosopher*, the *poet*, the *orator*, or *historian*; and yet every man may be useful and respectable in his proper station. Throughout universal nature, there is a just subordination of parts, yet every one bears a relation to the beauty and order of the whole; men differ no less from others, than one star differs from another in magnitude; and, in society, an analogous subordination and arrangement of individuals, according to their respective powers

of action, would contribute to the good of the whole. To ascertain, therefore, the *nature, number, and strength*, of our *respective talents*, should be the first objects of our enquiry, (for the knowledge of our talents must precede the proper application of them,) and, to exercise them in a manner agreeable to the several purposes for which they were designed, bespeaks wisdom, and would contribute at once to the general good, and confer a degree of real honour on the individuals of community.

Q. in a corner,

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Reflections on the capricious Humour of some Men.

AS I pass along through life I cannot help observing, amongst other natural and moral phænomena, the prevailing extravagant humour and dispositions of mankind. There are some people, who are in many respects worthy men, that discover such a wantonness and instability in regard to their friendship, as subjects them to the pity of a few, and the contempt of many. They will profess a violent friendship for a person on the shortest acquaintance, and offer their service in the strongest terms to those who have the least occasion for it, and without meaning to render them any. They are every thing in the extreme, but nothing long; cannot maintain a correspondence with any person without being very intimate with him; and yet, on the most trivial cause, or even no apparent cause at all, will change, alternately, from the warmest friendship to the coldest indifference. A few months ago I accidentally met one of this species, and in half an hour's time he made as free with me as if we had been acquainted for seven years; he opened his very heart to me without reserve, and attempted to gain my friendship by every protestation of regard and service he could make to me. As to service, I was so happily circumstanced as to want none of it, and had my happiness in any degree depended on his intimate acquaintance, it would have been very short-lived and precarious. This gentleman, who is of the Proteus kind, in the course of a few years acquaintance, has changed oftner than the seasons, and nearly as often as the moon. In one month he cannot be happy without calling upon me every day, and passing three evenings every week in my company. In the next, he avoids my door, walks on the other side of the way, hangs down his head, and will scarcely speak if he meets me in the street. He is always either too full of complaisance or unmannerly,

unmannerly, too free or too reserved. As these metamorphoses are assumed without any apparent cause, it gives me no uneasiness; nor do I take any notice of his puerilities, as I find I cannot mortify him more than by shewing a silent indifference when these paroxysms of caprice are upon him. Such a mode of conduct as the above character exhibits, which is too general in society, is justly reprehensible; and an association with people of such a capricious temper ought to be cautiously entered into. An instability in friendship renders a man an improper object for an intimate, and by laying our hearts too open to such frippery changeable beings, many inconveniences may ensue which are easier prevented than remedied.

Q. in a corner.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

ON HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS and misery, of which we are capable in innumerable degrees, consist in different species of *sensation*. A man cannot be happy or miserable without feeling himself so. In whatever circumstance we are placed, our *feelings*, whether occasioned by *fruition, hope, fear, or expectation*, render us in the present time either happy or miserable in a degree; and whatever most contributes to augment our agreeable sensations is consequently the most high prized, and *vice versa*; not for its own sake, or its *abstract fitness or unfitness*, but for its *effects*. A man's *feelings*, and not *abstract ideas*, are to him the only ultimate test of the *sublime and beautiful*, both in theory and practice. Hence the opinions of mankind, respecting the objects of both, are as different as their tastes for food, according to the present disposition of the mind, predominant passion, different prejudices imbibed, habits contracted from the contagion of popular notions, or the bias early imposed on the judgement by education.

The desire of happiness is an universal passion, and all others, whether virtuous or vicious, of which the human mind is capable, are excited by this primary innate propensity of human nature. All mankind would be happy; and every voluntary action is designed to promote it, either immediately or remotely. But few, indeed, wisely pursue the means adapted to procure the greatest degree of it, yet the error must ever proceed from the impetus of passion or a wrong-informed judgement, and not from the will or design of the agent.

Riches

Riches are generally supposed to be the essential means of augmenting human felicity in this world; the desire of riches, therefore, is proportionately general among mankind. This notion, however, is one of the leading errors in human life, easier indeed to point out than to remedy. Ungoverned passion imposes on reason: the latter only persuades, while the former seems to compel. Experience and observation sufficiently evince, to the placid dispassionate part of mankind, that riches oftner lessen than increase the happiness of its deluded votaries, some of whom, allured by the brilliancy of the golden mountain, stick at nothing to make its summit, but sacrifice every virtue that would stop their career or impede their progress towards it.

If we make a review of the several classes of people in society, the reputed rich, upon the whole, appear to enjoy less than the middling ones: of the former there are more than a few, who, possessing the means of acquiring most of the conveniences and superfluities of life, will scarcely allow themselves necessaries. The fear of want is not annihilated by the accumulation of wealth, and their "*wishes*," like their "*shadows, lengthen as their sun declines*;" like a man who attempts to allay his thirst with sea water, who the more he drinks, the more his appetite is increased; so the inordinate lover of riches, the more he possesses, the more he wants to possess, the more his passion for riches is inflamed. Look abroad, see with what industry, sollicitude, and anxiety, many of the already reputed rich occupy their respective ranks and posts in the field of commerce, from which they cannot bear the thought of returning till death lays his cold hand upon them and they lose the power of action. Like galley-slaves, their passions have chained them to the oar, and their labour terminates not till death. Others, enervated by unremitted assiduity, maintained day and night, early and late, through a long series of years, at length retire possessed of what they flatter themselves will render the evening of life happy and serene; but how often are they disappointed, who expect to enjoy life in infirm old age, when the season for enjoyment is over! Like a man, who were to provide, at much labour and expence, a splendid repast for himself, at a time when he has lost both appetite and the power of digestion: so these dupes of vanity sit down at their own luxurious boards, in hopes of deriving much pleasure from a variety of delicacies, but appalled, and sickening at the very sight and smell of the dainties before them, they are obliged to retire to the couch, and leave others, who never sowed with
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them, to reap the fruits of those labours which themselves are not capable of enjoying, while some greedy heirs, watching the moments as they roll, impatiently wait their exit; considering them as a stone placed on the mouth of a well, from which they expect to derive so much consolation.

The man, who is not contented in an inferior rank with the common necessities and conveniences of life, in all probability would not be happier were he even to be as rich as Croesus. If his desires increase and expand with the increase of wealth, all his labours are fruitless, and his gold no better than dross. Riches to such a person are vain, and cannot contribute to render him so happy as many are in poverty: his disease is mental, it rankles at heart, and a change of circumstance can no more cure him, than a change of colour in clothes would alleviate the pains of a person in a fit of the gout.

Men, whose bodies are free from pain, their minds from remorse; who possess enough to satisfy the wants of nature, and covet fewest of the superfluities of life, are far happier than the ambitious, who roll in riches and luxury, while they have yet desires which cannot be gratified; or the avaricious, whose barns are filled with plenty, while they have not hearts capable of enjoying it.

Some degree of misery inevitably falls to the lot of all men. Uninterrupted happiness is to be the portion of the virtuous in the world or life that is to come; but they are not to be totally exempted from pain or misery in the present. We felt pain before we knew *sin*, and are doomed to feel it in some degree (while we remain inhabitants of this sublunary sphere) even though we were completely redeemed from it. A degree of misery falls to the share of the virtuous as well as the vicious, in the course of that providence, which also maketh the sun to shine upon the evil and upon the good, and sendeth his rain upon the just and upon the unjust. The virtuous, however, find access to a source of the most refined pleasure, a fountain which is sealed up from the vicious. If virtue cannot exempt us from many of the evils of human life, it much alleviates them, and enables us to support them in a manner becoming a being, who ought to acquiesce with, and submit patiently to, the dispensations of providence.

The unavoidable miseries of human life are not, however, so many or great as partial discontent has represented them. The troubles of the world, and the miseries of human life, are, indeed, subjects upon which much has been said, and much to but little purpose. A partial investigation of any subject misleads the judgement, and but few subjects of general concern are candidly examined. The mind is biased by cir-
cumstances

cumstances and events that relate immediately to itself, and, like the jaundiced eye, is apt to see all objects of its own complexion, agreeable or disagreeable, according to the capricious humour that predominates. When we pass along prosperously, "*upon the smooth surface of a summer's sea,*" we estimate human life too highly; but, when we are exposed to the bleak winds of adversity, we run into the other extreme, and represent it as scarcely worthy the desire or acceptance of a rational being. Whoever philosophically contemplates the constitution of men and things, may, I presume, safely conclude that the Author of nature, for wise purposes, has not adapted them to render mankind completely happy in this world. The bodies we inform are composed of the elements, and subjected to the same laws, which act upon them incessantly. They are differently affected by the vicissitudes of the seasons, and the changes of the atmosphere: these variations, in the course of God's providence, are productive of sickness and health, of pleasure and pain, which are more or less the common lot of all flesh.

As the body is not long easy in one posture, so the mind is not long satisfied in one circumstance, nor can long derive an equal degree of pleasure from one scene; it soon becomes appalled with a continued sameness. The landscape or scene, which captivates the mind and imparts peculiar delight at the first view, gradually fades and pleases less as it becomes familiar to the senses. There is not any terrestrial object, scene, or season, adapted to inspire a constant equal degree of pleasure. A change from summer to winter is agreeable, and contributes to augment human felicity; its gloom, bleak winds, and pinching frosts, prepare us to enjoy more from milder skies in the ensuing genial season of spring. Intervals of mental indolence or relaxation, even from *happiness*, in the present constitution of things, seem as necessary to *happiness*, as rest and sleep are to exercise and health. The natural evils of life, of which we so much complain, are frequently the means of augmenting human happiness. There is not any person that enjoys health so much at any time, as after having been taught or put in mind of its value by a fit of sickness; nor do any people relish their food so well, as those who have acquired it by the pains of industry; for such have generally the keenest appetite as well as the best digestion. Thus, in the course of God's providence, the ills of which we complain are rendered subservient to our happiness; and, by desiring to enjoy more in this world than we can reasonably expect, we enjoy less than we might otherwise derive from the constitution of nature.

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Man, favoured in a superior degree, endued with the greatest capacity for happiness, and with the greatest powers to acquire it, seems to be the most discontented and unhappy being in the universe. He is dissatisfied with the world, and with himself, goes on through life complaining, and yet at length quits it with reluctance.

“Patience, that arms the mind for every state,
 “Has taught us less to feel affliction’s weight;
 “They, who can bravely bear the woes of life,
 “Steer, safe and steady, through a sea of strife;
 “While they, who pine, quit hope, to feed their grief,
 “Embosom anguish, and resist relief.”

Of the several passions which agitate the human mind, that of ingratitude to the source of all our blessings is the most unworthy of a dependant being who has no claim on the bounty of providence, no merit to recommend him to the complacency of his Maker: unworthy of any blessing, he would grasp all, and while he abuses those already possessed, incessantly covets more.

Ingratitude is the very reverse to a spirit of devotion, and while it prevents our access to the main source of consolation under the calamities to which human nature is incident, so it adds to our real calamities a train of imaginary ones, which we are left unavoidably to deplore.

The natural temporary evils of life are indeed not a few, but the artificial ones are very numerous. We afflict ourselves more than we are afflicted. Many of the events which we deem *unfortunate*, and with a criminal temerity charge upon nature or providence, are the offspring of our own imprudence. From the indulgence of licentious desires, and the vain attempts to gratify them, the far greater part of the miseries of mankind are derived. The wants of nature are but few compared with pride’s, that potent enemy to happiness; for they are infinite. Every indulgence of lawless passions, every deviation from the law of rectitude, is offensive to our Maker, and will be productive of a proportionate degree of evil to ourselves, either immediately or remotely; but our offences are aggravated to the highest degree, when we presume wantonly to arraign the wisdom and goodness of providence by imputing the consequences of our neglect, or the misapplication of our talents, to the constitution of nature, or to him who ordained and superintends it. Cease, therefore, to “charge God foolishly.” The dispensations of his providence are inscrutable; but doubtless unerring wisdom and goodness direct them all. The

afflictions which come upon us unforeseen, and which neither our wisdom nor prudence can prevent or remove, it becomes us to bear with patience and resignation. By restraining the excursions of fancy, and by keeping a constant check upon our passions, we may avoid many occasions of pain and sorrow, and enjoy the blessings that fall to our lot with thankfulness; considering, that though heaven grants us not so many as we could wish to possess, yet we have received more than we have rightly applied.

To be as happy in this world as heaven designs we should be, and to obtain a rational hope of unmixed felicity in futurity, nothing can so much contribute as the knowledge of ourselves, with the relation we stand in to the gracious Father of us all, and to the beings around us. We should then be led to form the justest idea of our several religious, social, and relative, duties, and of what we might reasonably hope and desire in this life, as well as in that which is to come. Assisted by the best wisdom, we should be able to distinguish between our superior and inferior interests, and to pursue both in a manner becoming rational and accountable creatures, preferring the former, yet thankfully accepting the latter. Every blessing allotted to us we should endeavour to make the best use of; and in every scene and stage of life acquiesce and rest satisfied with the dispensations of providence. By repining in affliction we do but augment our suffering, and for want of resignation under unavoidable calamities, we do but increase them.

This life is doubtless a probationary one, and designed by the Author of our being as preparatory for a better. We are like travellers bound to pass through a country interspersed with some gloomy wildernesses and dreary deserts: those indeed who have no hopes of ultimately possessing a better inheritance, may lie down, complaining and dispirited, and sink under the fatigue of the journey; but the wise and virtuous, who expect to rest from their labours beyond the confines of terrestrial existence, are encouraged to pass along with alacrity, cheerfulness, and resignation; humbly trusting, that whatever pains may attend their short pilgrimage are designed to prepare them for the enjoyment of an infinitely superior good; and these look down with a noble contempt on the illusive transient pleasures of vice, while their fond votaries become the objects of their pity, and are remembered in their prayers.

I lately made a friendly visit to a gentleman who had nearly attained his eightieth year, and was much pleased with the observations he made on several interesting subjects. On parting he took me by the hand, and addressed me to the following purport. — “I have known and respected you from your childhood;

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childhood ; you are but a young man, and may live many years after I shall be dead, and perhaps forgotten of all the living ; remember time is precious and uncertain to the youngest ; make the best use of the present world, and you may hope for more happiness in a future one. In the course of God's providence I have received more good than I have either merited or rightly used, and have derived less from the unavoidable calamities of human life than I might have done. God, who is *wisdom* and *goodness* itself, afflicts not willingly the children of men ; it is for their *good* that it is his *pleasure* to subject them to pain of any kind ; it is not to display omnipotence over his weak creatures who are but worms, but to exercise his goodness, that he sees meet to administer to them some bitter potions with their sweet cordials. Endeavour to endure patiently the afflictions which you cannot remedy, and you will feel less from the unavoidable evils of life in submitting to them, than by complaining of them. *I once was young, but now I am old* ; the infirmities of age are increasing ; there seems but a step between me and the grave ; methinks death has already laid his cold hand upon me : resigned under the present painful dispensation of providence, which millions before me have endured, and thankful for the past pleasurable ones which I too much abused, I "wait the great teacher, death, and God adore." On a review of my life, I find that I neglected to do many things which I might and ought to have done ; should have omitted doing many which I have done, and that some of the repeated good things which I have done, might have been better done ; I having nothing whereof to boast or complain, except my ingratitude ; but possessing a spirit of repentance towards God my maker, and of charity to all men, not excepting my very enemies, I have but little to fear, and much to hope, from the *mercy* of God, "*who knows my frame, and remembers that I am but dust.*" The awful attributes of God are the frequent subjects of my meditation ; his mercy constitutes my song in the evening of age, and his grace will, I humbly trust, illumine me through the darksome vale which I must soon pass alone. The anticipation of the scene is solemn, but not dreadful ; I do not repine against the hand of providence that is silently conducting me to the common sepulchre of all my fathers : "*Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return.*" I do not even wish the shade on the dial of my life should stand still or go one degree backward : I consider that it is as natural to die as to be born ; to go out of this world as to come into it ; it is the common lot of all flesh ; of princes as well as peasants ; of rich as well as poor ; of the

wife as well as unwise; and of the learned as well as unlearned: and I wish it may be your principal concern to guard against that evil day, by preparing early for that shock which no mortal can shun."

T. L.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

YOUR insertion of my former letter I consider as a token of your respect for the good intentions of the writer, if not of your approbation of its contents. It was not long after I made you a promise of sending you my future thoughts on miscellaneous subjects, that a circumstance occurred which drew me from my residence, at the seat of my grandfather, to the metropolis. About the middle of my journey, the fore-springs of my chariot suddenly broke, and let me down, but without doing me any material injury. I was a little disconcerted when a peasant, who was at work near the spot, informed me there was no carriage to be hired in the neighbourhood, in which I might pursue my journey; but as he was conducting me to a small inn, which he told me was the only one in the parish, and the first house in the adjacent village, I was a little relieved from my anxiety by his information, that their smith was a *genius* man, a good *scholar*, and would rectify my own carriage by the next morning. I soon arrived at the mansion in which I proposed, if possible, to take up my abode. I found it the model of antiquity, and the standard of village neatness; and I had no sooner lifted my foot over the lofty threshold of the parlour door, than I was struck with the near agreement of the place with the following description of a modern poet.

- "The white-wash'd wall, the neatly fanded floor,
- "The varnish'd clock, that click'd behind the door,
- "The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
- "A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.
- "The pictures, plac'd for ornament and use,
- "The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
- "The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
- "With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel, gay:
- "While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
- "Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row."

I sat me down on an ancient cane-bottom'd couch, (an article by which this parlour was superior to doctor Goldsmith's,) and had no sooner fixed my eyes on some pieces of painted

painted glass, dispersed in irregular forms along the top of the window, than my hostess made her appearance. She began as she entered the room, and before she had finished her tokens of respect, to give me her account of these relics of antiquity : I listened with attention to a detail which informed me, on the authority of her first husband's father, that this glass was collected by his uncle, (who was a good christian man,) and placed there as a sign of his *royalty* to his king and religion, when the church-windows were broken to pieces by the wicked rebels in the civil war. She was going on with some honest reflections on the cruelty and ungodliness of those times ; but finding her warmth begin to kindle, on a subject which I could not suppose her likely to throw much light upon, I adverted to one more within her sphere, *viz.* dinner ; and dismissed my woman to assist her. Having, in the next place, given the necessary orders for the reparation of my vehicle, I found myself at leisure to indulge in a chain of reflections, which the humble quietude of the place contributed not a little to inspire. The substance of them, and of the future occurrences of the day, I shall employ a leisure hour in attempting to commit to writing.

It has been a subject of dispute among some men, which is a state of greater perfection, the *social* or the *solitary* ? whereas neither of these appears to me to be complete without the other.

The example of Jesus, the model of all perfection beneath the sun, and which ought to be considered as a pattern for our imitation, informs us otherwise. In the marvellous account of his life, we sometimes find him in the market-places, in the synagogues, and at festival entertainments ; and we find him also retiring from the croud into a desert, or a garden, and there employing himself in a more immediate intercourse with his Father, in meditation and prayer. In imitation of this spotless example, we also may, doubtless, lead public lives, both innocently and usefully, conversing with, and doing good to, men ; mutually sowing and reaping the several advantages and endearments of human society. But because the pleasures of conversation, when too freely tasted, are intoxicating and dangerous ; because the temptations to evil which it furnishes are various ; it is our great interest frequently to retire from them, to mental recollection and solitude. A dissipation of thought is the natural and unavoidable effect of much conversation in the world ; where we cannot help squandering a great deal of our time upon objects of small importance in themselves, and often of no concern at all to us.

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We roll on in a circle of empty pleasures, and are continually delivered over from one slight amusement to another; ever seemingly very busy, but frequently in reality very idle; applying ourselves to the pursuit of those things which it becomes us most to neglect, and neglecting the "one thing needful," which it becomes us most to pursue. This gives us, by degrees, such a levity and wantonness of mind, as renders us incapable of serious reflection, and refuses admittance to all serious thoughts; makes our closet a terrible place to us, and solitude the heaviest of all burdens.

It is our duty and our privilege, our chief honour and happiness, to be acquainted with God; but this acquaintance cannot be effectually made, unless we frequently divest ourselves of other acquaintance, and enter into the closets of our own minds, for the purpose of an awful communion with him. When we have called off our thoughts from worldly engagements and pursuits, then, and not till then, are we at liberty to fix them on the best, the most deserving, and most desirable object, even upon God himself; to study his glorious nature and perfection; to imprint a filial awe of them upon our hearts; a lively sense of his perpetual superintendence and merciful regard; to abound in devout application to him, in acts of petition and praise; to open all our wants, and unfold all our griefs, and to express our entire dependance on his providence, till, by often dwelling on such thoughts and reflections as these, we have made them familiar, habitual, and almost natural, to us. Nothing can more refine, raise, and ennoble our nature, than conversation of this sort; for as it is the most effectual means of advancing us in the knowledge of God, so doth it assist us towards attaining a true knowledge of ourselves. He, that would thrive in his temporal affairs, must often balance his accounts, examine his gains and his losses, and see what proportion they bear to each other; consider where his conduct may have been defective, and how he may, in future, rectify it. The same vigilance and care are requisite in our spiritual concerns also; and we can never exert them so effectually as where privacy and silence besfriend our enquiries. When the importunity of outward objects ceases, when the noise and avocations of a troublesome world are laid aside, we can enter upon these searches without difficulty, and finish them without interruption. We may then take a distinct view of what passes in our minds unobserved at other times; of our hidden inclinations and aversions; of the springs which secretly move us in all our pursuits; of the temptations which most frequently beset and foil us; of the ground which we
have

have lost or gained in our several encounters in the world. A knowledge of this sort cannot fail to excite humiliating reflections on our infirmities and weakness; but this conviction naturally leads us to look up to the God of all strength, with whom is "plenteous redemption."

In reflections of this sort, time insensibly passed away, till my attention was unexpectedly called off to the business of the table. The old lady, who by this time had made an addition to the antiquity of her dress, sat herself down at the head of it, and with an air, which bespoke more of hospitality than skill in punctilio, entreated me to bring my chair and sit down by her; Betty likewise was desired to bring hers, for that, according to old English custom, we could wait upon ourselves; I was unwilling to give pain to a mind capable of so much benevolence, and therefore seconded her request by my orders. Betty was no sooner seated, than the old lady proposed, that, by my leave, she should say grace; for, added she, "I love to see young servants brought forward in such good christian duties." The goodness of the motive was a bar to any objection on my part; but the girl, being already embarrassed by kindness, could not comply; our hostess, therefore, civilly declined giving me the *trouble*, and performed the office herself. I was so struck with this fresh specimen of native simplicity and unmeaning ceremony, that I could not refrain from a smile; but this was kindly construed into a sign that I liked the provision, and produced many pressing invitations to freedom in helping myself "without any invitation at all." Finding myself much incommoded by intreaties, I had the happiness to start a subject, which engaged the good woman in a narrative, that lasted without intermission till I arose from table. I now began to think of some amusement for the afternoon, which might be at once pleasing to myself and useful to others. I had hitherto seen but little of the village, and was therefore an incompetent judge of its wealth or its indigence. I reflected, however, that my delay might be providentially ordered, for the benefit of cheerless infirmity or poverty, which the utmost industry could not prevent. I therefore determined to spend the remainder of the day in visiting the cottages of this place. A detail of every occurrence, in this general visit, would be more tedious than interesting; but I met with several scenes which I cannot think unworthy a recital, and shall therefore give you them in my next.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

TO consider how few there are amidst the multitude of authors in every branch of literature, but especially in poetry, that bear the signature of original genius, may afford a subject for speculation neither unpleasant nor useless. To trace the causes of the declension of that vigorous spirit, with which many of our former poets abounded, and the origin of that sameness and insipidity so observable in most of the present generation.

The same manner visibly runs through their productions, an easy versification, accompanied by a triteness of sentiment and language; they seem moulded into the same form, and few possess any peculiar excellency that distinguishes their performances from those of all other writers: they seem contented to float along the same gentle stream, a stream never subject to inundations; it never elevates nor surprizes, never overflows its banks with irresistible force, or pours along the valleys with a noble impetuosity.

This cannot, I think, arise from a defect of native originality, or from the present times wanting men of equal genius to those of former ages: the cause must be sought for in something foreign to the individuals; in the situation, taste, and manners of a people, the state of literature, and the period of civilization.

When mankind are first emerged from ignorance and barbarism, they possess both the virtues and the vices in an eminent degree; we meet with instances of gratitude and friendship, of so exalted and sublime a nature, as claim our admiration and surprise: and, at that period, proofs of savage ferocity are still remaining, that shock every feeling of the human heart. As society advances in its progress, the introduction of refinement and of luxury, weakening the springs of action, and blunting the edge both of vice and virtue, contracts the heart, and teaches men to conceal their genuine sentiments: thus are they rendered incapable of the great and exalted display of virtue, that in the first stages of society had so eminently distinguished them, and the only compensation, for the loss, is the banishment of savage justice, to make room for a lax administration of laws, framed by the wisdom of legislators. In the same manner the poets, amidst a people where literature is making its first advances, though subject to inequality and incorrectness, discover a vigour of thought, and strength of imagination, that are rarely to be met with in refined nations, debilitated by effeminacy and luxury, and

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chained by the fetters that criticism has forged; for here the fire of original genius is greatly weakened, if not wholly extinguished, and a species of triviality and prettiness is introduced into composition, consonant to the false taste of the times and the vitiated manners of the people. Men of education are taught to pay too great a deference to those writers, who are for teaching poetry, as they do geometry, by rules and precepts: a cursory knowledge of which may be useful to regulate the erring flights of imagination, but if strictly attended to, unless a writer is elevated highly above mediocrity, unless his talents are remarkably strong and vigorous, it is odds but it destroys the natural bent of his genius, and brings him down to the meanness of imitation: an attentive study of critical precepts has a similar effect on an original genius that a dead weight has upon a spring, it weakens the principle of action: it may make a correct and discreet writer, it may carry him on in a smooth uninterrupted course of regularity and order, it may prevent any deviation from the strict rules of construction, but, before it has confined him in the trammels of art, it will be found to have clipped the branching wings of genius. If writers would pursue the dictates and impulses of their own minds, if, instead of confining themselves to forms, imitating popular productions, and following the beaten tract that has been trod by others, they would dare to think independently and deliver themselves to the guidance of their own genius, then might we hope to see original productions; productions, lively, easy, and natural. I appeal to the feelings of the few, who have an ear to judge of poetry, and an imagination to be warmed by her genuine enthusiasm, by whom are they most delighted? by the regular and correct writer, whose performances the nicest critical discernment cannot find defective, when judged by his favourite standard; or by the bard, who, scorning to be fettered by the rules of art, soars on expanded pinions through the realms of fancy, plucks her luxuriant flowers to adorn his brows, and with a noble wildness ranges them in rich disorder?

To me it appears, imagination ought to be the first subject of cultivation; instead of restraining her juvenile sallies, she ought to be cherished and supported till her powers are arrived to full maturity: then art is not likely to have the same pernicious tendency as in the first dawn of genius, and she may bear, without danger of diminution, the sober rules of criticism.

Thus should we see every writer shining in his native colours, we should be able to trace his distinguishing ex-

cellency, and, instead of the cold lifeless productions that are frequently offered to the public patronage, we should be favoured with performances that would delight the imagination and affect the heart; in a word, that would bear the genuine stamp of genius.

Z.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Reflections on Autumn, in a Letter to a Friend.

Dear Friend,

IN compliance with your request, I send you a few reflections on the present season of the year, which bears some analogy to my present indisposition. It was kind in you to admonish me to turn my thoughts upon the subject, as it cannot fail of teaching some important lesson that may be useful to me: convinced of the propriety of the hint, I considered how I might make the best improvement of the scene which autumn discloses to our view.

The first remark which occurred to my mind on this subject was, the change I perceived had taken place throughout the vegetable kingdom, from the time of my going out of the country to the time of my return into it. A few weeks ago the foliage of the trees was lively and beautiful; but their bloom is over, their strength is exhausted, and their beauty is faded. The stem which supported them can bear them no longer. The very means of their existence are now the cause of their decay; the moisture, that fed them, changes them now into rottenness; the air, that raised them to life and vigour, now perishes them on the stock; the sun, which infused its genial warmth into all their pores, having retired to a greater distance, leaves them sickly and languid, and makes their varied colours fade. Can the young and healthful turn away from the important lecture which autumn would read to them? Is it possible the noise and bustle of the world should overcome the powerful voice in which the season calls upon them to *consider their end, and to be wise?* To think, how soon their bloom will be over, their strength fail, and they, like leaves, must fall lifeless to the earth from which they originally sprang. You may think, perhaps, that you have but just begun your spring; your summer must be spent ere the autumn of your life should take place and produce such sad effects; and therefore may resolve to fill yourselves with *costly wine, and let no flower of the spring pass by you; that you will crown yourselves with rose-buds before they be withered; that you will not go without your*

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part of pleasure, but will leave tokens of your joyfulness in every place.

Is this your determination? then attend to the remarks of the wise man. *Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but mark what follows;* it is the voice of wisdom, she it is that warns thee, if this is thy resolve: *know thou*, young as thou art, to thee in the bloom of life it is spoken, *Know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgement.* And how will you appear in his presence? presuming upon your youth will be no excuse, for God has no where promised to give you health and long life, neither have you reason to think an early death may not prove your lot; any church-yard will shew you monuments over those of your own age, who were snatched away by an early, if not a sudden, death; and how do you know but you may be the next to receive the summons? the food, you have taken for your nourishment, may be the means of your decay; the air, which has so often revived and strengthened you, may chill your blood, and impede its circulation; or the sun, which has made you so gay and chearful, cause the burning fever to seize your frame, deprive you of your reason, and level you with the dust.

Are these cases very uncommon? Do we not often see the worm feed on roses which fall decayed and withered ere their prime? Consider then, you that are in the spring of life, that, before it opens into the full blaze of noon, darkness may come upon you, a languishing sickness may bring on your state of autumn; and, as these sapless branches drop their withered leaves, which once appeared ornamental, as if ashamed or unable to keep them any longer, so will the world and all its delusive pleasures, which now fill you with pride and amuse you with vain hopes of promised joys in a long circling round of years to come, shake off your company, and refuse you its support: your attempts to cleave to it will be in vain; as the leaves of the tree, so must you and the world quit mutually: your grasp will then be too weak to lay hold on it, as well as that will be without strength to detain you; and as those withered leaves are left to perish on the ground, unassisted and unlamented by the branch that bore them, so will you be left destitute and friendless, unless you follow the advice given you by an inspired writer, and *remember now thy Creator in the days of youth, while the evil day comes not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.*

Thus I would address the young, the gay, and the thoughtless; those, who are farther advanced, I look upon as the falling leaves:

leaves : let them teach you not to glory in your own strength, your learning, your riches, your honour, for they will soon all die away. Let not your wisdom lie useless in the very circumstance for which it was given to assist you. Childhood and youth you have proved to be vanity ; O let them not have cause to upbraid the full strength and force of manly reason ; now you enjoy it in its prime, " assert its injured rights," and shew what is the real dignity of man. Strength and learning, riches and honour, if rightly considered, are as beautiful ornaments to the soul, as the leaves, when in their full bloom, are to the trees : but they were not designed merely as ornaments, any more than the leaves, for no other use than to look beautiful. We know the wise Creator made not any thing in vain. *Use and beauty* are united throughout all his works. In like manner the talents, given to man, are not given for mere shew, but use, and are designed for the benefit of society, as well as for himself ; and all, that can receive advantage from them, have, in some sort, a right to expect it ; happy is it for those who study to improve the gifts nature has endowed them with, and are willing to impart the benefit of them to all who will receive the blessing. But misery awaits those who enjoy the pleasing power of doing good, yet turn " confederate in vice, join in league with sin," who *justify the wicked, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him : as the fire devoureth the stubble, and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom go off as dust.* To avoid this, employ your talents in following the example of him *who went about doing good.* If you are learned, teach the ignorant ; if rich, relieve the poor ; if honourable, use your interest for those who have none to plead for them ; let it be your study to find out merit cloathed in rags, and your glory to raise up those who sit forrowing as in the dust : then shall you *be as a tree planted by the water side, whose waters fail not ; the dew shall lie all night upon your branch.* Like the hospitable oak, which extends its friendly arms far and wide, as if to invite the faint and weary to refresh themselves under the retreat, so shall the distressed fly to you for refuge, *the blessing of him that was ready to perish shall come upon you, because you delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him ; and caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.*

You, whose grey hairs should appear as a crown of glory, whose time, strength, and fortune, have been engaged in far different pursuits than securing your eternal happiness ; which, perhaps, has seldom had a place in your thoughts : to you I would beg leave to say, have you seen so many revolving seasons,

seasons, and are yet so engaged amidst the hurry of the world that you cannot perceive the lapse of time? Have so many springs and autumns passed unheeded? Do you forget that you are old? If so, let me now entreat you to begin, though late in the evening of your life, to remember and put in practice your early resolution, lest your sun should suddenly go down, and the *night come on in which no man can work*. Learn instruction from this season of the year, which suggests a just emblem of the stage of life to which you have attained; even your autumn is upon the decline, and all your glory withered away like the leaves from yonder barren tree; your last season for reflection and improvement is come; many returning suns have chid your delay, no more may be permitted to admonish you; therefore make the best use of the present and be wise ere it is too late.

These, my dear friend, are the reflections that a meditation upon the fall of the leaf has afforded. I could not help turning moralist, and making an application, of the phænomena of the present season, to the different stages of human life; how far they may be of use to you I know not, it is happy for you that the regularity of your conduct makes all the admonitions and cautions herein contained needless; O that those who *walk not so circumspectly would be wise, and consider their latter end, before the things which make for their everlasting peace are for ever hid from their eyes!*

I am your's,

A. T.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

AMONG the beauties of magnanimity, there is none of a nobler quality, than the power of forgiving injuries. It throws a majesty over the mind, and illustrates the person with an air of sweetness and serenity. We ought the more to admire it, since, where-ever it is found, it is in company with the sublimest virtues: there not being room for it in a narrow, vulgar, soul, because overfilled with little sentiments, such as have their rise and revolution within the circle of self-interest.

But the brutal passion of revenge, and a malicious memory for mischief, are become so shameless and licentious, that it is common to hear resolutions of retained malice avowed coldly, and in general expressions; such as sitting upon people's skirts; finding a time to be even with them; and the like malignant silly phrases, whereby the burnings of an inward hatred seem to struggle for eruption.

Methinks

It thinks a sufficient fortification against so abject a frailty might be drawn from such natural reflections as these: that, in violently returning wrongs, we do nothing but what beasts can do more readily. That, in malice, the most exalted noble is but on a level with the lowest slave: whereas, to pardon, is an act of sovereignty; and, however inferior we were before to the person who has injured us, from the moment in which we forgive him, we exchange conditions and become superior.

But since many, who have no ambition to be thought men of virtue, would yet gladly be esteemed wise, it may be an argument of more persuasion, that this propensity to revenge is a mark, not of mean-spiritedness only, but of ignorance. The man of knowledge can never be enough surprized at common wrongs, to be inflamed into a resentment, either too malicious, or too violent. His wisdom has instructed him, that, where-ever we find men, we shall be sure to find injuries; and, that there is a necessity of its being so, from the incompatible and opposite wills, humours, and interests, among mankind.

Should the treacherous, the suspicious, the covetous, the insolent, or the reproachful, behave themselves otherwise than we could have expected from their natures, we might be justified in our wonder at it. But why should we express amazement at what it was natural for us to depend on? Why be angry with the inconsiderable? Most of those, who provoke and offend us, deserve rather our grief and pity; for they are no more in their own hands, than a madman or an idiot is; and we make a poorer figure than our pride allows us to believe, when we disquiet ourselves on such weak motives. When a fool throws a straw at us, it were to seem light to feel the weight: and he will never enjoy rest, who is not master of resolution to forgive all those injuries which his honour, or his safety, does not compel him to defend himself against.

Neither is there only a wisdom and a nobleness; there is something too in a generous courage, in a heart that is above the reach of these vindictive impressions. The levity, that is shewn in being moved at every trifle, carries with it an air of faintness, and may be mistaken for pusillanimity. For the firm and manly temper, apprehending nothing with fear, receives all accidents with calmness; and, justly conscious of its strength to support itself against danger, is indifferent to the indiscretions or animosities of malignant natures.

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There is a single heroic word in the history of the life of Adrian, which I could never read without emotions of the highest admiration; and which carries in it the instruction and sublimity of many volumes! After that great spirited prince became possessed of the empire, he met a person, in the public way, who had been his most implacable and bitter enemy. The wretch, whose heart was as contracted as his malice had been extensive, began to tremble with expectation of some severe and sudden punishment; such as he knew he would himself have inflicted on Adrian, had the emperor's power been his. But Adrian, with the serene gravity, only whistled as he passed him, *evasisti*; you have escaped me.

All that largeness of soul could inspire, or eloquence adorn and utter, seems to have been expressed in this *escaped me*: It laid open, to the view of the world, the mighty heart of its great speaker: it declared him nobly sensible, that justice would look like malice, should he now, when at the head of empire, revenge, upon a private enemy, the contempt he met with while a subject: that very power and command of punishment which sordid natures would have used with greediness, to the destruction of the man they hated, restrained and tempered his resentment; he considered himself as no longer on a level with his injurer. The protection, which he owed his subject, disarmed the hatred which he bore his enemy. You have escaped, he meant to say, in that significant single word; you have escaped, by my becoming your master, the vengeance which you should have felt from me, had I continued your equal. That Adrian is now no more, from whom you could not have expected mercy; and this Adrian, who gives you pardon, owes compassion to his offending subjects, and remembers none of the others injuries.

It is impossible but a collection of such amiable examples as this, enforced by some persuasive pen, must work strongly upon the minds of men, not depraved into utter tastelessness: for, by striking even little hearts with a clear conviction, that the precept contains nothing but what has been exceeded in the practice, it would leave them no pretence for evasion; and insinuate, by a gradual progress, out of their memory into their imitation.

But nothing furnishes more occasion for surprize and indignation, than to observe our places of public worship filled with outside formalists of all ranks, and of both sexes; who, either with an impious hypocrisy, or a stupidity as dark as idolatry, affront the Majesty of heaven by petitioning God's pardon, as they themselves pardon others. While, at the very moment of their kneeling in this empty mockery of devotion, it is known,

known, to one half of the congregation, that the hearts of the other half are imbittered with malicious purposes, and glowing with a painful restlessness, till they can be revenged for some slight indignity. Could these people have a sense of the signification of the words they utter, they would tremble at the apprehension of having what they pray for granted literally; and the mercy of that dreadful God, they dare to trifle with, refused to their unworthiness, till they have learnt as readily to forgive, as to pray to be forgiven.

But, exclusive of those severe arguments which might be drawn from grace and virtue, there is one which must be welcome; because we all agree to love ourselves; and no enemy is so troublesome as malice to our pride, our health, and our quiet. We submit ourselves, by this unmanly passion, to the humours of the men we hate. We empower them to afflict and mortify us. At the sight of a person, against whom we meditate revenge, our spirits undergo a tempest; and even when he is absent, our memory goads and tortures us: our very dreams become imbittered, and confound our rest with our disquiet: we wish the evil to another, but we inflict it on ourselves: and, contrary to our own intention, become patients where we designed to be agents. The revenger lives in torment; and he, on whom he would be revenged, is at ease.

It is a grinding, gnawing, passion, that preys inward upon the heart, and mistakes the means of its own purpose. What triumph can revenge afford us, but from a reflection that the person punished repents, and wishes the wrong unacted? This end can never be obtained by mischiefs; for, by provoking new malice, they make the memory of the old delightful: but it may be nobly effected by astonishing, discharging, and confounding, an enemy, with benefits in return for his demerit. And this is what the most venerable of all books very strongly expresses, by *heaping coals of fire on his head*: that is, it burns and wounds his imagination with a conscious shame at his inferior figure, while he sees himself disgraced by services from that person, of all the world, whom he least deserved to be obliged by: the stubborn virtue of Cato, would have allowed him to submit to Cæsar; but that his pride was more afraid of a pardon, than his person was of an insult.

Men of spirit should despise this passion, because it is evident, that the weakest minds are most malicious and revengeful. Children, women, and men less resolute than women, sting and fret themselves with sense of slight contempts, and follies, which they miscale injuries; while the rational and steadfast mind neglects or smiles at all such accidents. Their effects may

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may flutter round him; but, when they find no place to enter at, are lost in fruitless murmurings; like a tempest that is repulsed and broke against the firmness of a mountain. The distastes, aspersions, and indignities, which appear so formidable to an abject nature, may be compared with thunder and lightning; which are terrible to our lower world, but have nothing in them worth the notice of those angels and superior spirits which inhabit the celestial regions. Scipio, Cæsar, Alexander, all the great and shining characters which have made antiquity illustrious, have been so far from stooping to indulge revenge, that, on the contrary, they have sought occasions to overwhelm, with torturing kindnesses, the most malicious of their personal enemies.

But, a mixture of shade and light being necessary to complete a picture, I shall set them off by one another, in a comparison between a monarch and a minister; out of Mirkond, a Persian writer.

A poet, whose name was Delah, attracted by the fame of Ogtai-Khan's munificence, undertook a journey, on foot, from the remotest parts of Tartary, as far as to that prince's court, in China, for no other purpose, than to throw himself at the foot of his throne, and implore his assistance to discharge a debt of five hundred balisches, under which he became dispirited, and was interrupted in his studies. The generous prince conversing with him, and discerning his extraordinary merit, entertained him very graciously, and ordered him a thousand. His chief minister remonstrated, That this was rather prodigality, than bounty, to give double the sum demanded. "Have you not considered, replied Ogtai-Khan, that the poor man has travelled over the mountains and deserts, merely on the fame of our liberality; and should we send him back with no more than is just sufficient to pay his debts? by what means will he be able to defray the charges of his journey?" But your highness, answered the minister, has not yet been informed that he presumed to write a satire against me, since his coming hither, because I was unwilling to allow him access with so impertinent a petition. "For which reason (replied the prince) you shall present him with another thousand out of your own private purse, that he may go back and tell his countrymen, there is a monarch, in this part of of the world, who permits not his minister's resentments to be the measures of his bounty."

Just half as good a story we read of queen Elizabeth and our Spencer: she had ordered him a hundred marks for some piece of his poetry; but the frugal treasurer of those days, whose wit was too little for his wisdom, took upon him to tell

the queen, it was too much money for an idle ballad. "Give him then, says she, what you think he deserves, in reason." He replied, he would consider of it; which he delayed to do so long, that at last he quite forgot it.

The queen, a year or two after, dined, in one of her progresses, at the house of a gentleman where Spencer happened to be; who, in the presence of his friend, the treasurer, put into her hands these verses.

I was promis'd, on a time,
To have reason, for my rhyme;
But from that time, unto this season,
I have had nor rhyme, nor reason.

The queen (says the story) was highly pleased with the humour, and commanded the treasurer to pay him double the sum first ordered. Had she added, that he should pay it too out of his own private purse, we should have found no occasion to mend her deficient example by a better, in that of Ogtai-Khan, just mentioned.

To the EDITOR *of the* MONTHLY LEDGER.

AS you propose to insert in your publication, for the benefit of your young readers, and those who have little time to range in the wide field of history, such historical anecdotes as may appear to you capable of furnishing instruction or innocent amusement, I cannot resist an inclination to send you two or three which I have met with in the perusal of colonel Dow's excellent history of Hindostan. The following well-authenticated story is so tender, that, if I mistake not, few of your readers will peruse it without feeling the kindest emotions of sympathy.

"About twenty years before this period, viz. about the year 1585 of the Christian æra, Chaja Aiasa, a native of the western Tartary, left that country to push his fortune in Hindostan. He was descended of an ancient and noble family, fallen into decay by various revolutions of fortune. He, however, had received a good education, which was all his parents could bestow. Falling in love with a young woman as poor as himself, he married her; but he found it difficult to provide for her the very necessaries of life. Reduced to the last extremity he turned his thoughts upon India, the usual resource of the needy Tartars of the North. He left privately friends,

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who either would not or could not assist him, and turned his face to a foreign country. His all consisted of one sorry horse, and a very small sum of money which had proceeded from the sale of his other effects. Placing his wife upon the horse, he walked by her side. She happened to be with child, and could ill endure the fatigue of so great a journey. Their scanty pittance of money was soon expended; they had even subsisted for some days upon charity, when they arrived at the skirts of the great solitudes, which separate Tartary from the dominions of the family of Timur in India: no house was there to cover them from the inclemency of the weather; no hand to relieve their wants. To return, was certain misery; to proceed, apparent destruction.

They had fasted three days; to complete their misfortunes, the wife of Aiafs was taken in labour. She began to reproach her husband for leaving his native country at an unfortunate hour; for exchanging a quiet, though poor, life, for the ideal prospect of wealth in a distant country. In this distressed situation she brought forth a daughter. They remained in the place for some hours, with a vain hope that travellers might pass that way. They were disappointed. Human feet seldom tread these deserts. The sun declined apace. They feared the approach of night. The place was the haunt of wild beasts; and should they escape *their* hunger, they must fall by their own. Chaja Aiafs, in this extremity, having placed his wife upon the horse, found himself so much exhausted that he could scarcely move. To carry the child was impossible: the mother could not even hold herself fast on the horse. A long contest began between humanity and necessity: the latter prevailed, and they agreed to expose the child on the high-way. The infant, covered with leaves, was placed under a tree; and the disconsolate parents proceeded in tears.

When they had advanced about a mile from the place, and the eyes of the mother could no longer distinguish the solitary tree under which she had left her daughter, she gave way to grief; and throwing herself from the horse on the ground, exclaimed, "My child! my child!" She endeavoured to raise herself, but she had no strength to return. Aiafs was pierced to the heart. He prevailed upon his wife to sit down. He promised to bring her the infant. He arrived at the place. No sooner had his eyes reached the child, than he was almost struck dead with horror. A black snake was coiled round it; and Aiafs believed he beheld him extending his fatal jaws to devour the infant. The father rushed forward. The serpent, alarmed at his vociferation, retired into the hollow tree. He took up his daughter, unhurt, and returned to the mother.

He gave her child into her arms; and, as he was informing her of the wonderful escape of the infant, some travellers appeared, and soon relieved them of all their wants. They proceeded gradually, and came to Lahore.

The emperor Akbar, at the arrival of Aiafs, kept his court at Lahore. Asiph Chan, one of that monarch's principal omrahs, attended then the presence. He was a distant relation to Aiafs, and received him with attention and friendship. To employ him, he made him his own secretary. Aiafs soon recommended himself to Asiph in that station; and, by some accident, his diligence and ability attracted the notice of the emperor, who raised him to the command of a thousand horse. He became, in process of time, master of the household; and his genius being still greater than even his good fortune, he raised himself to the office and title of *actimadul-dowla*, or high treasurer of the empire. Thus he, who had almost perished through mere want in the desert, became, in the space of a few years, the first subject in India."

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

SUCH is the frailty of human nature, that we are too often blind to the foibles in our own character, while we perceive and condemn those of others; and the partiality we indulge for ourselves, often misleads us to our injury, while we mean to promote our interest. Much mutual benefit would therefore result from an occasional candid interchange of caution and counsel, were they to be dealt in season and governed by charity, without which, indeed, we may inflame the passions, but cannot edify the judgement. A certain author has observed, *that there is not any task more difficult than to give advice with propriety, unless it be to take it.* When undue prejudice and resentment accompany even pertinent counsel and admonition, the declared end of counsel is defeated. An affected superiority or dictatorial mode excites disgust, and rather contributes to confirm, than to correct, the errors of those whom we address; but a calm appeal to judgement, properly timed and manifestly proceeding from a benevolent motive of doing the object of our advice real service, is the most likely means of accomplishing it. If but few people are capable of taking advice, too few are qualified to give it with propriety. Hence retortions, recriminations, and animosities, oftner follow admonition than reformation; and the moral maladies of mankind are rather inflamed than remedied.

The envious, who cannot bear a rival, and whose metamorphoses are endless, too often usurp the judgement-seat; and, pleased to detect an error in the characters of neighbours of superior merit, assume the mask of friendship, take upon them the office of monitor, and, under a pretence of doing them a favour and repairing their characters, only mean to gratify a mean passion in utterly demolishing them, that they may triumph over their ruins.

Others of much leisure, little good sense, and less charity, for want of better employment, and from a mere hypocritical and capricious turn of mind, are very officious and curious; *busy-bodies in other mens matters*, who delight to display their wit in dictating to others on subjects, at a venture, with as little sympathy as discretion; and, while they would be thought the oracles of wisdom and standards of virtue, are themselves notoriously deficient in both.

When I reflect on the amiable temper of mind which true religion inspires, I look into my own heart, as well as abroad among mankind, and regret that so little is to be found in the former, and so little apparent among the several classes of the latter. I mean neither to exculpate myself, nor aggravate the depravity of others; but there may be some occasion for all, and much for many, to attempt a farther regulation of their own passions, to be the better enabled to derive mutual benefit from an occasional reciprocation of admonition and counsel in society.

Zeal, without knowledge or charity, has done as little towards the reformation of mankind, as faith without works: Like the rays of the sun collected into a focus, it is not adapted to warm and enlighten, but to inflame and consume.

CANDOR.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On the Knowledge of the World.

OUR language scarcely affords a more common phrase than that of *knowing the world*; nor is there, I believe, any, that, from the mouth of a preceptor, can possibly have a more evil tendency; and yet, no sooner are our youth capable of comprehension, than the first thing they are taught to comprehend is, that seemingly necessary and important doctrine, how to *know the world*.

I would not so far discourage all *knowledge* of the world, as to have young men be so little acquainted with the ways of it,

as to be imposed upon by every one: but this phrase includes in it more than this; (if it did not, where were the fault?) it designs not only to keep us from being imposed upon ourselves, but spurs us to impose upon others, or in better words, *make men perfidious.*

I have heard the character of Mr. Adams the clergyman, in Joseph Andrews, highly condemned, because, it seems, he *knew not the world*; and I am sorry to find that many of our divines are of the same opinion, and for the same reason.— But how much more laudable and agreeable a figure does he now make, than he would have done, had he been represented as ready to impose, as he is now liable to be imposed upon? I know not what may be the opinion of others, but to me, his innocent ignorance of this world and its ways demonstrates him not to have been a child of it, and if so, what they, his brothers of the cloth, so thoroughly knowing in this point, are, who is not able to guess?

Which, let me ask, has the most innocence (the only thing that we can justly think well of ourselves for) to boast of, the deceiver or the deceived? What, after all, has this mighty triumpher to say for himself, but that he has shewn himself a complete villain in his carriage towards a *less knowing man*?

I have taken notice of the various sects of these *learned men*, among which Gripe, the *knowing* trader, who, by the surprising proficiency he has made in *learning the world*, has arrived at the happy art of vending his merchandize at the expence of five hundred perjuries, would stand foremost. Gnatho too, that *wonderful scholar*, who is perpetually attending the levees of the great; who never desists; who knows the *world too well* for that; who lets modest ignorant blockheads sit still and vainly expect to rise by merit, while he says,

Haud mihi deero:

Muneribus servos corrumpam; non bodie, si

Exclusus fueró, desistam: tempora quæram:

Occurram in triviis: deducam:—

he would demand a place in the list.

These and many others might be instanced; but, when I consider that too many of them may be any where seen, I forbear. And, let me ask, why it is necessary, that, to attain a knowledge of the world, one must (as Shakespear, whose expressive words are not the least of his beauties, has it) be *hackneyed in the ways of men*? May we not get a sufficient insight into the ways of the world by the just representation made by authors, whose

whole care it has been to give us suitable cautions and advice? May we not get this *so much valued knowledge* thus, as well as by absolutely making ourselves one of the number, in scenes from which we shall find it difficult to extricate ourselves, with health and conscience untainted? I know it will be answered, this is not so short a way;—perhaps it is not; but who would not go *some miles* round about, in a *pleasant easy* road, rather than rush through a passage beset with *thorns and briars*, though it may be a much *shorter* way to the designed end of his journey?

Perhaps a similar case may farther illustrate my meaning.—Suppose a gamester takes in hand an unexperienced novice, plays false dice upon him, bereaves him at once of his patience and money, is not this a hard case? It will readily be answered, yes; and what then, I ask, is to be done?—Why, let not an unexperienced novice play at all:—true: and that is the very thing I would design—let not such an one play at all.—The world is the gamester, youth is the novice, and innocence the precious stake. Let us not then play so foolishly, but stand by and observe others (for such there always are) who will venture; for the knowledge of the game is not worth the least portion of that innocence we play for.

As I love to strengthen my own opinion by the authority of some great writer, I shall conclude all with citing that of the Spectator in this case: he professes the design of his papers is to give his readers an insight into the ways of men. “The virtuous and innocent,” says he, may here know in speculation what they never could arrive at in practice, and by this means avoid the snares of the crafty, the corruptions of the vicious, and reasonings of the prejudiced: their minds may be opened, without being vitiated.”

X.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On the popular Species of Pedantry.

TO display the least symptom of learning, or to seem to know more than your footman, is become an offence against the rules of politeness, and is branded with the name of pedantry and ill-breeding. The very sound of a Roman or a Grecian name, or a hard name, as the ladies call it, though their own, perhaps, are harder by half, is enough to disconcert the temper of a dozen countesses, and to strike a whole assembly of fine gentlemen dumb with amazement.

This

This squeamishness of theirs is owing to their extreme aversion to pedantry, which they understand to be a sort of mustiness that can only be contracted in a recluse and a studious life, and a foible peculiar to men of letters. But if a strong attachment to a particular subject, a total ignorance of every other, an eagerness to introduce that subject upon all occasions, and a confirmed habit of declaiming upon it without either wit or discretion, be the marks of a pedantic character, as they certainly are, it belongs to the illiterate as well as the learned; and St. James's itself may boast of producing as many errant pedants as ever were sent from a college.

I know a woman of fashion, who is perpetually employed in remarks upon the weather, who observes from morning to noon that it is likely to rain, and from noon to night that it spits, that it mizzles, that it is set in for a wet evening; and, being incapable of any other discourse, is just like him who quotes Aristotle over his tea, or talks Greek at a card-table.

A gentleman of my acquaintance is a constant attendant upon parliamentary business, and I have heard him entertain a large circle, by the hour, with the speeches that were made in a debate upon mum and perry. He has a wonderful memory, and a kind of oratorical tune in his elocution, that serves him instead of an emphasis. By those means he has acquired the reputation of having a deal to say for himself; but it consists entirely of what others have said for themselves before him; and, if he should be deaf during the sessions, he would certainly be dumb in the intervals. I must needs set him down for a pedant.

But the most troublesome, as well as the most dangerous character of this sort, that I am so unhappy as to be connected with, is a stripling, who spends his whole life in a fencing-school. This athletic young pedant is indeed a most formidable creature; his whole conversation lies in *carte* and *tierce*; if you meet him in the street, he salutes you in the gymnastic manner, throws himself back on his left hip, levels his cane at the pit of your stomach, and looks as fierce as a prize-fighter. In the midst of a discourse upon politics, he starts from the table on a sudden, and splits himself into a monstrous longe against the wainscot; immediately he puts a foil into your hand; insists upon teaching you his murdering thrust; and if, in the course of his instructions, he pushes out an eye, or a fore-tooth, he tells you that you flapped your point, or dropped your wrist, and imputes all mischief to the awkwardness of his pupil.

The

The musical pedant, who, instead of attending to the discourse, diverts himself with humming an air; the Newmarket pedant, who has no knowledge but what he gathers upon the turf; the female pedant, who is an adept in nothing but the patterns of silks and flounces; and the coffee-house pedant, whose whole erudition lies within the margin of a news-paper; are nuisances so extremely common, that it is almost unnecessary to mention them; yet, pedants as they are, they shelter themselves under the fashionableness of their foible, and, with all the properties of the character, generally escape the imputation of it. In my opinion, however, they deserve our censure more than the merest book-worm imaginable. The man of letters is usually confined to his study; and, having but little pleasure in conversing with men of the world, does not often intrude himself into their company: these unlearned pedants, on the contrary, are to be met with every where; they have nothing to do but to run about and be troublesome, and are universally the bane of agreeable conversation.

ANONYMOUS.

*For the MONTHLY LEDGER.**The Character of a Coffee-house Lounger.*

THERE is not a more whimsical creature under the sun than a coffee-house frequenter; one who makes the most insignificant things appear of the greatest consequence, and, in the space of one quarter of an hour, transacts more business than he who lounges away four. I have often thought, if a journal of one of these busy triflers was committed to paper, it would afford more entertainment to its readers than one from London to Aleppo. Having a little leisure time upon my hands a few days ago, I resolved to make trial of my abilities that way, which I here send you. The occurrences of every coffee-house being pretty much upon an equality, give me leave to suppose George's as one of the most note in this great metropolis. No sooner does one of these would-be-thought men of importance enter at the door, than he flies to the bar, throws his callico carcase half over it, and runs his head full drive into the barkeeper's face, like an old Roman battering ram against the walls of a city. "Pray, madam, has captain Blunderbuss been to enquire for me?" Being answered in the negative, he turns short upon his heel, trips to the other end of the room, and, though the dial is placed directly over his nose, "Waiter (says he) what's VOL. I. K k o'clock?"

o'clock?" Past twelve, sir. "Give me some waste paper." Yes, sir. Then exits; re-enters and seats himself in an indolent tooth-pick manner, calls for pen, ink, and paper, and scrawls over a genteel billet of about a line and a half. The porter must next be sought after to convey it away with his usual dexterity.—Enter John.—You are now presented with a whispering scene, in imitation of that between the physician and gentleman-usher to the two kings of Brentford, in the Rehearsal. "Make haste, and I will wait here till you come back."—Exit Mercury.

To kill the tedious moments till the return of the messenger, a news-paper is ordered to be brought upon the tapis, which he carelessly runs through like a cat over a harpsichord, (rare music!) then lays it aside, swallows a couple of warm jellies by way of provocative, disturbs the company in the next box by humming or whistling Murdoch O'Blaney, or any other polite air most in vogue; and, as a farther proof of his good breeding, beating time with the paper upon the table, curiously rolled up in form of a tragedy-truncheon, when all the while some ravenous Quidnunc is waiting with the most eager expectation for a happy possession of it: At length, like an infant cloyed with the glingling of his own coral, he starts up, repairs to the looking-glass, and pays his addresses to his own sweet phiz, (which, by the by, is as ugly as Heydigger's, or The Cibber's,) adjusts his stock, strokes his eye-brows, and cleans his teeth with his pocket-handkerchief, with many other little embellishments very necessary towards setting off a pretty fellow to the best advantage, till, suddenly interrupted by the appearance of his ambassador, the whispering scene is a second time represented, and John is rewarded with sixpence for his diligence and ingenuity. To the bar he then goes again, and gives another representation of the battering ram, discharges his reckoning, and concludes the farce by way of epilogue, with "If the captain should come, tell him I am gone to the Devil."

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On public Dancing-Rooms.

THE promiscuous set, admitted into these dancing-rooms, is not like that of more exalted companies, because the one is seldom, the other constant, and the more so by the generality consisting of the most despicable beings, the refuse of mankind, and outcasts of society. I was the other evening solicited by a friend to attend a dance in Fleet-street; unacquainted

acquainted with the rules of the place, I desired my friend to introduce me to some female or other in the room for a partner, as I was an entire stranger there: that, he replied, is your greatest recommendation, for you will sooner procure one than the most constant frequenter of the room. I followed his advice, and found what he had attested to be true. The nymph assigned me took a great deal of pains to make herself appear agreeable and modest; but that virtue she had long dismissed, and vainly strove for a time to borrow an excellence she had banished from her heart; soon I saw through the specious covering, and entertained an opinion of her not at all to her advantage. She perceiving my coolness begged to know my reasons; I candidly informed her. "Sir, said she, when I acquaint you with the motives of my behaviour, I shall become an object of your pity, not of contempt; when I inform you, that upon this depends my temporary, my wretched, subsistence, the feelings of sensibility will operate in your bosom, and sympathize with the misery of an unfortunate woman, who is one among the innumerable multitude that have fallen victims to the love of pleasure." I was affected by her discourse, and begged to be made acquainted with her story. She complied. "I cannot, sir, boast much of my ancestors, but my parents, by their industry, lived decently, and resolved to give me what they called a *genteel education*. I was the only surviving of three children, and no expence, their little all could bestow, was spared to instil in me the notions of a *gentlewoman*. After being six years at school at Stepney, I was remanded home. I was above moving in a servile sphere, and, attracted by the shewiness of dress, I made choice of the millenary business, and was apprenticed with thirty pounds premium. I was then turned of fourteen years of age, and continued there for about six months. Having learned to dance whilst at school, I was willing to embrace an opportunity of perfecting myself; inclination and curiosity induced me to comply with the solicitations of one of our shopwomen to accompany her to this room. I was pleased with the diversion, and often attended, succeeded by the many allurements thrown out before me; in short, sir, not to trouble you with a tedious or tiresome narrative, from that night I date my ruin. I became so enamoured with the place, and intoxicated with the flattery of my partners, that all thought of business was secluded. I incurred, by my irregular proceedings, and the little regard I paid to my reputation, the displeasure of my relations and friends. Thus abandoned, I had no other resource but the town, on which I have lived these four years,

Sometimes in affluence, at other times in want, a sad emblem of fallen virtue."

This young woman's case is not singular, many have experienced similar circumstances arising from the same source; it is not the females that are the only sufferers; inevitable ruin attends the votaries to these places of both sexes; with your assistance, sir, they shall be delineated, nor shall any of their transactions remain concealed, or escape the notice of

EXPOSITOR,

For the MONTHLY LEDGER,

The Gamesters: an Apologue.

A Gentleman, after having travelled through different parts of the globe, returned at length to his own country. His friends, as usual in such cases, flocked round him with eager expressions of welcome. "Bless me, how happy am I to see you!" cried one and all of them.—"Come, do tell us some of your adventures."—After relating to them a number of miraculous circumstances, "You know, gentlemen, (added he) what a prodigious distance it is from this country to that of the Hurons!—Well, about twelve hundred leagues farther off, I met with a very strange set of men, who often sit round a table the whole night, and even till the morning is well advanced; but there is no cloth laid for them, nor is there any thing to gratify the appetite. The thunder might rattle over their heads, two armies might engage beside them, heaven itself might threaten an instant chaos, without making them stir, or in the least disturbing them; for they are both deaf and dumb. At times, indeed, they are heard to utter inarticulate sounds, sounds which have no connexion with each other, and very little meaning; yet will they roll their eyes at each other in the oddest manner imaginable. Often have I looked at them with wonder; for they never want spectators, who are seemingly attracted to them by curiosity; and, believe me, my friends, I shall never forget the horrid countenances which I have observed among them upon such occasions;—countenances, on which were painted, by turns, despair, rage, and now and then a malignant joy tinged with uneasiness. Sometimes they appear furious as Bedlamites, sometimes furious and gloomy as the infernal judges, and sometimes gasping with all the anguish of a criminal, as he is led to the place of execution."—"Heavens," (exclaimed the friends of our traveller), "what can be the object of these unhappy wretches? Are

Are they servants of the public?"—"No."—"Then they are in search of the philosopher's stone?"—"No."—"Of the perpetual motion, perhaps?"—"No."—"Oh! now we have it; they are sent thither in order to repent of, and to atone for, their crimes."—"No; you are as much deceived, my friends, as ever."—"Then they must be madmen. Deaf, dumb, and insensible! What in the name of wonder can employ them?"—"Why, gaming."

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

IF it be a fact (as from the table of your correspondent it appears to be) that there has been an increase of mortality from the small-pox in London, within these twenty years; though it may be difficult to discover the real cause of that increase; I believe it is very unjustly ascribed to inoculation*. In London, inoculation is so far from being universally established, that it is comparatively known among the rich only; for neither the prejudices nor the poverty of the poor will admit them to adopt it: yet, if there be an increase of mortality, that increase must be chiefly among the poor; for, if instances of it were more common among the rich than heretofore, the knowledge of such instances could not be suppressed; and, between the rich and the poor, there cannot be an intercourse sufficiently general to produce a general transference of contagion from the former to the latter.

But, little as inoculation is yet practised in London, it has probably been practised, even there, in a double, if not treble proportion, since the Suttonian method took place; and the Suttonian method was scarcely known in 1764: yet, by your correspondent's table, the amount of deaths in the six years, from 1754 to 1761, was 635; in the six years, from 1760 to 1767, it was 619; and in the six years, from 1766 to 1773, 631. Here the first six years have a majority of four above the last six; whereas, if inoculation really communicated the disease, as the practice of it has so greatly increased within the said last six, the mortality must have increased proportionably.

* Perhaps the number of inhabitants in London may have increased more within 20 years than has been commonly supposed, and the many improvements made in the city within that time rendering it more healthy, the general amount of the burials may not have increased in proportion; but, though these improvements may have tended to lessen the prevalence of diseases produced by a residence in bad air, they may have made less alteration in the prevalence of the small pox, which is produced by accidental contagion.

portionably. Indeed every impartial and judicious observer, who has had an opportunity of noticing the very slight degree of disease, and consequently of infection, produced by the present method of inoculation, must be of opinion that less mischief is likely to be done by fifty inoculated patients, than by one person in the confluent natural distemper; the air of whose chamber, and the cloaths of whose attendants, are loaded with malignity, and who, when recovered, walks the streets with the marks of his sufferings in his face, to the terror and injury of the public.

But London is by no means a proper place wherein to form a just estimate of the merits of inoculation; in the country, circumstances may be more precisely ascertained: I have resided near thirty years in a populous country, in the vicinage of several considerable market towns, where, for more than two thirds of that period, the small-pox was almost continually more or less prevalent; and, after intervals of four or five years, usually became epidemic in some one of the towns; when the deaths, at such times, increased to the amount of sixty, eighty, or perhaps a hundred, in a season. About the year 1765, the Suttonian method of inoculation almost universally obtained, and is still practised as occasion offers, and in one place almost without intermission; yet, from the best judgment I am able to form, I query whether there have been twenty instances of mortality from the small-pox since that year within a circle of ten or twelve miles diameter. Such is the benefit we have received from the new method of inoculation. What pity then is it that persons of extensive knowledge and liberal sentiment do not more generally endeavour to inform the minds of the ignorant, and remove the prejudices of the prejudiced: that practitioners of medicine do not inoculate gratis all who will submit to the operation: and that parish officers do not assist those, who are unable to obtain this salutary security from danger, with the means of obtaining it! There are many country apothecaries who practice the Suttonian method with constant success, and at very reasonable prices; and even parochial avarice (for parochial humanity is little better than a non-entity) would find its account in contracting with *such* for the inoculation of poor families, since many a heavy burden of expence, proceeding from the occurrence of the natural disease, would by that means be evaded.

I am your's,

London, Dec. 17, 1773.

BENEVOLUS.

† *Appyrexia's* defence of inoculation came too late for a place in this number, but it shall be inserted in the next.

To

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THE Monthly Ledger, I hope, is designed for the forming right ideas in the mind, with every tender sentiment and feeling for the misery and distress of others; I would therefore recommend the spreading a veil over another's woe, and let each individual, not so circumstanced, esteem the privileges he is permitted to enjoy with thankfulness, that "his lot is cast in a fair place."

The names and places of abode of bankrupts, advertised in the news papers, are intended for the timely information of the public; after their dividends and certificates are agreed and signed by their creditors, the sooner they are released from public notice, may afford salutary means for endeavours to retrieve the loss they have brought on themselves and others.

The near relatives of *many* of these are deserving of much sympathy and compassion; the perusing pages, stained with the characters of their predecessors, in a future day, as well as in the present, must add to the affliction of such as have had no part in involving them in these scenes of distress.

HUMANUS.

* * * The sentiments, contained in the above, appear to the Editor to be benevolent; and, for the reasons which the author has given, the list of bankrupts will be discontinued. Articles of intelligence from the daily and weekly papers, when any occur that are *peculiarly striking and interesting*, will be occasionally inserted.—Several lists of new subscribers to the Monthly Ledger have been received from divers parts, and the Editor regrets that it is not in his power to serve them with all the numbers that have been published, the demand for the Monthly Ledger having been greater than was expected; the whole impression of some numbers is sold: people in the country, however, who incline to purchase such of the numbers already printed as are on hand, with the following numbers, may be supplied with them in the usual channel of obtaining periodical publications, by applying to *country booksellers and news-carriers*; and any person in *London*, disposed to take them in, may be supplied with them monthly, by applying to *Richardson and Urquhart*, under the *Exchange*, or to the *Editor*.

Candour's lucubrations are deemed uninteresting to the public.

Rationalis's talents seem more adapted for railing than reasoning.

Pietas's

Pistat's zeal is too nimble for his judgement, and will rather offend than inform; if thou hast faith, keep it to thyself.

Mentor doubtless means well, but his thoughts are too crude for the inspection of the public.

Justitia's poetry is not destitute of harmony, but it contains too little good sense.

Pollux may be an able politician, but his doctrine, it is apprehended, will occasion an uninteresting political squabble. The humble station of the Editor of the Monthly Ledger is too far removed from court to explore the transactions of the cabinet; neither does he think himself qualified to direct the political machine of government, and shall therefore leave it to the investigation and superintendence of wiser heads, while he is equally desirous to avoid fanning the flame of party, either in the church or state.

Lorenzo, Eusebius, Livinia, Lælius, and A. I. are received.

The PRICE of WHEAT per Quarter, at the Corn-Market, Mark-Lane.

	Nov. 30.	Dec. 3.	7th	10th	14th	17th	21st
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Wheat, Red	40a46	40a46	40a46	40a47	41a47	41a47	41a47
Ditto White	40a46	40a46	40a46	40a47	41a47	41a47	41a47
Rye, —	23a24	23a24	23a24	24a25	24a25	24a25	24a25
Barley, —	26a30	26a30	26a30	26a31	25a30	25a30	25a30
Oats, —	16a19	16a19	16a19	15a19	15a18	15a18	15a18
Dec. 24. Red and White Wheat,	41a47s.				Rye, 24a25s.	Barley,	
	25a30s.				Oats, 15a18s6d.		

THE following is an account of the total quantities of British and Irish linens exported from England, from the commencement of the bounty, to January 1772; distinguishing the quantities and bounties paid each year.

	Brit. lin. Yards.	Irish lin. Yards.	Bounties paid, or payable.		Brit. lin. Yards.	Irish lin. Yards.	Bounties paid, or payable.
1743	52779	40907	383 10 8	1758	1942667	2171109	25690 15 4
1744	49521	28255	311 7 9	1759	1693087	1956572	22807 11 1
1745	56240	101928	747 17 6	1760	1413602	2352583	25538 13 1
1746	175928	695002	4188 10 9	1761	1272985	1819329	19324 11 3
1747	238014	595277	4290 12 0	1762	1762643	2930476	29331 19 10
1748	330747	723663	5504 1 10	1763	2308310	2388564	30604 6 9
1749	414834	965897	8615 1 4	1764	2134733	1858784	24863 9 3
1750	588874	742032	8308 16 8	1765	2095933	1663670	23497 10 4
1751	527976	854496	8617 8 2	1766	2236086	1770634	25042 0 6
1752	437277	968319	8775 13 10	1767	2444181	2227124	29182 6 11
1753	641510	1039967	10058 16 5	1768	2687457	2270160	30685 2 1
1754	1382796	843971	13905 7 11	1769	3016950	1855159	30699 3 5
1755	41367	51040	577 11 0	1770	3216506	2707482	36972 18 4
1756	394746	719135	6932 11 8	1771	4411040	3450224	44738 8 10
1757	1016754	1200557	118347 3 8				

P O E T R Y.

ARNE, or the COMPLAINT.

Lachrymæ volūntur indues.

1.

IN vain the storm of woes o'erwhelming
 woes,
 Which still convulse my breast, I strive
 to quell,
 While piercing cold denies these limbs
 repose,
 And bleak winds whistle through my
 wretched cell:

2.

Thrice has the sun his annual course per-
 form'd
 Since here, forlorn, I've pin'd with
 hopeless grief;
 Thrice has stern winter's reign the year
 deform'd,
 And still sad Arne finds no kind relief.

3.

The smile of summer, all its fruits, are fled,
 No foodful herbage cheers the snow-clad
 meads;
 The shivering flocks off seek my lonely
 shed,
 And on my scanty meal the redbreast
 feeds.

4.

Hier, you that revel in the giddy round
 Of wanton pleasures and delusive joys,
 Whose souls are in the soft delirium drownd,
 Amidst the scenes of grandeur, mirth,
 and noise.

5.

Hier your breasts the sigh of pity felt,
 If ere her pearly tear your cheeks be-
 dew'd,
 Then sure your hearts at Arne's woes will
 melt,
 Though hard as rocks and as the tyger's
 rude.

6.

Ye sons of affluence, who no sorrows know,
 Who ev'ry blessing ev'ry comfort feel;
 'Tis yours the friendly succour to bestow,
 'Tis yours the wounds of misery to heal.

7.

And some there are, a sympathizing few,
 Whom the wretch's sorrows bear a part;
 Yes, such as these, in happier days, I knew,
 Whom well could boast the gen'rous feel-
 ing heart.

8.

Such was my dear Palemon, now no more,
 His bounteous soul delighted to relieve,
 Vol. I.

L 1

The orphan sought his hospitable door,
 He bade the mournful widow cease to
 grieve.

9.

His hand was lib'ral and his soul sincere;
 On him heav'n's blessings ne'er were
 pour'd in vain;
 From ev'ry eye he wish'd to wipe the tear,
 In ev'ry toil he cheer'd the lab'ring
 swain.

10.

In smiling ease our cheerful moments flew,
 Our days were crown'd with sweet con-
 tent and health;
 No pitching wants no anxious cares we
 knew,
 Enough we had not wish'd for greater
 wealth.

11.

Alas! how transient is the smile of fate!
 Like the light clouds that deck the
 morning skies;
 Eager vain man pursues the glitt'ring bait,
 And at his grasp the treach'rous phan-
 tom flies.

12.

For ah! how soon we felt the sharpest
 woes!
 Avaro saw and envy'd our delights;
 His cruel artifice broke our calm repose,
 And sunk our cloudless morn in sudden
 night.

13.

With iron-hand he aw'd the neighb'ring
 peer;
 Beneath his sway the wretched vassal
 mourn'd:

Oppression grimly guards his lofty door;
 From his proud gate the vagrant wretch
 was spurn'd.

14.

By tedious suits he drain'd our little store;
 With double taxes loaded ev'ry field;
 In vain did we, with bended knees, im-
 plore;
 His sordid soul gainst ev'ry cry was steel'd.

15.

At length pale penury seiz'd our smiling
 cot;
 In claiming *right* our little *all* was
 spent;
 At once in ruin plung'd; ah! wretched
 lot!

At once, without one friend, to mis'ry
 sent.

36.

16.

My tender husband, still to heav'n resign'd,
Was forc'd to linger in a loathsome jail;
There, with the languor of disease, he
pind,
Till his rack'd soul forsook its mortal
veil.

17.

But ah! the wretch staid not his fury here,
Or in my sorrows still I'd comfort found;
Then had my Lucia wip'd her mother's
tear,
Then had my bosom 'scap'd the deepest
wound.

18.

With savage hand he seiz'd the helpless
maid,
'Midst the confusion of that fatal hour,
When most we needed her fond filial aid,
Ah! then the tyrant snatch'd the ten-
der flow'r.

19.

In vain does language strive the pangs to
speak,
When first the news was told, thy mo-
ther felt:
No more the friendly tears bedew'd my
cheek,
Too much my soul was agonis'd to melt.

20.

What tho' my wants he offer'd to relieve;
What though to bear me hence his ser-
vant came;
Can I upon a daughter's ruin live?
Shall I, though needy, eat the bread of
shame?

21.

Forbid it virtue and forbid it heav'n;
Rather than this my mis'ries still
prolong:
Though sharp my wants, though hard my
soul is driv'n.
Yet resignation still shall be my song.

22.

Yes, resignation to thy will, my God,
In ev'ry storm, shall fill my grateful
breast;
Humbly I'll bend and kiss thy angry rod,
Till the last welcome stroke shall bring
me rest.

23.

To this bright end I look for future peace,
When friendly death my afflicted soul
shall send
To where the language of complaint shall
cease,
And all my woes in bliss celestial end.

I. W.

AN ELEGY.

*Though sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let the sad tribute be paid.*

CUNNINGHAM.

WHEN, ripe for death by nature's
stated law,
The hoary head falls mould'ring to the
tomb,

No murmurs rise, but, with approving awe,
We, silent, view th'unalterable doom.

But if, in youth, th'unthinking sacrifice
Resigns its blossoms to the fatal blow,
The heart recoils, and unavailing sighs
Or fullen grief bespeak our inward woe.

Behold, where now, in gaiety array'd,
The charms of youth and innocence
appear;
Now view, revers'd, those faded charms
are laid,
For ever silent, on the sable bier.

Thus the gay flow'r, cheer'd by the
morning sun,
With orient bloom attracts each gaze;
eye;
But soon, ere yet the setting day is done,
Shrinks to the blast, and all its beauties
die.

Could virtue mild, could piety sincere,
From death's avengeful stroke thee
vot'ry save,
Parental fondness ne'er had known a tear,
Nor gentle *Celia* wept o'er *Hardwick's*
grave.

Pattern of sweet beneficence! to thee
The tears of meek-ey'd poverty ac-
flow'd

Unheeded; but thy hand, benign and free,
A lib'ral meed unceasingly bestow'd.

No more, with warm benevolence of heart,
Shalt thou the anguish of the mourner
charm;
And now no more, with kind endearing
art,
The rankling terrors of the mind disarm.

If, in those regions where a full reward
Of purest joys, for souls like thine, at-
tends,

Thy spirit, soaring now, can ought regard
The pious sorrows of thy once-lov'd
friends;

Oh! yet one
shade,
Behold thy
adorn'd;
See, the last
Oh ever ho

WI

NO more
glow
Inspire the m
On rigid seas
While fogs a
wing.
No longer ch
rill,
Th'embosom
Where, erst,
dawn,
I watch'd the
And, pleas'd
Hail'd the
blest'd
But now,
chang'd
And dreary
rang'd
Strip of its
grove;
No more the
love;
No more sw
wing,
Death'd fro
spring.
The meads
her blo
A bore and
And Winter
Mow the lo
In vest of fur
A crown of
head,
From Scyth
the fie
And scatter
the ski
With vapor
stream
Or, bow'ring
The rains, d
The soft-w
cloath
Hide the b
woods,
While frost
floods.

Oh!

Oh! yet one parting moment grant, dear
 shade,
 Behold thy tomb with all its rites
 adorn'd;
 See, the last tribute by thy friend is paid,
 Oh ever honour'd and for ever mourn'd.
 E D G A R.

WINTER, a POEM.

N O more sweet spring, or summer's
 glowing rays,
 Inspire the muse or elevate her lays;
 On rigid seasons now she tempts to sing,
 While fogs and vapours clog her feeble
 wing.

No longer charm the grove, the mead, the
 rill,
 Th' embosom'd vale, or proudly-rising hill;
 Where, erst, with wakeful eye, at earliest
 dawn,
 I watch'd the blushes of the ruddy morn,
 And, pleas'd its op'ning beauties to survey,
 Hail'd the bright sun's approach and
 bless'd his ray.

But now, alas, the blissful season's
 chang'd,
 And dreary are the haunts where late I
 rang'd;
 Strip'd of its foliage frowns the gloomy
 grove;
 No more the thrush attunes the notes of
 love;
 No more sweet incense loads the zephyr's
 wing,
 Benth'd from the blooming progeny of
 spring.

The meads, where Flora triumph'd in
 her bloom,
 A bare and mournful aspect now assume;
 And Winter, howling in her icy car,
 Blows the loud blast of elemental war.
 In velt of fur, with snowy trappings spread,
 A crown of hoar-frost circling round her
 head,
 From Scythian climes, on tempest-wing,
 she flies,
 And scatters storms and darkness through
 the skies.

With vapours charg'd, the clouds in
 streams descend,
 Or, hovering high in æther, snows portend,
 The rains, descending, swell the rising rills.
 The soft-wing'd snows with brightness
 cloath the hills,
 Hide the bare plains, and whiten all the
 woods,
 While frost confines, in icy chains, the
 floods.

The plumy nations now, with shiv'ring
 wing,

Dejected sit, and cease their notes to sing,
 Or, faintly twitt'ring, range the iron
 plains,

Or at the barn-doors pick the straying
 grains.

The harmless redbreast claims his annual
 store,

And, cautious, seeks the hospitable door;
 Amidst the rigour of inclement skies,
 By hunger driv'n, to man, for food, he
 flies.

The herds walk slowly o'er the frozen
 lay,

And, pensive, moan for ricks of fragrant
 hay;

Or seek to rest, in new-thresh'd straw re-
 clin'd,

At once their food and shelter from the
 wind,

The hungry flocks traverse the white
 vales o'er

In vain; the vales afford no foodful store;
 One undistinguish'd waste the fields ap-
 pear,

And hills, and groves, and plains, one
 shining vesture wear:

A sullen silence reigns throughout the
 fields,

No sound the grove, no sound the valley
 yields:

The sun, faint glimm'ring with a feeble
 ray,

Soon ends his race, and with his race the
 day;

And pale-fac'd Cynthia, wrapp'd in dusky
 light,

Slow measures out the long and murky
 night;

Or, splendid, shines o'er all the blue serene,
 While stars unnumber'd in her train are
 seen:

As down the steep of heav'n she bends
 her way,

The seeds of frost in shining squadrons
 stray,

And, close condens'd, through the long
 night descend

In brilliant pearls, and o'er the earth ex-
 tend.

When late the sun awakes the short-liv'd
 day,

The frost-fryng'd branches glitter in his
 ray;

A sparkling vest the woods and grove,
 adorn,

And pearls illustrious hang on ev'ry
 thorn:

Not brighter shine from fam'd Golconda's coast,
 Her gems than these, the beauteous work of frost.
 See, on yon sash, what landscapes are pourtray'd,
 Without the mimic pow'rs of light and shade;
 A wond'rous scene! the work of nature's hand,
 By frost perfected at her high command:
 There spreading woods and rising hills are seen,
 With op'ning vales and humble shrubs between;
 In nice proportions rise the chrystal bow'rs,
 And the tall tree majestically tow'rs:
 But soon (sad emblem of terrestrial joy)
 The beams of Phœbus will the scene destroy!
 Now vegetation sleeps; by cold confin'd,
 No more, with genial buds, she bursts the swelling rind.
 Her num'rous tribes in death-like state remain,
 The stagnate sap retires from ev'ry vein.
 Pastures no more their foodful herbage yield,
 All barren lies the newly-cultur'd field;
 Nor fruits nor flow'rs the gardens now produce,
 Nor meads nor groves their wonted sweets diffuse.
 Now pinching *want* invades the lab'ring poor,
 And soon, ah soon! consumes their little store;
 While chilling blasts their thin-clad limbs arrest,
 Let kind compassion cheer their joyless breast.
 Ah let the gay, the opulent, and great,
 Reflect, what ills on *poverty* await;
 What pains, what hardships, those are doom'd to know,
 Whom *want* and *sickness* circle round with woe.
 When Winter gripes them with her iron-hand,
 O let each breast with charity expand;
 With kindly care dry up their springs of grief,
 And let your bounty grant them quick relief.
 These pious deeds, like incense, will arise,
 And live, a sweet memorial in the skies.
 But see! from southern climes warm breezes spring,
 Salubrious mildness wafting from their wing.

In close battalions rang'd the clouds are spread,
 And o'er the earth their genial influence shed.
 Now melt the snows, the brooks their course regain,
 With warmth internal smokes the naked plain;
 The rivers swell with waters not their own,
 And new-form'd torrents roll the mountains down,
 Spread o'er the meads, and sweep along the plain,
 And rush, resistless, to their native main.
 O'er all the scene succeeding sun-beams play,
 And warm the glebe, and cheer the length'ning day.
 Thus, in the course of nature's grand design,
 The circling seasons all in order join:
 In pregnant *spring* the blossoms gay unfold,
 And *autumn* paints the rip'ning fruits with gold;
 With *summer's* heat the earth exults and lies,
 But *winter's* watry store her thirst supplies;
 And, with her secret, but propitious, pow'rs,
 Brings on returning *spring*, and wakes the sleeping flowers.

EUSEBIUS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Ledger.

I Have herewith sent you a very lively description, or picture, of winter, in easy verse; composed, or drawn, as I am informed, by a female hand, in her teens. But be that as it may; to me it appears a very natural and judicious performance; and, as I accidentally met with it, I flatter myself it will be an amusement to the generality of your readers. If, therefore, you think it proper for your instructive and entertaining Ledger, your inserting it will oblige

Your constant reader, and
 Occasional correspondent,
 MUSAPHILUS.

WINTER, an ODE.

HOARY winter now is here;
 All in dismal signs appear;
 Wide around, the naked trees,
 Stripp'd of all their leaves, one sees;
 Which the winds in tempests bear,
 Whistling, through the chilly air.
 Flora's painted pride is dead;
 Nature, drooping, hangs her head;
 Dusky clouds obscure the skies;
 Hark! the northern blasts arise.
 See! the naked branches bend:—
 Down the feather'd flakes descend;

Pale the face that nature wears,
 Snowy white alone appears:
 Yonder, see! the fleecy breed,
 Wont on dewy grass to feed,
 Dig, amid the driven snow,
 For the frozen herb below.
 Round their cribs the cattle croud,
 Lowing for their food aloud:
 Now the treasur'd store they taste,
 Just reward for service past.
 Now, in flights, the woodcocks come,
 Winter's regions still their home:
 After these the gunner goes,
 Ankle deep, through driven snows.
 Now no more the tuneful throng

Please with their melodious song;
 But, all shiv'ring, seek around
 What scant moriel can be found:
 Love no more their notes inspires,
 Winter chills their genial fires:
 Nor, with Sol's reflected beam,
 Sparkles now the silver stream;
 But, in icy fetters tied,
 Ceases or to purr or glide,
 Scarce my pen my hand can hold,
 While I write benumb'd with cold:
 Now, my muse, forego thy lyre,
 Scenes like these no more inspire;
 Sullen winter cease to sing,
 Wait to hail the jocund spring.

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
 For November, 1774.

	Wind	Bar.	Thermom.			Weather
			M.	N.	Ev.	
1	W.N.W. little	30	47	50	48	Frosty air, sunshine.
2	W.N.W. little	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	45	48 ¹ / ₂	48	Misty & cloudy, aft. at night rain.
3	S. little	29 ¹ / ₂	53	58	56	Heavy rain thro' most of the day.
4	S.S.W. fresh	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	51	53	52	Morn. early thunder, aft. rain.
5	W. little	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	49	52	51	Cloudy.
6	W.S.W. lit	29 ¹ / ₁₀	51	52	50	Early rain, fair day.
7	S. fresh	29 ¹ / ₁₀	51	53	52	Almost continual rain.
8	S.S.W. fresh	29 ¹ / ₂	49	52 ¹ / ₂	51 ¹ / ₂	Forenoon sun-shine, aftern. rain.
9	S. strong	29	51	52	50	Frequent showers.
10	W.S.W. fresh	29 ¹ / ₁₀	47	53	51	Forenoon fair, evening showers.
11	W.S.W. strong	29 ¹ / ₁₀	46 ¹ / ₂	48	50	Foren. misty, aft. & nt heavy rain.
12	S. strong	28 ¹ / ₂	49	52	50	Forenoon rain, afternoon fair.
13	W.S.W. fresh	29 ¹ / ₁₀	48	50	48	Fair and sun-shine.
14	W.S.W. fresh	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	47	49	47 ¹ / ₂	Fair and sun-shine.
15	W. violent	29	49	49 ¹ / ₂	49	Much heavy rain.
16	W. strong	29 ¹ / ₂	46	48	47	Fair and sun-shine.
17	W. little	30	42 ¹ / ₂	48	49 ¹ / ₂	Forenoon fair, evening rain.
18	N.N.W. little	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	48	48	46	Cloudy.
19	W.N.W. little	30	42	45	44	Misty and frosty air.
20	W. little	30	41	41 ¹ / ₂	41	Frosty foggy air.
21	W.N.W. little	30	38	39	38 ¹ / ₂	Ditto.
22	N.W. little	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	40	40 ¹ / ₂	39	Frosty.
23	E.N.E. little	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	39	40	40	Ditto and foggy.
24	E. fresh	29 ¹ / ₁₀	39 ¹ / ₂	43	42 ¹ / ₂	Moist air with showers & snow.
25	N. little	29 ¹ / ₁₀	40 ¹ / ₂	42	41 ¹ / ₂	Morning snow, aft. sun-shine.
26	N.W. little	30	40	44	43	Cloudy.
27	W. little	30 ¹ / ₁₀	43	45	45	Cloudy.
28	W.S.W. little	30 ¹ / ₁₀	45	46	46	Foggy, afternoon showers.
29	W.S.W. little	30 ¹ / ₁₀	47	50	48	Fair.
30	W. fresh	30 ¹ / ₁₀	44	46	45	Fair and sun-shine.

PRICES

PRICES of Wheat per Quarter, at the London Corn-Market, for the last 40 Years.

Years	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.
1732			From	19 21	20 27	21 25
3	24 26	24 25	20 24	22 25	22 24	22 25
4	27 30	27 30	25 28	25 28	25 28	26 30
5	26 30	26 30	26 30	26 30	21 32	30 31
6	21 29	21 29	28 29	28 29	29 32	30 31
7	27 30	30 35	30 33	30 33	31 35	31 35
8	29 30	29 30	29 32	30 31	30 32	24 26
9	23 24	23 24	25 27	26 28	28 30	27 28
1740	28 29	29 31	33 35	37 39	50 53	55 58
1	40 52	38 50	37 47	37 46	45	36 43
2	25 26	24 25	25 26	22 23	22 23	21 22
3	19 20	18 19	19 20	20	18 19	18 19
4	15 16	15 16	17	18 19	18	18
5	18 19	18 19	19 20	19 20	19 20	21
6	26 27	30	31	31	29	26
7	27 28	27 28	27 28	27 28	26	26 27
8	26	27	26	24 25	29	26 27
9	28 29	27 28	26 27	27	25	26 27
1750	24 25	24 25	28	29 30	29	29
1	25	25	25	27	26	27
2	32	31 32	32	33	31	30
3	31	32	35 36	34	35	37
4	26	26	28	27	26	24
5	23	23	23 24	22 23	22	22
6	25	25	26	27	32	32 33
7	48 52	53 54	58	63	65 68	55 66
8	25 47	25 45	43 48	44 44	32 38	30 36
9	22 28	22 29	30 32	30 32	26 29	26 29
1760	24 27	27 30	24 29	26 31	28	24 29
1	24 26	25 26	22 24	23 24	22 23	22 24
2	23 25	24 25	30 32	29 34	32 33	30 32
3	33 35	29 31	28 31	27 29	31 32	28 29
4	33	33 34	37 39	38 39	38 39	36 39
5	42 44	40 46	41 45	48 52	40 44	44 48
6	37 38	34 36	34 37	34 36	35 26	34 35
7	46 48	47 49	46 50	38 48	38 48	30 50
8	40 48	40 48	40 48	40 55	40 50	38 48
9	30 37	28 37	25 36	25 36	26 38	30 39
1770	30 32	30 33	32 33	31 32	35 26	33 35
1	40 47	40 47	40 46	42 46	38 44	42 48
2	42 48	40 47	46 54			

MARRIAGES.

THE Rev. Mr. Kighley, of Louth, in Lincolnshire, to Miss Allenby, of Fotherby, in Cambridgeshire.— — Morgan, Esq. West India Merchant, to Miss Burke, of Salisbury-couat, Fleet-street.— John Fane, Esq. eldest son of Henry Fane, of Wormsley, Esq. to lady Elizabeth Parker, eldest daughter of the earl of Macclesfield.—Mr. William Bloxam of Lombard-street, to Miss Paul of Holbourn.—The hon. John Tollmache, to lady Bridget Lane, daughter of the late earl of Northington.—Mr. Livett, Apothecary, of Albermarle-street, to Miss Grive, of Charterhouse-square.—Mr. Knight, Cyder Merchant, at Lambeth-Marsh, to Miss Ursula Steed, of Kennington-lane.—James Young, Esq. to Miss Black, daughter of Mr. Alexander Black, Silk Manufacturer, at Aberdeen.—Lord Ligonier, to lady Mary Henley, sister to the present earl of Northington.—Mr. Charles Price, Merchant, of Snow-hill, to Miss Mary Rugge, of Poland-Street.

PRICES

PRICES of Wheat per Quarter at the London Corn-Market, for the last 40 Years;

Years.	July.	August.	Septem.	October.	Novem.	Decem.
1733	20 24	20 22	22 24	22 26	20 26	22 26
3	22 25	19 23	22 26	20 26	23 28	28 34
4	22 30	30 34	30 34	30 34	30 34	26 30
5	34 40	20 22	30 36	30 36	30 36	30 38
6	26 36	34 36	32 36	30 36	30 34	30 34
7	28 34	28 34	28 34	30 33	29 32	24 28
8	20 26	20 27	27 29	27 28	28 29	26 28
9	27 28	23 28	27 28	30 31	28 29	27 28
1740	40 46	44 50	40 45	38 50	36 48	34 43
1	26 32	28 32	24 26	24 27	27 28	25 26
2	22 23	23	23	21 22	21 22	20 21
3	19 20	18	18	18 19	18 19	16 17
4	16 17	16 17	16 17	18 19	19 20	18 19
5	20 21	22 23	22 23	22 24	24 25	21 22
6	27	25 26	26 28	27 28	27	26 27
7	27 28	24 25	25 26	25 27	24 25	25
8	26 27	27 28	33	32	19	28 30
9	29 30	29	28	26	25	26
1750	28	27	27	25	24	25
1	28	32	32	31	32	32
2	32	30	30	28	29	29 30
3	34	35	31	29	27 28	28
4	26	24	25	25	24	29
5	22	23	24 25	25	24	23
6	37 38	35	36	43	41	41
7	40 56	28 60	23 47	25 47	26 45	25 44
8	30 26	28 34	16 40	34 38	28 31	24 28
9	24 26	20 30	22 29	21 29	22 30	24 27
1760	27 30	27 31	28 32	27 28	25 28	24 27
1	23 24	22 24	23 24	25 26	25 26	25 27
2	29 32	29 31	32 33	30 33	30 31	32 33
3	29 31	31 33	35 36	31 36	33 34	31 32
4	34 38	40 41	37 38	37 40	40 42	38 42
5	40 45	40 47	37 39	38 40	39 40	39 42
6	42 44	38 46	40 44	50 54	40 49	44 48
7	38 46	36 44	36 46	38 45	38 44	40 42
8	43 48	34 42	38 40	30 40	28 33	28 35
9	30 38	44 30	32 35	33 35	33 36	33 35
1770	16 45	40 44	40 44	34 42	36 39	36 38
1	40 48	38 47	36 49	26 45	34 40	32 45
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DEATHS.

MR. Moss, at Potwick, in Norfolk, brother to the bishop of St. David's.—Wilhelmina, wife of Frederic George Muleaster, Esq. Captain Engineer, and Member of his Majesty's Council in East Florida, at St. Augustine's.—Mrs. Proctor, wife of Robert Proctor, Esq. of Holyport, Berks.—Thomas Pyke, Esq. in Hamlet's Conduit street, many years Consul at Tripoli, in Syria.—Mr. Henry Barnley, Chemist and Druggist, in Leadenhall street.—Mr. Fillingham, master of the George Livery Stables, Whitechapel.—William Lucas, Esq. Counsellor at Law, in Gray's inn.—The lady of — Lechew, Esq. suddenly, in her withdrawing-room, as she was receiving company.—James Kilshaw, Esq. at Richmond, in Surry.—Mr. John Richards, one of the Clerks belonging to the Navy Office, in the Minorities.—The Rev. Mr. Hurd, Vicar of Longford, and Rector of Thorpe, both in the county of Derby.—Lieutenant General Browne, Colonel of the 48th regiment of foot, now in America.

PRICES



T H E
MONTHLY LEDGER,
O R
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.
A DEFENCE of INOCULATION.

*The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To pale ashes; the eyes' windows fall
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.*

SHAKESPEAR.

HABIT exercises its influence over every part of the globe; from the Hottentot and Laplander, to the civilized European and Asiatic, a bias for ancient manners and customs generally prevails, as the author of the Traveller justly intimates :

For every man, to native custom prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.

GOLDSMITH.

From this propensity every change, and consequently every improvement, meets with opposition; and the strongest arguments lose their force when directed against prejudice, the straightest lines appearing curved to an impaired vision. With persons thus prepossessed reasoning would be attempted in vain;

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but a writer of that accuracy and candor, so conspicuous in your correspondent, whose doubts respecting inoculation seem to be suggested by the fairest calculations, merits the utmost attention, from the importance of the subject, and from the candid manner in which the same has been treated.

Soon after inoculation was introduced into this country, it is not admirable that much illiberal reflection should have been urged against a practice so novel and extraordinary; and this was done not only by the illiterate, but likewise by persons of information and learning, particularly by many of the faculty and of the clergy: Their attacks, however, were rendered futile by fair and authentic calculations*, made in various parts of this kingdom, of which I presume your correspondent is sensible, as no suspicion to the contrary is admitted into his ingenious essay: The mind, that is guided by partial reasoning, is fruitful in raising expedients to overcome every obstacle to its favourite views; thus, when the success of inoculation had been established by incontrovertible *facts*, objections of a different nature were surmised; the risque, of ingrafting the disease of a morbid subject into a healthful person, was exhibited with all its dismal attendants; and the bias, that magnified this presumptive danger from inoculation, prevented the same individuals from observing the frequent and shocking effects arising from the natural small-pox. However, the opposers of inoculation in this kingdom do not appear to have retarded that practice; they generally wrote with too much virulence, or in too futile a manner to promote the cause they espoused; amongst these, Dr. Wagstaffe, Dr. Howgrave, and Gerard Sparham, were early partisans, as well as some of the clergy, particularly M. Massey†, and M. Delafaye, whose sermons against inoculation have been published; but the objections of these writers were fully answered by Dr. Jurin, Dr. Nettleton, Dr. Maitland, Dr. Brady, Dr. Slare, Dr. Williams, Dr. Strothier, Dr. Timoni, M. Boylstone, and since by David Some, and the bishop of Winchester, whose sermon was likewise made public.

On the continent, inoculation has been opposed with more success, and indeed with such arguments as have nearly put a
period

* Particularly by Dr. Jurin, Dr. Nettleton, Dr. Maitland, and Dr. Scheuchzer, in the Philosophical Transactions, and also in separate dissertations.

† I am not certain whether this gentleman, or Dr. Wagstaffe, first supposed that the devil was the first inoculator, who practised the art upon honest Job.

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period to this practice: The late celebrated Baron Van Swieten † discouraged it, and the present Archiater at Vienna, Dr. De Haen, has given still more weight to these objections, but Dr. Rast, of Lions, stands the most distinguished antagonist; though the fatal period to its progress may be dated from the remarkable *Rapport sur le fait de l'inoculation de la petite vérole*, 1763, made by Dr. L'Epine, Astruc, Bouvart, Baron, Verdelham des Moles, and Macquart, of the faculty of medicine at Paris, in spite of the most notorious success in inoculation by Dr. Gatt, and of his earnest remonstrances on that subject. Dr. De Haen's *Difficultates super inoculatione variolarum*, Viennæ, 1757, have been answered by Dr. Tissot, well known from his *Avis au peuple*, his treatise *de feb. biliosis*, and other works. De Haen does not, however, appear satisfied with this reply, nor with Mr. De la Condamine's on the same subject, but Dr. Tissot has closed this dispute by a private letter to De Haen, wherein he observes, "*Les pièces sont sous les yeux des juges: attendons donc le jugement du public, et de la postérité* *."

Baron Van Swieten's observations do not demand a reply: those of Dr. Rast were too important and cogent to pass long unnoticed, and accordingly many writers on the continent entered the list against him in that and the subsequent year wherein his work was published, but none have ever seemed equal to the combat, except the Chevalier de Chastelluz, who engages Dr. Rast upon the same grounds he had commenced the attack, namely, the London bills of mortality. It must be confessed that the Chevalier has not entirely removed the difficulties raised by Dr. Rast, and now revived by your ingenious correspondent upon a more enlarged scale.

As this subject therefore has excited the attention of the public here, as well as on the continent, I shall now attempt a review of the arguments deduced from the calculations, which I shall enter upon with more pleasure, as the objections carry the appearance of candor and importance.

As these objections do not invalidate the numerous facts which have established the success of inoculation, the whole, therefore, may be reduced to one point of view, "That more persons have died by the small-pox in London, since the introduction of inoculation, than preceding that period, in consequence of the disease thereby being more universally extended and propagated."

In answer to this proposition, I shall endeavour to shew that this modern practice is not the cause of propagating the small-

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pox,

† In the last volume of his elaborate commentaries, *De Variolis*.

* *Ratio Med.* t. iii. p. 589.

pox, and afterwards to ascertain the real causes of this increase of deaths by so fatal a disease. It might naturally be premised, that as the number of burials by the small-pox increased every year nearly progressively, the cause hereof can scarcely be supposed to depend upon inoculation, as this practice has been steady and regular since its introduction, especially if we consider that another infectious disease, the measles, hath increased in fatality in nearly the same proportions with the small-pox, which must undoubtedly arise from other causes, as inoculation of the measles hath never been practised in this kingdom; and these causes, I presume, are such as equally influence both diseases. A presumptive argument may likewise be surmized from the mildness of the infection arising from subjects under inoculation of the small-pox, who are principally infants, and therefore being of less bulk, propagate less contagion, which, added to its mildness, must diminish the quantity of variolous particles.

It is, however, indubitably evident, from the bills of mortality, that more persons take the small-pox since the introduction of inoculation, than heretofore; a fact which may easily be accounted for without referring to a successful mode of escaping the fatality of that disease, if we reflect for a moment upon the total revolution which the old method of treating it has undergone, which will also explain why the increase of burials by the small-pox has been so progressive; every person is now acquainted with this innovation in practice, which has been almost universally adopted by the faculty; though Sydenham* practised and recommended the cold regimen alluded to full as much as the moderns, yet, when inoculation was first introduced into England, the victims of the small-pox were confined to their rooms, and obliged to undergo every process which has since been found to aggravate the disease. It is true, that, by this injudicious treatment, the variolous infection might not be propagated so generally, and consequently fewer deaths would occur by the small-pox, in proportion to the whole burials, while many more would fall by the disease itself in proportion to the number of those who received it.

Hence it will be readily admitted, that the late increase of burials cannot depend upon the practice of inoculation, under which it is a rare thing to hear of one fatal case; but rather upon the innovation introduced in the treatment of the natural small-pox, of exposing the patients to the open air, and a less reserved intercourse amongst the community, with other causes

* See the remarkable account Dr. Dover relates of himself in his *Last Legacy*.

to be related hereafter. How far this free communication is culpable, is not the subject before me; but as the increased deaths appear in part to arise from hence, a more guarded intercourse would be equally humane and politic.

I believe every candid judge, who is conversant with the subject of discussion, will admit that much more caution and reserve are used by those who practice inoculation, than with those who have the management of the natural small-pox. In the former, public and private hospitals are erected for the reception of the inoculated patients; in the latter, this precaution is notoriously neglected. This also affords a striking proof that it is not by inoculation, but by the new method of treating the natural small-pox, that the infection is so much more generally propagated, although inoculation hath undergone the blame.

In this view of the matter, it will appear consistent in the faculty to encourage the known and certain means of escaping danger; at the same time to avoid injuring others is incumbent on every individual; and this may be done without returning to the ancient exploded practice. M. de la Condamine's representation may be here recollected. The small-pox may be compared to a river across which mankind must pass. Inoculation is expressed by a boat which may be used as the means of safely passing over this river: many, however, neglecting this conveyance, plunge into the waters and struggle with the dangers of a new element. To the beautiful simile of the late amiable Condamine, we may add the motto of an eminent divine to his book in favour of inoculation; "*I will ask you one thing; Is it lawful to save life, or to destroy it?*"

It is not the method of treating the small-pox only that hath undergone a very considerable revolution, but that of managing many other diseases also, particularly those which have been marked by their fatality amongst the human species. These improvements in medicine, joined with those which respect the internal policy of this metropolis, have been the means of preserving many lives to the community, whereby more persons are hence undoubtedly liable to undergo the small-pox.

In the nurture and management of infants, as well as in the mode of treating lying-in women, the reformation hath equalled that of the small-pox; by these two circumstances alone, incredible numbers are rescued from the grave, which must consequently augment the proportion of those, who in all probability will receive the small-pox, and add to the number of deaths by that disease, unless inoculation be timely interposed,

It may be suggested, that this improvement in the management of children is limited principally to the genteeler stations in life; this surmise must however appear ill founded, if it be considered what numbers of infant poor are now actually saved by modern charitable institutions; that, besides the Foundling Hospital, and the public and private charity-schools, two institutions, called Dispensaries, relieve alone, in this city, upwards of 5000 sick children annually; if only one tenth of these objects be preserved to the community, in consequence of timely assistance, the amount of redeemed children is 500 annually; if these take the natural small-pox, at an average of one death in seven, then 41 more persons in 500 will die every year by this disease than would have done, had not these useful charities existed; but, provided these children had been inoculated, according to the fairest calculations made in this kingdom, one only would have died, or 40 children out of every 500 would have been added to the community; of what importance therefore would it be to government to interpose, in order to promote the salutary means of saving lives, by the more general institution of inoculation. Many children of the healthy laborious poor would thereby be preserved to the state, who, for want of proper advice and other necessaries, become tame spectators of a fatality which might so easily be averted.

Within the space of a few years, many lying-in hospitals have been established; in the lying in charity alone, near 5000 women are delivered annually at their own houses, by persons well instructed in the necessary branches of business, whereby not only many infants, but likewise many women, are saved, who live to the benefit of the state by a succession of children, who, thus redeemed, live to undergo a new calamity, the small-pox, unless they embrace the salutiferous aid of inoculation.

Were the considerations already produced of no force in this dispute, let us reflect upon the present mode of conducting inoculation, and we shall find that very few persons undergo this operation in the metropolis, as hospitals or houses of reception are constructed in the neighbourhood of it from five to five and twenty miles distant. This, if not a decisive argument against the probability of inoculation producing the increase of burials in London, is at least a very presumptive one in point. Had the calculations of my antagonist been drawn in those country places, where thousands of persons have been inoculated, their force must have been acknowledged, but as they now appear, little, very little, stress can be laid upon them. It is even a doubt with me whether more persons were

not inoculated in this city thirty years ago, in the days of Dr. Jurin, than at this period, when the improvements of practice at once dictate to the practitioner, that the person to be inoculated should have a country residence; in the days of Dr. Jurin, Claudius Amyand and Mr. Maitland inoculated no less than 147 persons in about two years; and, I presume, it will be difficult to find two surgeons, who now inoculate so many out of hospitals, in the same space of time, in this city. How improbable then is it to suppose inoculation the cause of the progressive increase of deaths, when experience itself suggests that the town air should be avoided, and a country residence adopted during the progress of the artificial small-pox!

Had the ingenious commander of the regiment of Aquitaine, the Chevalier de Chastelluz, been better acquainted with the internal polity of this city, and the vast accession of young persons it annually receives from the country, he would have proved a more powerful antagonist to Dr. Rast; and were your correspondent, who finds it so difficult a task to account for the increase of 19 deaths in 1000, more than formerly, to consider this accession from the country, he would rather admire at so small an increase, because these persons who come from a distance where inoculation is less usual, and the small-pox seldom appears, are more frequently the victims of the small-pox, not of inoculation; and how to avoid this disease and avert its fatality in a commercial city like London, where an universal communication takes place, can only be effected by such an excommunication from the public, as is practised in the plague; or what I presume is infinitely preferable in a free trading city, by inoculation; for which the partiality of relations, and the very dictates of humanity, would strongly plead, as thereby a loathsome, and often fatal, disease is passed through with little pain, and almost with certain success: while, on the other hand, the shocking effects of the natural small-pox are not unfrequently more dismal than death itself; add to this the anxious pain which a person, who has never had the disease, perpetually suffers.

If we enquire into the numbers of persons, of both sexes, who annually quit the country for a town residence, the opinion I have just suggested will appear well founded; new roads have been opened, and every method of facilitating an intercourse with the metropolis has been used; this progressive communication rationally accounts for the gradual increase in the proportion of deaths in London, which, with the gradual improvement in practice, are undoubtedly the true causes for which inoculation, that happy medium of preventing this fatality, has been stigmatized.

Dr.

Dr. Perrot Williams, who wrote in 1725 upon inoculation, which was soon after its introduction into England, plainly proves that it had been practised in Wales, though in a form somewhat different, for time immemorial: this I adduce as one proof of the little intercourse then subsisting between the country and the metropolis, that, for so long a period of time, such a practice should have been unknown in London. At this period an hundred stage coaches would have conveyed such a novelty from the most obscure corner of Great Britain.

I feel therefore a genuine satisfaction in defending a practice which humanity dictates, which success authorises, and which true policy would promote. Let us therefore distinctly mark the cause of this fatality complained of: if the improved method of treating the natural small-pox be this cause, prudence should dictate more reserve, but humanity should at the same time ever determine the faculty to endeavour to save life, by such means as are known to be most conducive thereto.

If it be impracticable to stop the progress of a disease in a free city where every individual acts according to his own pleasure, let us attempt to obviate the danger by encouraging inoculation, and save our fellow-creatures who come fresh, vigorous, and full of blood, from the country, and consequently prove the victims of a disease that spares neither sex nor age.

That the inhabitants of this country have increased since the introduction of inoculation, is a fact very generally received; the principal cause of which may be deduced from this practice, as no other cause seems so probable.

Northouck, in his accurate history of London, lately published, observes, "The gradual enlargement of a city enriches all the country round it, and extends its demands to the remotest corners; it also affords employment for all the super-numerary useless hands that resort to it; which sufficiently accounts for the objection often made against the healthiness of London, notwithstanding all its late improvements, where the deaths so greatly exceed the births. A person not knowing this fact might with a little reflection infer it: multitudes who were born in various parts of England end their days in London; and numbers of the inhabitants of London being dissenters of several denominations, no register of their births appears, while that of their deaths is generally recorded. If it is replied, that London nevertheless appears to be a gulph that continually requires filling, it should be considered, that it not only receives, but sends out, inhabitants to various parts; America, and the East-Indies, particularly.

"Business and pleasure also keep many of the inhabitants in a state of celibacy; labourers, servants, sailors, and the

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three regiments of guards, are generally single men. Rapin expressed his fears, that the head was too big for the body; but the natural circumstances of countries will always prescribe limits to the growth of cities, while no others can be fixed. London, vast as it is, still enlarges; how long this increment may continue, cannot perhaps be foreseen; but it may safely be predicted, that, when the augmentation becomes injurious, it will, like all other natural evils, correct itself.

“ Though the operation of trade has caused a progressive increase of the metropolis from the first, yet this increase has been accelerated during the last thirty or forty years, from a cause well known, though little thought of in this point of view; and which has affected other towns as well as London. It is found, upon an average, that the natural small-pox destroys one in seven: it is now above forty years since this disorder began to be inoculated upon prepared bodies, of which the bishop of Worcester, in his celebrated sermon on this subject, informs us, but one in 500 were found to die: hence, in every 500 children inoculated, seventy lives are preserved to society, though few reflect how much this circumstance must advance population.”

These reflections are farther confirmed by the author of the *Monthly Review*, vol. xlv. p. 15, 16, where he remarks:

“ In the bishop of Worcester’s sermon on behalf of inoculation of the small-pox, which was preached near nineteen years ago, (and which, in its tendency, is worth all the poems that have been fabricated since, to go no farther back,) it is stated, that of those who take the small-pox casually, one in seven is found to die; and that of 1500, inoculated by the surgeons, Ranby, Hawkins, and Middleton, three only miscarried, one in 500. Now, not to mention that the hazard is by long experience since reduced almost to nothing, according to this computation which has never been invalidated, in every 500 persons inoculated, seventy lives are preserved to society. Let the computation be extended to the probable number inoculated every year in this island, from the time when the practice began to obtain generally; and to these add the posterity derived from the marriage of these redeemed persons, as they advance to maturity, and we shall find a positive and happy increase of people continually rising up, and staring out of countenance all declaimers against the practice.”

From all the calculations, hitherto made in the country towns, a gradual increase of inhabitants is evident. Dr. Percival, who has just favoured me with a piece he designs for the Royal Society, has found, by accurate surveys made by Mr. Enfield, that Liverpool has doubled its inhabitants in 25 years,

and has at present upwards of six times the number which was in it at the beginning of this century. In Manchester it appears also that the increase of population is very considerable, as well as in some other towns where accurate registers have been kept, and surveys made of the inhabitants; after which Dr. Percival adds, "that the late improvements in medicine have been highly favourable to the preservation of life." The cool regimen in fevers and in the small-pox, the free admission of air, &c. have certainly mitigated the violence, and lessened the mortality of some of the most dangerous malignant distempers to which mankind are incident.

From the foregoing considerations we may conclude, that policy, as well as humanity, strongly urges the propriety of inoculation; that, as it is the means of saving the lives of our friends, our children, and our relations, it is one of the principal causes of the increase of inhabitants in this country; and therefore as a man, as a subject, as a fellow-citizen, and as a parent, I think it my duty to defend and promote a practice, which tends to public good, population, and health.

APYREXIA.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On FRIENDSHIP.

OF all the relations wherein we stand towards one another, there is none more strict and binding, none more necessary and beneficial, than that of friendship. For human nature is imperfect; it has not fund enough to furnish out a solitary life; and the most delicious place, barred from all commerce and society, would be insupportable. Besides, there are so many adverse accidents attending us, that, without the communion of friendship, virtue itself is not able to accomplish its end: the best good man, on several occasions, often wants an assistant to direct his judgement, quicken his industry, and fortify his spirits. "A brother," indeed, as the wise man observes, "was born for adversity, but there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother;" and therefore he that has found this precious treasure has laid up a good foundation against the day of trouble; because every true and real friendship will be an alloy to his sorrows, an ease to his passions, a sanctuary to his calamities, a relief to his oppressions, a repository of his secrets, a counsellor of his doubts, and an advocate for his interest, both with God and man. And yet, as necessary and beneficial as this relation is in all conditions of life,

life, there is no one thing wherein we mistake ourselves more. Men usually call them their friends, with whom they have an intimacy, though that intimacy, perhaps, is nothing else but an union and combination in sin. The drunkard, for instance, thinks him his friend who will swallow wine in bowls, and keep him company in his debauches; the proud man, him his friend, who will blow up the bladder, and indulge his vanity with fulsome flattery; and the deceitful man, him his friend, that will aid and assist him in carrying on his schemes of fraud and dishonesty. But, alas! this is so far from being friendship, that it deserves a very different appellation. A true friend loves his friend, so that he is very zealous for his good; and certainly he that is really so will never be the instrument of bringing him into the greatest evil. How far soever then a resemblance in humour or opinion, a fancy for the same business or diversion, may, on some occasions, be a ground of affection; yet this is generally allowed, both by moralists and divines, that virtue is the only proper foundation of friendship, and that none but good men are capable of it: And, among these, it may not improperly be defined to be "an industrious pursuit of our friend's real advantages, or obliging ourselves to do unto him all the good offices that our fidelity and assistance, our advice and admonition, our candour and constancy, can effect."

Friendship, both in the Latin and Greek languages, takes its denomination from love: and, as love is every where the same, so there is no principle more faithful, and what less consults the arts of dissimulation. A friend therefore will pursue the advantages of those he truly loves, as if they were his own: he maintains his honour and right, though invaded by the most potent adversary, or struck at by the most clandestine malice. And, as he suffers none he can hinder to injure his character or fortune, so he is especially careful himself to avoid all ill-bred familiarities in company, or mercenary incroachments upon his good-nature, as very well knowing, that friendship, though it be not nice and exceptionous, yet must not be coarsely treated; and that the neglect of good manners therein is the want of its greatest ornament. Above all, he is continually upon his guard to keep the secrets which his friend has reposed in his breast, with the most sacred taciturnity; because a discovery of these, in the opinion of the wise son of Sirach, who well understood the laws and punctualities of friendship, is an offence, of all others, the most provoking and the most unpardonable: for, "who so discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind."

Love thy friend, and be faithful to him ; but, if thou betrayest his secrets, follow no more after him : for, as one letteth a bird out of his hand, so hast thou let thy friend go, and shalt not get him again. Follow after him no more, for he is too far off ; he is as a roe escaped out of the snare. As for a wound, it may be bound up ; and, after reviling, there may be a reconciliation ; but he, that betrayeth secrets, is without hope."

How far the measure of mutual assistance ought to extend, among friends, is not so easy a matter, in each particular, to determine ; but this we may say, in general, that, as far as opportunity, discretion, and former pre-engagements, will give us leave, we may be allowed to go ; and that to break, upon the score of danger or expence, is narrow-spirited ; provided the assistance may be given without ruin to ourselves or prejudice to a third person, without breach of honour or violation of conscience. Where the thing is unlawful, we must neither ask nor comply. All importunities against justice are feverish desires, and must not be gratified. He that would engage another in an unwarrantable action, takes him for an ill person, and, as the motion is an affront, ought to be renounced for the injury of his opinion. But, where this is not the case, we ought to treat our friend, as far as prudence and justice will permit, with all the frankness and generosity imaginable ; to counsel him, when he wants advice ; to cheer him, when he wants comfort ; to give unto him, when he wants relief ; and, even with some hazard to ourselves, to rescue him, when he is in danger : and in doing of this we should consider his occasions and prevent his desires, and scarcely give him time to think that he wanted our assistance ; because a forwardness to oblige is a great grace upon our kindness, and that which doubles the intrinsic worth of it.

It is the observation of the wise king of Israel, "Woe to him that is alone ! for, if he falleth, he hath not another to help him up : " and this observation is verified upon none so much as upon him that is destitute of friends ; who, when he is under a perplexity of affairs, where a determination is dubious, and yet of uncommon consequence, cannot fetch in aid from another person whose judgement may be greater than his own, and whose concern he is sure is no less. Every man, in his own affairs, is found to be less cautious than a prudent stander-by : he is generally too eagerly engaged to make just remarks upon the progress and probability of things ; and, in such a case, nothing is so proper as a judicious friend to temper the spirits, and moderate the pursuit ; to give the signal for

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for action, to press the advantage, and strike the critical minute. Foreign intelligence may have a spy in it, and therefore should be cautiously received; strangers (I call all such, except friends) may be designing in their advice, or, if they be sincere, by mistaking the case, they may give wrong measures; but, now, an old friend has the whole scheme in his head; he knows the constitution, the disease, the strength, and the humour, of him he assists; what he can do, and what he can bear; and therefore none so proper as he to prescribe, to direct the enterprize, and secure the main chance.

But, among all the offices of friendship, there is none that comes up to our aiding and assisting the soul of our friend, and endeavouring to advance his spiritual state by exhortations and encouragements to all virtue, by earnest and vehement dissuasions from all sin, and especially by kind and gentle reproofs, where there is reason to presume an offence has been committed. This is so peculiarly the duty of a friend, that there is none besides so duly qualified for it. The reproofs of a relation may be thought to proceed from an affectation of superiority; of an enemy, from a spirit of malice; and of an indifferent person, from pride or impertinence, and so be slighted: but when they come from one who loves us as his own soul, and come armed with all the tender concern that an unfeigned affection is known to dictate, they must of course take effect, and become irresistible. Self-love, like a false glass, generally represents the complexion better than nature has made it; men have no great inclination to be prying into their own deformities, and have such unwillingness to hear of their faults, that whoever undertakes the work, had need have a strong prepossession in his favour; and therefore the friend, that alone is qualified for it, acts the part of a flatterer, and betrays the offender into security, when he sees him commit things worthy of blame, and yet silently passes them by: Open "reproof," says the wise man, "is better than such secret love; for faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

But though we are required to admonish our friend when we see him do amiss, yet the manner in which we are to do it will require our utmost care, and shew our skill and address, as well as our love and esteem for him. "A word, fitly spoken," says Solomon, "is like apples of gold in pictures of silver: as an ear-ring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reproof upon an obedient ear." What gracefulness there is in colours judiciously chosen and rightly put together! what agreeableness there is in the most valuable metals,

metals, so appositely placed, as to add to each other's lustre! what beauty arises from the richest and choicest ornaments! Such is the gratefulness, such is the excellency, such the beauty of a wise reproof, fitted to the occasion of it, to the person and character of those that are reprov'd: and this, in the case of friends, ought certainly to be managed with all candour and kindness, with all meekness and humility, without any signs of bitterness, and words of reproach or airs of superiority.

But, though we are allowed in this manner to reprove the faults of our friend, yet are we to remember that this is to be done in private; and that no care must be wanting, on our parts, to conceal them from the knowledge of others. And it is a great and noble thing to cover the blemishes and excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his errors, and to display his perfections; to bury his weakness in silence, and proclaim his virtues upon the house-top.

These are some of the duties or approved qualities of friendship, viz. to be faithful in our professions, zealous in our services, prudent in our advices, and gentle in our reproofs to our friend; to be dumb to his secrets, silent to his faults, and full of the commendations of his virtues; and, where these are mutually practis'd, there is less danger of the remaining duty, which is constancy, or such a stability and firmness of friendship as overlooks and passes by all those lesser failures of kindness and respect, that, through frailties incident to human nature, a man may be sometimes guilty of, and yet still retain the same habitual good will, and prevailing propensity of mind to his friend, that he had before. Alas! there is no expecting the temper of paradise in the present corruption of the world: the best of people cannot be always the same, always awake and entertaining: the accidents of life, the indispositions of health, the imperfections of reason, must be allowed for; nor must every ambiguous expression, or every little chagrin or start of passion, be thought a sufficient cause of disunion. "Ointment and perfume," says the wise man, "rejoice the heart;" so does the sweetness of a man's friend; whereupon it follows, "thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not." To part with a tried friend, and one that is grown old, as it were, in the service of the family, besides the injustice done him, is both unreasonable levity, such as argues a mind governed by caprice only, and egregious folly, such as prodigally casts away one of the greatest blessings of human life: for a "faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such an one hath found a treasure." And, as "nothing
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can countervail a faithful friend," so, when we have once entered into that relation, I know of nothing that should dissolve it, but either downright malevolence or incorrigible vice. These indeed strike at the fundamentals, and make a correspondence impracticable; but, even when the case comes to this unhappy pass, there is still a decency in the manner of our disunion, and prudence seems to direct that we should draw off by degrees, rather than come to an open rupture.

From what has been said on this subject, it seems plainly to follow, that every one is not qualified to enter into the relation of friendship, wherein there is occasion for largeness of mind and agreeableness of temper; for prudence of behaviour, for courage and constancy, for freedom from passion and self-conceit. A man, that is fit to make a friend of, must have conduct to manage the engagement, and resolution to maintain it; he must use freedom without roughness, and oblige without design. Cowardice will betray friendship, and covetousness will starve it; folly will be nauseous; passion is apt to ruffle; and pride will fly out into contumely and neglect: and therefore, to conclude with the wisdom of the son of Sirach, in relation to the choice of a friend, "If thou wouldst get a friend, says he, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him; for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble: as, again, some friend is a companion at the table; in thy prosperity he will be as thyself; but, if thou be brought low, he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face. Wherefore, prove thy friend first, and be not hasty to credit him."

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On the VICISSITUDES of HUMAN LIFE.

I Made a visit, the other day, to a gentleman who has a country-house near London; and, while we refreshed ourselves with a social glass, in a summer-bower, which he has raised above the corner of his garden-wall, I perceived him to fix his eyes, with much attention, on the gate of a stately building that stood on the opposite side of the road. The mistress, said he, of that fine house has been charming me all this morning, in a poem which was written in praise of her extraordinary beauty, by a very celebrated English genius. The warm and lively imagination of the poet has placed her actually before me: I feel, methinks, the influence of her eyes! I am enchanted by her air and movement! But I lose myself

myself in rapture while I seem to gaze upon that spring of youth which he describes with so much wantonness; that living, thinking, bloom, that quickens her soft langour, and adds health and joy to loveliness. But, see! look yonder! the very charmer comes. This! this! is she: this gay, young, dear master-piece of nature, whom I have been reading of with so much transport!

I started up in great amazement, and, inflamed by eager curiosity, looked out to see this prodigy. But I beheld no other than a thin, withered, stooping, old lady, whom two servants, with much seeming difficulty, supported; and were leading along, between them, towards a coach that waited for her at the gate. Her head, and both her hands, shook strongly with the palsy, but every other part seemed motionless, and quite insensible. I sighed at the appearance of so mortifying an object, and recalled my eyes, from aking at it, to fix them reproachfully upon my friend for his ill-pointed levity, in sporting with the weakness and misery of human nature. Yet this, said he, was once, so changed as we now see her, that resistless beauty, whom to contemplate in Dryden's warm description of her influence, when the heart of a gay monarch, and a court of rival lovers, were the trophies of her beauty; who could think that time would thus reduce her to a contradiction of all those flourishing attractions, which, though perished in the changed original, will bloom for ever in the poet's picture?

I protest the sudden shock, which this malicious artfulness of my good friend's morality surprized and struck me with, quite damped and overwhelmed my chearfulness. I sickened at this too near and naked view of life without its palliatives. I resolved to drink no more. Your wine, said I, has lost its relish, and your society has grown insipid from the tingling thoughts which you have filled me with. So, rising for my hat and gloves, I took my leave abruptly and walked homeward, across the fields, oppressed with musing melancholy.

I have not, to this moment, lost the weight of its impression; and shall never cease to wonder, that the young reflect so seldom on the shortness of their spring, when yet the old are always near us; and the younger coming up behind to push us forward into winter. It was a sharp and startling answer, that of the Armenian beggar, who, leaning double on his staff, was asked by a young jelling coxcomb, how much that bow had cost him? for I would be glad, said he, to buy one. *Have patience*, cried the old man, *and, if God prolongs your life, you will have as good an one for nothing.*

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There is but one thing here that can deserve our constant thoughts, and that is the very thing which we most hate to think of: what ought so frequently to busy our remembrance as the only sure and unavoidable common lot of all who ever lived, who now do live, or who shall live hereafter. Where are now times past? we toil and strive, and labour on through life, as if to live were our chief business; unmindful, all the while, what empty shadows we are grasping at, and for how short a time, and how uncertainly they can be ours, when we have gained them. What is become of all those busy buflers who have lived and died before us? Are they not vanished and forgotten? They have made their way through life, as an eagle does through air; and their path is closed up after them; nor have they left a track to follow by.

Time is the greatest of all deceivers, but deceives us without flattering us. It has a tongue in every steeple, and points its finger to the dial's shadow, to alarm and give us notice. But we neglect its hourly summons, we trust its gentle pace against the harshness of its warning. Yet, were we wise, we should think time a smooth, but precipitate, current, that carries us down to death, whether we are bound thither or not: and he will always have the roughest passage, who, instead of gliding quietly, will be struggling to swim against it.

Life has nothing that is truly desirable but the presence of those we love; yet this, of all its pleasures, is most precarious and unstable. Are we charmed by the power of beauty? Let us learn from such an object as the once blooming lady whom I have been speaking of, that this is a false and fluid prospect. It is changed since yesterday, and will be farther changed to-morrow. All that is ours is mutable. We still, indeed, live on; but we are no longer what we have been, nor can we continue what we are. Though the river is still known by its old name, its waters, to-day, are not the same waters that were yesterday. Not our blood alone is flowing and in constant motion; our faces, strength, health, comforts, fears, joys, miseries, and dangers, all move, and mix us in one gulph, eternity.

I know nothing so ridiculous as what is called being serious; nor is there any thing more idle than what we usually term business. We would be fortunate, loved, feared, great, every thing but what we should be: for whoever in this life proposes to be completely happy, hopes to build like the men of Babel; and would raise a pile, as high as heaven, without foundation to erect it on. The world is too narrow to allow dimensions for a basis, where the wild-intended height is so unproportionably extravagant.

The Mahometans, who affect, after the antient manner of the Eastern writers, to express their moral doctrine in a kind of proverbial chain of parallels, say, there are five things which a wise man will ground no hopes on: the colour of a cloud, because imaginary; the friendship of the covetous, because mercenary; beauty, because frail; praise, because airy; and the pleasures of this world, because deceitful.

It is equally to be wondered at, since life is so little valuable and death so certain and unavoidable, that we should be so unreasonably fond of the one, and so fruitlessly afraid of the other. There is no harbour on this side death; and the nearer we approach to those shining follies, which we pursue with such dangerous eagerness, the more we multiply our cares, and distract and weary our own purposes. The whole earth is not broad enough for two proud fools to quarrel in; whereas death is the end of contest, the weary man's repose, the great man's glory, the sick man's health, the poor man's comfort, and a shelter against wrongs and misery.

Since a traveller can enjoy pleasure by often thinking on his journey's end, while he is yet but on the road towards it, why might not death be made familiar to us, and disrobed of its false terrors, by accustoming ourselves to look out for it? To acquaint ourselves with it at a distance during our journey through life to it: life is properly a journey, but differs from our other journeys, of less consequence, in this surprizing particular, that we are travelling as fast while we are sleeping, and intend no progress, as when we are awake, and know we are moving.

Life then being a journey, death I think may be considered as an inn at the land's end; and since the traveller, when he comes thither, is still obliged to go farther; and must set out for discoveries upon a deep and unknown ocean; if he takes not along with him fit provisions for his voyage, he must be either a fool or a madman.

The difference between the great man and the good man is never so plainly seen, as when they both come to die. Then the one shuts his eyes, and steps trembling, and in the dark, into the dreadfulnes of uncertainty; while the other smiles with joy upon the enlargement of his opening prospect, and comes out of a miry labyrinth into day-light, and a boundless champain. I sometimes take pleasure to consider the birth of man, as a commitment of his soul to prison; where, during the life of the body, it is changed, short, and can move but a creeping pace, and in limited and dusky stages. But it is set free and unfettered by death; and, at one spring, reaches heaven.

heaven. Such discharge is, to the soul, what light is to the eye, when it opens colours and objects, which before were concealed in darkness.

Thus, then, when it is said we die, we are rather born into real being; we are enfranchised, by the grant of death, and incorporated among the millions of millions who have died before us. Those, we leave, are a number very small and inconsiderable, in comparison with those we go to. The patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles, the heroic conquerors, the shining poets of antiquity, and the whole assembled congress of long-known and glorious characters, who have flourished from the world's creation, are to be the company, to whose familiar converse death will introduce us. And, that we may add one charming hope to warm and sweeten all the rest, there too we shall, perhaps, embrace and be restored to those lost friends we loved most dearly, and whom we never more expected to have met with,

M.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

O N T I M E.

IF age may be allowed to confer wisdom and claim the ear of public attention, I have the best title to a patient and respectful hearing from mankind. And, notwithstanding the subject matter of my address will be complaints against them for their neglect and ingratitude, yet I trust some will pay a proper attention to my remonstrance while it is in my power to render them the most essential service. The commencement of my existence has been a matter of dispute amongst philosophers in divers ages and nations, who too much neglected to improve me, while they were unprofitably employed in fixing my origin. I however dated my birth from the remotest antiquity. My mother, whose existence never had a beginning, lost that existence the moment I was born; but at my death she will regain it, and it shall never more come to an end. I was present when the vast fabric of created things emerged from ancient chaos, and saw it arise completely beautiful and perfect from the forming hand of its glorious Creator, when the "*morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy.*" I saw the successive generations of men people the globe, presided at their birth, attended them through life, and fixed the period of their days. In me they existed, and from me the means of obtaining every blessing have been derived through all ages. I have not only brought into being, emperors,

kings, philosophers, and heroes, but been their constant companion, and immortalized their names and characters through succeeding generations. Without *me*, they could never have acquired honour, fame, or conquest. Their greatest labours, their best concerted schemes, their most admired systems, philosophy, morals, and religion, gradually ripened under the auspices of my favour, and were by me matured and brought to perfection. It was I that mellowed the glowing touches of Raphael and Titian, and spread a venerable glory on their works. To me Homer owes much of his fame, and the labours of antient artists their praise. I destroy as well as create; by me the Egyptian pyramids arose; by me they will be demolished. By imperceptible degrees I crumble the proudest monuments of human skill and labour to dust; and erase the memorial of the great. I bring to light truths long obscured by darkness, the secret machinations of the wicked, those virtues that bloom in obscurity and establish the characters of men, of kings, and of nations. No man ever saw me *intire*, for although I am continually in view, yet they only behold in succession the parts of which I am composed. It is by my means that men enjoy their most desirable pleasures, and yet, while in the enjoyment thereof, they frequently neglect and abuse me. Notwithstanding I am their best friend, yet they often compel me into the most unnatural employments; and many of the great use all their art to *kill* me, although they know me to be essential to all their happiness. The lover, the statesman, the poet, and the usurer, at certain periods, all wish me annihilated, and consider me as the greatest bar to that felicity which they contemplate in prospect. To the heir of a large estate I am peculiarly irksome, and he, at the same time, wishes my departure and arrival. Such is the inconsistency of mankind. They always think my presence tedious, and yet are frequently complaining that I depart too soon.

I am, however, differently judged of by the *wise man* and the *fool*; while the *latter* complains that my motion is slow, and that I hang heavy on his hands, the *former* esteems me in proportion to my value, and laments the rapidity of my flight. All are *fools* who neglect and abuse me; and, indeed, it is *these* only who can properly be stigmatized with that contemptible appellation. All are *wise* who value and improve me, and none but *these* are truly intitled to that dignified character. And, although I shall not exist to see the final lot of those innumerable millions, who have either revered or abused me, yet I will venture to assert, that the reverence or abuse, which they have shewn me, will be made the alone criterion of their

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fate in another state of existence. In proportion as they have valued *me*, they will be esteemed in the sight of the supreme Judge. But, however slighted or misemployed I may be by the sons of folly, or votaries of pleasure, they will all seek the continuance of my presence and favour, when convinced that they can no longer enjoy it. The prospect of losing me for ever awakens affection, even in those who till that moment either totally slighted me, or employed me in the worst of purposes. Those who have wasted me in a guilty round of animal gratifications, the pursuits of folly and madness, or *sacrificed* me days and hours without number at the *card table*, will then lament their foolishness, and seek, with unavailing tears, for a little more

TIME.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On the GRADATION of BEINGS.

IT is not only a curious but useful speculation, to inquire into the various gradations of being that compose the vast system of animal existence, and the near relation each bears to the next succeeding one in the scale of nature. The great Addison frequently contemplated this pleasing subject, and has left us some curious observations thereon. He has represented the whole system of created beings as one vast pyramid, whose base rests on inert matter, and whose summit is crowned with the perfections of Deity. It is not my intention to examine the propriety of this sublime thought, any farther than as it relates to some part of the inhabitants of this earth; but, in the various ranks of animals that fall under our notice, a beautiful gradation of powers, and instinct of memory and intelligence, from the almost insensible oyster on its rock, to the "*half reasoning elephant*," and oran outang.

The latter animal has given such proofs of its possessing, in some degree, a rational faculty, that divers philosophers have not hesitated to include it within the limits of the human species.

As this animal is but little known in this country, it may afford entertainment to some readers, if I give a brief description of it from some of our most authentic writers of natural history.

The oran outang is found in the Eastern parts of Asia or Africa, and approaches nearly to the human race in its manner of walking, shape, and sagacity. It is generally apprehended

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to be the same creature that some authors describe under the name of the *pigmy*, or *chimpanzee*, found in Angola.

The oran outang, or wild man, is indeed sometimes represented as being much taller than the pigmy; but it is most probable that the same animal is meant under different names.

Moore tells us, that, whilst he was walking about a quarter of a mile from one of the African companies factories, he found the foot of a beast, the carcass having been devoured (as he supposed) by a lion. It appeared to have been newly killed, and was covered with hair about an inch long, in shape resembling the foot of a baboon, but nearly as big as that of a man. Moore carried it home, and, on examining some of the natives about it, they told him it was the foot of what they called a *wild man*; that there are many of them in that country, but that they are seldom found; that they are as tall as a man, have breasts like a woman, use a sort of language, and always walk upright as human creatures. Some pretend that this savage man is peculiar to the islands of Borneo, where the hunting of him is esteemed a princely diversion. He is said to be near six feet high, when full grown; to have arms somewhat longer than a man's, and to be very alert, strong, and nimble.

Captain Beeckman tells us, that he procured one of these animals, and that he was so fond of punch and brandy, that whenever he had opportunity he would open the captain's case, drink heartily, and put the bottle in its place again; but if his master was angry with him, he would cry and whine till he was reconciled. He would lay himself down to sleep as a man does, and, though very young, was stronger than any man in the ship.

Many years since, Dr. Tyson dissected a pigmy, or chimpanzee, which measured from the crown to the heel, only twenty six inches. The thickest part of its body was sixteen inches round, and the length of the arm seventeen inches, from the shoulder to the fingers ends. The face of this creature is more like a man than the face of an ape or monkey, but the nose is much alike in both. The ears, for size, colour, and structure, are intirely like those of a man, as well as the teeth; but it has no eye-brows, though hair grows on the eyelids. Its breasts are small and not very protuberant; the nipples are placed as in the human species. It has hair in the armpits; and all behind, from the head downwards, the hair is so thick as almost to cover the skin from view; but in all parts before, it is much thinner. The palms of its hands, and the soles of its feet, are of an equal length, and rather longer

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in proportion than those of men. Its toes are as long as its fingers; the middle toe being longer than all the rest; and the great toe, like the thumb, is set off at a distance from the others. The navel is in the exact place, and in all respects the same as it is in man.

In the year 1738, captain Flower brought over a small female pigmy from Angola, which was two feet four inches high, had a face like a woman, and was pretty fair, except on the chin, where a few straggling hairs appeared. Its nose was small and flat, like that of an ape; its mouth about two inches and a half wide, and its teeth shaped like human teeth, but neither very white nor sound. The hair, on its head and its back parts, was an inch or more in length, and pretty thick; but, on its breast and belly, was much thinner. The feet were bare on the inside, as were also the hands both within and without. This creature walked erect, was extremely fond of persons it was used to, and even knew how to behave with good manners at the tea-table. It would fetch its little chair and sit down as naturally as any of the company; and when the tea was too hot, it would pour it into the saucer to cool; with many other seemingly rational actions, which were very diverting and surprizing to the spectators. Its food was chiefly potatoes, bread, milk, nuts, apples, and raw onions, which last it devoured greedily, shewing an aversion to all kinds of flesh, except now and then a bit of rabbit or chicken. It lived in England about six months, and being opened after its death, appeared to have died of a confirmed jaundice.

From the above accounts of these animals, it is to me evident that if they are not endowed with reason, they are the next descending link in the vast chain of existence, and are, as it were, the boundary between instinct and intelligence. From the uncertainty of our knowledge as to which class they properly belong, we cannot determine positively about them.

EUSEBIUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

ON CALMNESS and EQUANIMITY.

CALMNESS and equanimity of soul are the effect of true wisdom and an extensive comprehension of the nature of things.

Tacitus, in his character of *Agriicola*, says, that he received from prudence one of the most excellent privileges man can enjoy, viz. "that of not being puffed up with the most unexpected.

expected success, but preserving, on all occasions, a soul superior to his fortune."

Horace, in an epistle to one of his friends, makes *moderation of temper* the very *basis of felicity*. It is doubtless an acquirement productive of the most solid advantages. It is constancy of disposition which completes the hero; for there is more true glory in bearing either *good* or *evil* fortune with moderation and equanimity of mind, than in gaining victories or ruling over empires. How much has Socrates been admired for receiving his death with mildness, and undergoing it with serenity! How copiously has Brutus been applauded for beholding, with a steady magnanimity, the execution of his sons, when justice, and the Roman safety, required that sacrifice!

But if equanimity of mind be of such consequence to men, in respect to the reputation of their characters, much more does it contribute to their safety and peace. Some men, like *shallow waters*, are ruffled with every passing breeze; but he, who has so restrained and moderated his temper by the exercise of prudence as not to be discomposed with trifles, enjoys infinitely more satisfaction than he who gives the reins to his passions, and is elated or depressed by every fortunate or unlucky event.

It is true, some blessings (or at least events so termed) are of such a magnitude, that they over-power the understanding and judgement, and for a time transport those, to whose lot they fall, beyond the proper use of their senses. Epaminondas, the noble Theban general, as soon as he had obtained the battle of Leuctra, and reflected on the importance of his victory, could not forbear shewing the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. But, soon as reflection came to his aid, he quickly corrected himself, and the next day appeared in old cloaths, and in a servile manner, contrary to that plain neatness and decency of apparel, which he had ever accustomed himself to. This induced one of his friends to ask him the reason of this change: "I do penance to-day, said he, for that irrational joy I expressed yesterday."

In adverse fortune, moderation does not only preserve us from contempt, but assists us frequently in finding remedies for our greatest misfortunes. A person in distress, who resigns a voluntary captive to the dominion of sorrow, and contemplates no other scenes but those of his own misery, doubles the weight of his ill fortune, and makes that a *perpetual*, which prudence might have rendered only a *temporary*, affliction.

Instances explain things of this sort more agreeably; if not more fully, than the most finished lectures. I will therefore present

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present the reader with one which I met with lately in the *Chinese History*, and which gave birth to the foregoing observations.

There was a certain intendant of a province in that empire, who, out of regard to a particular friend of his, made him *chief justice* of the city where he resided. It happened that this intendant, of a sudden, became inaccessible, and, under pretence of indisposition, would neither do business nor be seen. The chief justice was extremely concerned at this behaviour; he came often to his house, but was denied admittance: at last, however, it was granted him; and, when he entered, he found the intendant in a very melancholy posture; he therefore intreated his friend not to conceal from him the real cause of his melancholy. For a while the intendant resisted the intreaties of his kind visitant; but at last told him, he had lost the imperial seal out of his cabinet, which yet remained locked; and had no marks of violence upon it, and was thereby disabled from doing any thing, and cut off from all hopes of recovering this necessary instrument of his office. The chief justice bid him keep up his spirits, and, instead of despairing, apply the great abilities he was known to possess, in contriving some means to get the seal again. The intendant sighed, and said, it was impossible. The chief justice asked him whether he had any potent enemy? Yes, said the intendant, the governor of this city bears a strong antipathy to me because a friend of his missed the employment I now hold. Very well, said the chief justice, then I have thought of a method to set all this matter right; do you cause the most valuable of your effects to be brought into your inner apartment, and, as soon as they are safe, let the outward court of your palace be secretly set on fire: the governor, as it is his duty, will be forced to come to your assistance; as soon as he appears, deliver him the cabinet in which the seal was placed; if it was he who caused it to be stolen, he will be glad to restore it; and at all events the blame will lie at his door, not *yours*. The intendant instantly pursued his friend's scheme: the fire drew the governor thither, as they expected; the cabinet was delivered to him in a seeming fright, and the next day, when the danger was over, the intendant sending for it again, found the seal replaced; for the governor finding himself over-reached, wisely compounded by thus returning the seal for the fraud he had committed in procuring it to be stolen. And thus the calmness of the chief justice proved a remedy, where a man of superior parts, but without constancy and equanimity of mind, resigned all hopes, and abandoned himself to despair.

There are numerous other advantages result from the cultivation of moderation and equanimity of mind. It enables the sons of affluence to distinguish between liberality and waste, magnificence and profusion. It gives the man of narrow income room to supply, by economy, what fortune has denied him; it hinders the *courageous* from hazarding their lives on trifles; and furnishes the *timid* with expedients to hide the imbecillity of their nature; it forbids men in power to revenge those injuries which are done them through envy, and checks the anger of the man in low circumstances, who would otherwise improperly resent those wrongs he suffers from the great. Thus in every sex, station, rank, and age, calmness and composure of mind are the source of true tranquility, and the great palladium of safety and of peace. It excites love, establishes respect, and transmits to future ages the character of wise, as the just description of each who possesses and cultivates it. And although it may raise the admiration of the public so high as some more shining qualities of the soul, yet it is sometimes capable of *surprizing*, though in a gentle manner, as appears from the following story of the emperor Gallienus, with which I shall conclude this essay.

It seems there were in those days, as well as the present, traders who valued *money* more than *probity*; and thought large gains might atone for the most iniquitous fraud. A man of this stamp, who dealt in jewels, found means to be introduced to the empress, and sold her a set of stones, rich in shew, but of little value; being in reality no better than coloured glass. This fraud, though managed with all imaginable address, was by some means discovered; and the merchant of fictitious gems dragged to the public tribunal. The emperor, after hearing the charge and examining the proofs, adjudged him to be exposed to a lion; and the people, ever greedy of blood, ran in crowds to behold the execution. When he came into the area of the dens of lions, he was placed in the center by himself. The guards withdrew, the people gazed, and the trembling wretch, overwhelmed with horror, stood expecting his fate. On a sudden a door opened, and out came a cock, which, after two or three strides, fell to crowing and clapping his wings; immediately followed a cryer, who made open proclamation in the following terms; "*Behold, O Romans, the justice of your emperor! this man, who made no conscience of deceiving in his trade, is now deceived himself.*" Who will deny that this act of lenity deserved far greater praise, than if justice had been allowed to take place with all its severity?

HISTORICUS.

For

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On CHARITY.

Let not this weak unknowing hand

Presume thy darts to throw;

Or hurl damnation round the land,

To each I judge thy foe.

POPE.

THROUGHOUT all the productions of nature, two objects are not found mathematically alike in all their modes, properties, and accidents; though naturalists have classed those, that bear the nearest resemblance to each other, into particular genera and species; and distinguish the several orders by a particular nominal essence. This endless variety in nature is attributed to the physical laws, established by the Author of nature. In the moral world, or among intelligent beings, it would be as difficult to find two men entirely of the same opinion in every point of religion, natural philosophy, ethics, or politics, though some may even pretend to reason from the same hypothesis, or infer from the same premises: but those, who come the nearest to an agreement in some of the sciences, are distinguished by certain denominations, and associating together from different parties. The several principal causes of the variety of opinions, among beings of the same species, are the want of opportunity of information in some, and of incapacity, inattention, or prepossessions, imbibed by education, in others. We are, indeed, often determined in the opinions we form of men, measures, and propositions, by the materials of information the mind is employed about; or by the particular bias which education, custom, tradition, or any particular passion has imposed on the judgement: And it is acknowledged on all hands, that the fondness we entertain and cherish for our own opinions, whether well or ill founded, is too often superior to the love of truth; but the wisest and best, the candid and dispassionate, of all parties, are not so wedded to their opinions, as to determine not to forsake them for better; and therefore stand open to conviction; ready to applaud the man who shall correct the errors of their judgements. Amongst authors, however, but few are to be found equally disposed to retract, or advance, as the finger of truth shall direct; but they will even labour the point against wind and tide, to establish an hypothesis, and erect their

their standard on some favourite barren spot, till all their strength evaporates at the oar, and they sink at length disappointed into a deserved oblivion. Some degree of vanity and blindness may be inseparable from an *author*; though policy disguises it with specious prettexts upon the public stage, before the world, and self-love may conceal it even from himself in the closet.

Every author would persuade the world that he is unprejudiced and disinterested; and, presuming that he is not deceived himself, declares that he has no design to deceive others: but if one or more of his readers, professing the same motives and dispositions, oppugns the doctrine he has delivered, his passions are alarmed, and he shews an illiberal resentment: his opponent is immediately deemed his *enemy*, and not only his, but God's too. Heaven and earth are therefore called upon to be his auxiliaries; the controversy becomes personal, and is prosecuted at the expence of all the virtues they would be thought to contend about. Man is naturally of a despotic temper. He has a kind of *innate aversion* to controul; and this affection of the human mind authors too often attempt to disguise with the pretext of the love of truth and virtue.

The gracious purpose of the Deity is, that we may "live a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty," in this world, and be prepared to possess an infinitely better inheritance in *one* that is to come; and, amongst beings, circumstanced and constituted as we are, frail by nature, and subject to a thousand different biases, nothing can so effectually promote this end as *charity*.

Without our previous knowledge or consent, the Deity, in consummate wisdom and goodness, placed us in this world, and endued us with powers and faculties, adapted to our station, in the scale of rational existence. It is not ours to enquire why they are not greater and better. The knowledge, essential to man's happiness, we are capacitated to attain; and his several duties, religious, social, and relative, the powers of volition and action given to man, are proportioned to accomplish. The abuse of these powers renders us culpable and obnoxious to the evil of punishment; the right application of them will make us as wise, and as happy, as heaven designed we should be. If the *best* use of our ratiocinative faculties could not produce an unanimity in sentiments, it could not fail of leading us to unite in charity. Charity is the celestial luminary in the moral world, and, like the sun in the natural, is the efficient cause of every valuable blessing to society. It does not, indeed, cherish any noxious vice, though it sheds its

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benign influence upon beings who are encompassed with a multitude of errors and infirmities. It extends its beams to the ignorant, and warms the heart of the unlettered peasant more than the Cynic's, whose many prejudices, and perplexed erudition, serve but to raise a mist that intercepts its rays, and renders him less sensible of their influence. Authors especially, who write on subjects interesting and important, ought to manifest this grace of charity. The world in general form their opinions, and imbibe their prejudices, from books; their favourite system in the republic of letters has a moral influence on their conduct towards those people, whom their particular oracles condemn; and, on a view of the many literary productions, not a few will be found that have a tendency rather to inflame the passions, than inform the judgement; and to make men hate, rather than love, one another, as brethren of one common Father, "who is good to all, and whose mercies are over all his works."

More charity and less controversy, or more charity mixed with it, would be more likely to promote peace and order in civil society, and the *religion of the end*; a spirit of true devotion, and the practical, social, and relative, virtues. When the pretended advocate for truth diverges from the path of sober reason and argument, into personal abuse and railing, or loud declamation, he appeals from men's judgements, to their passions and prejudices: and, while he fans the flame of party, truth and virtue suffer in the general conflagration. In Protestant states, the people seem more humanized than in Popish countries. Neither the religious nor political parties attempt to cut one another's throats to support a particular hypothesis, or system; their resentment evaporates with a verbal effusion; and their principal weapons are raillery and defamation. Those, it must be acknowledged, we handle dexterously; but still they are to be preferred to *club laws*, and the reason of poignards. The former, it is true, may break the peace of some weak minds, but the latter deal destruction to strong heads, and reach even to the heart; for who can resist the *argument of a bullet*, or the *sylogistical force of a dagger*? We are, however, too illiberal in our censures; too many bigots are still found amongst mankind, who piously give over their opponents to the devil; and, not content that they will be punished in the next world, endeavour to plague, disturb their peace, and make them miserable in this. What a presumption is it in frail fallible beings, such as we are, to assume the attributes and prerogative of the Deity! or to imagine that he judges as we judge, and that he views men, and all their measures,

measures; as we view them, through the contracted organs of human vision and intelligence. The common feelings of humanity, or the "*instinctive impression*" made upon my mind by the Deity, renders my opponents in matters, at best, purely speculative, the objects of my pity and of my prayers. As a friend to the whole human race, I wish the voice of contention might not be heard either in the street or the closet; the practical errors only in moral conduct are within the human jurisdiction. The evil doer, and not the erroneous thinker, should be subjected to our censures and punishment; the rod of correction is without ill grace applied to correct the speculative errors and mistakes of the head; and, if the cause of these errors proceed from the corruption of the heart, we may, indeed, wound it by speaking "daggers;" but we shall inflame its malady instead of curing it.

These reflections are the spontaneous produce of a heart replete with sincere good-will to the whole family of human beings, of whom God is the universal father and head; "*he made us, and not we ourselves, for we are his offspring*;" and though the vast community of mankind is divided into particular societies, under different denominations, let us not forget, that verbal distinctions and different opinions cannot dissolve the relation which we stand in to one another, of brethren, nor cancel the sacred obligation to mutual love and forbearance. "*Let the strong bear with the weak: be that the weak in the faith receive ye, but not to doubtful disputation: be kindly affectionate to one another; love as brethren; be pitiful, be courteous.*"

The christian world is divided in opinion about numerous speculative points; *free-will, prescience, the divine decrees, and the sensorium of God*; of which much has been said, and but little understood; with modes of devotion, as well as about other rituals of religion. We do however generally agree, that *inward piety* is the very essence of religion; and that the obligation to moral virtue is enforced by *inward piety*. The motive to the former is the *love of God*, and to the latter, the *love of mankind*. The more we cherish these liberal affections, the more acceptable will be our devotion; the more consistent and beneficial our conduct in society; and the better shall we be prepared to quit this mortal stage, and enter upon a superior one.

I look forward to a period when all party distinctions will be dropt, and every one, of all parties, in all nations, who fears God and works righteousness, will be accepted of him. There is no respect of persons with God; and mankind would

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be happier and better, if there were *less* amongst men. Our particular interests and prejudices render us partial to ourselves and to others, and we sometimes idolize the very copy of our own imperfections, in whatever character they are found.

CATO.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On MORAL PHILOSOPHERS.

THERE is a set of men amongst us, who seem fond of distinguishing themselves by the specious and ambiguous appellation of *moral philosophers*. Although these men do not openly deny the truth and reality of the Christian revelation, yet they are frequently, in their writings, endeavouring to exalt *natural religion* above it. They have taken no small pains to represent the principles and moral characters of many of the *ancient Heathens*, as amiable as those of the best Christians; and seem to think it more reputable to quote a sentence from the works of Cicero, Seneca, Plato, Socrates, or Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, than from St. Matthew, St. Peter, or St. Paul. The moral precepts of the former have been repeatedly echoed in our ears, and artfully introduced in a kind of opposition to the *latter*. Superficially viewed, this practice carries with it a specious and disinterested appearance; but, if we scrutinize it narrowly, "*more seems to be meant by it than meets the ear.*" It seems to be a practice artfully calculated to weaken that reverence which the Christian precepts and doctrines have justly gained amongst the serious and thinking part of mankind.

I readily grant, that justice ought to be observed in delineating the principles and virtuous actions of the ancients, many of whom, considering the dark ages they lived in, and the dispensation they were under, were respectable characters. I give them credit for many excellent precepts of moral wisdom, and for many virtues, too much neglected amongst us. But think no real service can arise, but much hurt may accrue, from such a partial representation of their principles and sentiments, as tends to eclipse the superior excellence of the Christian system, or render the greater advantages of it less valuable in the view of mankind.

We have the utmost reason to be humbly thankful for the introduction of that gospel, which has not only republished the religion of nature in its full force, but also brought life and immortality to light; added new sanctions to the unchangeable laws of the Deity, and opened a source of consolation

tion and hope to the mind, unknown to mankind in former dispensations.

The Christian dispensation is more excellent in its nature than any which preceded it. Its precepts are more pure, and the motives, it proposes to practical virtue, better adapted to render men happy here, and hereafter.

On the belief of the great truths of the gospel, and the reverence men have for them, depends their obedience to its precepts. Hence it follows, that every argument which lessens their weight and authority; every representation of *natural religion* that tends to relax the obligations, and destroy the superiority of the Christian revelation; every attempt to prove that men may be equally virtuous, wise, and happy, without believing in, and obeying its precepts, does in some measure weaken the influence it ought to have on the minds of its professors.

For this reason perhaps it is, that our *moral philosophers* (who are thought to be no great friends to Christianity) expatiate so largely on the wisdom and virtue of those who either openly opposed it, or lived before its promulgation.

The limits of an essay will not permit me to investigate this subject so fully as it deserves, or to enumerate many examples to prove the inferiority of Pagan to Christian principles and practice; but I will instance a few which now occur to my memory.

It is well known that most of the celebrated sages of antiquity were idolaters. Many had very absurd notions of Deity, and some of them worshipped a plurality of gods. They deified not only the sun, moon, and stars, but even their heroes, and such of their relations as they most esteemed. Divine honours were paid to them while living, and sacrifices were offered to them when dead. Some of their notions of *morality* were as imperfect as their ideas of God and religion. The *Stoics*, who were accounted the strictest sort amongst them, and who pretended to much piety, were notorious for the indulgence of many vices which they practised with impunity. The wise Socrates (we are told) made no scruple of practising a vice, which modesty forbids me to name. With all his boasted philosophy, he yielded to the impulse of a passion too gross to be the offspring of human nature.

The *admired* Seneca was another instance of the depravity of those ages. His philosophy contained such notions of God and religion as were not able to convince them that *suicide* was an evil. In his last moments he prompted his young wife to be his companion in death. He was about seventy-three years

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old when Nero commanded him to be bled to death; his wife about twenty seven. What motive he could have for requiring youth and beauty to become a voluntary sacrifice, we, at this distance of time, can hardly imagine. Affection for her could scarcely occasion it, and therefore it may safely be presumed, that affection was not amongst the number of Seneca's virtues.

Julius Cæsar, Cato, and Marcus Brutus, are characters we affect to admire; perhaps for fashion sake. But examine their conduct, and you will find them fierce, haughty, revengeful, and cruel. Their boasted fortitude was a kind of savage pride, impatient of controul or suffering; and accordingly one of them fell a sacrifice to the people over whom he had tyrannized, and the other two slew themselves, rather than submit to the dispensations of providence.

Zeno, another of these *magnanimous* heroes; he affected to despise pain: his finger ached, and, not having resolution to bear it, he slew himself.

But, of all the ancients, none have been more admired by our modern *moral philosophers*, as well as many others, than the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Let us a little examine his principles and conduct. A knowledge of them will enable us to determine with what justice he has been so much applauded. He believed in a Deity, and in the existence of a soul; but doubts whether the one is not *mortal*; and the other he avows to be *material*.

To this uncertain Deity, he added a number of subordinate gods, and most of his devotion consisted in burning sacrifices to their idols. Authentic history informs us, that on the *dies nefasti*, when public sacrifices were not allowed, his palace smoked with incense to the *Lares**, and the *Penates*†. Nay, to such a degree of depravity was his understanding reduced, that he imagined himself able to make gods.

There was not, in the whole Roman empire, a more abandoned character than L. Verus's son-in-law and colleague in the empire. His wife's mother, and his own sister, Fabia, were his whores. Yet of this wretch, the wise and pious emperor makes a *god*, and obliges the Roman senate to assist at

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* The *Lares* were supposed to be the offspring of *Mercury*. These deities not only presided over the *highways*, but also over *private houses*; in most of which the Romans had a particular place called *Lararium*, where the images of these deities were deposited. They were represented as young boys clothed with dog-skins.

† The *Penates* were deities who presided over new-born infants, and took the care or guardianship of private families. Their images were placed in the closest recess of the house thence called *Penetræ*.

his *apotheosis*. Faustina, his wife, whose adulteries not only excited the abhorrence of all, who had any sense of decency or pretence to virtue, but were even the jest of the *theatre*, must also be a *goddess*, and the youth of Rome were commanded to invoke her shrine at the celebration of nuptial rites. How ridiculous and contemptible must this man's ideas have been of the divine object of worship! But, notwithstanding this profligacy of character, he pretended to be very devout; and was a bigot to ignorance, superstition, and idolatry. Thence he was influenced to persecute the Christians, and to imbrue the empire with the blood of *Justin*, *Melito*, *Athenagoras*, and *Appollinarius*. Such was the height of his abominable superstition, that, to conciliate his diabolical gods, he slew *Valerianus*, *Peon*, *Hierax*, *Justin Martyr*, and many others. Nor was this superstition less evident in his martial enterprizes. When about to give battle to the *Marcomanni*, and *Quadi*, on the banks of the Danube, a couple of lions, with a bundle of herbs, flowers, and spices, must be thrown into the stream, as a sacrifice to the god of the river. But these fooleries could neither save the army, nor give them the victory. The *river-god* was not appeased; his army was routed; twenty thousand of his troops fell in the field, and he was obliged to procure his own safety by flight.

These were the actions of some of those admired characters which have been celebrated for ages; and which are placed as a kind of rivals to those who have embraced and maintained the purer doctrines and precepts of Christianity.

But whoever dispassionately examines the matter will find occasion to despise the boasted refinements of Greece and Rome, when compared with that most excellent system of religion and morality, introduced by the gospel.

Whatever excites our admiration, or raises our esteem; whatever is truly noble, great, and good, either in natural religion, former dispensations, or the principles and actions of ancient sages; shines forth with united purity and lustre in the volumes of inspiration, and the actions of those who introduced Christianity into the world. The most enlightened and virtuous heathens were in a great measure strangers to that law of perfect rectitude, that exalted masculine piety, that dependance on, and resignation to, divine providence, which is the support and comfort of the Christian in the deepest scenes of afflictions, when deprived of the comforts of life, assailed with various troubles, or approaching the verge of time, they had not that "*hope, which is full of immortality.*" Hence, when the miseries of life exceeded their patience, they endeavoured

endeavoured to end them by putting a period to their own existence. Not so the Christian; if adversity or the arrows of affliction assail them, if every spring of human consolation is dried up, he is taught by the divine veracity to believe, that, if he abides in faith and patience, all these sufferings will ultimately terminate in a "*far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.*"

While Plutarch is found cursing his gods, cursing even the divine providence on the death of his son, the Christian is restrained from such impiety by a patient resignation. He knows that every dispensation of unerring wisdom must be right; and therefore dares not repine against the Sovereign of the universe, or murmur at any thing which in the course of his providence may befall him. He considers that many afflictions are blessings in disguise, and is convinced, that, in every scene of life, a humble acquiescence to the divine will is his duty, and that the reward of a virtuous obedience in time will be a happy immortality.

EUSEBIUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

The FEMALE'S GUARDIAN.

LETTER I.

*Hail wedded love! mysterious law! true source
Of human offspring, sole property
In paradise of all things common else;
By thee adulterous lust was driven from man
Among the bestial herds to range, by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure;
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.*

MILTON.

YOU have now nearly attained the age which your father thought proper to fix for the commencement of your independence. Your person and fortune will soon be entirely at your own disposal, and I sincerely wish you may dispose of both to an object worthy of them; one who may make it his study, from sentiment and affection, to render you happy in a married state. Your father, doubtless, reposed great confidence in my integrity when he committed you to my care and protection, and I am conscious of having discharged the obligation which my acceptance of the trust laid me under. I have

attempted by the most eligible methods to preserve your health, improve your estate, and to cultivate your understanding on the principles of virtue. My attention to your essential interests has not been bestowed in vain; I had the happiness to see you improve in every grace, and to find your mind easily made susceptible of the most amiable sentiments, which I hope no future event in life will efface. In the eye of the law, I shall, in a few months, cease to be your guardian; but my regard and good wishes will not terminate on the day when I shall deliver up the account of my trust; they will continue the same: I shall not feel myself less interested in your welfare, than while you are under my legal superintendence; and the future happiness of my life will depend, in no small degree, on the happiness of yours. I need not, I presume, say any thing to convince you, that the observations I am about to make are meant to do you real service; I shall therefore proceed to them without making any apology. Marriage is an ordinance of heaven instituted in paradise. The law of nature leads to wedlock, and revelation gives sanction to it, by pronouncing those who are united in matrimonial bands, to be "*no longer twain*." The design of heaven by this, as well as by every other of its institutions, was doubtless the happiness of the human species. Of all temporal enjoyments, the connubial claim the superiority; and, of all temporal evils, connubial infelicity is the greatest. Many others will admit of alleviation, if not of a cure; but for this there is seldom found any effectual remedy till death. Lost health may be restored by medicines, and the loss of goods may be made up by the bounty of friends; but the loss of connubial happiness what friend can supply? The most affectionate friends have the mortification to see that all their endeavours to repair it prove ineffectual; and at length, in silent sorrow, become useless spectators of a complicated domestic woe, which it is not in their power to alleviate. In an affair of so delicate a nature, friendship too often interposes in vain; and, by attempting to remedy the evil, does in fact but aggravate the calamity, and meet the censure of the contending parties whom it meant to reconcile. If the private advice and intreaties of friends prevent a local separation and suppress the flame of loud clamour, the disease still rankles at heart, and, like embers collected and covered with ashes, while it escapes the eye of public observation, it burns, in secret, on the very vitals of peace.

The train of evils, consequent on connubial infelicity, are many and alarming; they are not only injurious to the

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the immediate offspring of the parties, but may remotely affect their posterity. The married, therefore, by a mutual condescension and a reciprocation of endearments, should carefully guard every avenue of the heart against so formidable a foe, which, once admitted, is so difficult to expel; while the unmarried, in their choice of an object who is to be a partner for life, cannot be too cautious, that a too fond passion captivate not the judgement, at a time when so much depends on its judicious decision. The opinion of discreet relatives and friends should be deliberately weighed against natural bias. When personal accomplishments, with a certain *je ne sai quoi*, have captivated the soft passions of the heart, the party is rendered so partial as to stand in need of the salutary council of an unbiassed disinterested friend; but, unhappily, it is a period when the human mind seems the least capable of receiving advice.

When I reflect on the easy good nature, too prompt credulity, and delicate susceptibility, which characterize the generality of your sex, and on the base, though specious, artifices used by too many of my own, to ensnare hearts which they never design to make happy by a generous surrender of their own, I feel an honest indignation kindle in my breast against the latter, and the tenderest emotions of pity for the former. Were it possible, Calista, I would secure you from the seduction of every insincere wretch, as well as from every man who should profess to *adore your charms*, and *vow perpetual love and obedience*, while he feels only a sensual passion, detached from sentiment, falsely termed *love*, which gradually expires after a familiarity with the object that kindled it; and is always succeeded by a cold indifference, and too often by aversion and contempt.

I mean not to inculcate the ridiculous idea of *Platonic love*; our natural passions should not be extinguished; happiness depends not on their annihilation, but on their regulation; they are useful servants, but the worst of masters; and, whenever they gain the ascendancy, placid reason is subdued, and virtue suffers by their tyranny.

Constant love is in alliance with friendship: sentiment, blended with affection, refines the passion, renders it permanent, and promotes every domestic virtue. A mutual passion, thus founded, gathers strength by time, which extinguishes so many others. It is superior to the frowns of fortune, and proves a source of consolation to the parties in the most adverse occurrence of human life, and forms an union of souls which no other event than death can dissolve.

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Your own observations on human life and manners have been so accurately made, the firmness with which you have repelled the attacks of mere *fortune-hunters* so noble, and the disgust which you have always shewn to the incense of adulation has been so great, that I cherish a fond hope you are better secured from imposition than many of your cotemporaries. Impart your own sentiments, occasionally, to those within the circle of your acquaintance, who have not had the same opportunity of acquiring them, by "*catching the manners living as they rise*;" and let your good sense be at once the guardian of your own virtue and happiness, as well as the protector of your female friends, whose unsuspecting innocence may be more exposed to the machinations of gallantry. Your happiness is my first wish; the next is the happiness of your sex in general; and you are therefore at liberty to make the contents of all my letters as generally known as you please.

B.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On MALICE.

THE tempers, habits, and prejudices, of mankind, differ as well as their features; and a collision of different interests and dispositions excites that flame of contention which more or less interrupts both public and domestic harmony among mankind. In the several ranks of society, but few persons, perhaps, are to be found, who are wholly without friends, or without enemies; but there is not any thing in which we are more liable to err than in classing people under these heads, and there are but few errors which betray us into greater inconveniences. Some mens reputed friends have proved their greatest enemies, and *vice versa*. The pliant sycophant, who accommodates himself to our humours and foibles, too often passes under the character of a friend, and, adopting him in the disguise, we take a viper into our bosoms that may ultimately wound the vitals of our peace.

Mankind too generally make the palate the judge of wholesome and proper foods, and their passions, instead of reason, the test of moral qualities in friendship. Hence the body is rendered sickly and enervated by pernicious sweets and indigestible trash, and the essential interest of the mind no less injured by accepting the sulsome incense of adulation. Flattery soothes the vanity of human nature; it attacks us on our weakest side, and too seldom fails of captivating and misleading the judgement. Flattery is indeed like friendship in shew, but

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but not in fruit; it is a cordial that exhilarates the spirits for a moment, but it corrupts the heart, renders its affection morbid, and relaxes the springs of virtue. We may suffer more by our insidious reputed friends, than by our avowed enemies. More is to be feared from the concealed poniard of the former, than the open direct assaults of the latter. Experience has taught many people the value of a virtuous friend. Such a friend is a pearl of no less use than ornament. Experience has also taught them the danger of an enemy appearing under false colours, who approaches them bearing the olive-branch of peace in his hand, while a hostile intention is concealed in his heart. In putting ourselves, however, in a proper posture of defence, we may elude, in some degree, the violence of an open enemy, as well as the machinations of a secret foe, and even render ourselves more secure by candidly attending to the reproaches of men who may meditate our ruin. If they are just, we should attempt a reformation; if they are unjust, they may at least serve to put us on our guard, that an improper resentment of them should not make them pass for current truths, and thereby aid our very enemies to attain their end. A judicious soft answer may abate the wrath of an enemy, but a too vindictive disposition, like throwing combustible matter into a fire, does but increase the flame of his enmity. A silent contempt, of any impotent effort of an enemy to injure us, is frequently more mortifying to him than a verbal reprehension or resentment*.

People of restless dispositions, finding no peace in their own minds, are ever attempting to disturb the peace of others; and, like beasts of prey, will not only hunt down other species, but sometimes devour their own. Nothing can be a clearer indication of a little and base mind, than to take pleasure in detecting blemishes in worthy characters, and in exposing them to the public eye. *Charity* attempts to take out the spots in characters privately, but spleen, envy, and caprice, delight in aggravating and exposing them. I shall close these brief reflections with some thoughts on *malice* from a celebrated author.

“ If malice had never broke loose upon the world till it seized your reputation, I might reasonably condole with you on falling the first prey to its unrestrained rage. But this spectre

* A great man at Athens was followed home from a public assembly, by a person who abused him very illiberally, and, when he reached his door, “ Go, says he to his servant, take a light and conduct the poor man home to his lodging, lest he should miss his way in the dark. A severer rebuke could not have been passed upon him.

the haunted merit almost from its earliest existence; and, when all mankind were as yet included within a single family, one of them, we know, rose up, in malignity, against his innocent brother. Virtue, it should seem therefore, has now been too long acquainted with this her constant persecutor, to be either terrified or dejected at an appearance so common. The truth of it is, she must either renounce her noblest theatre of action, and seclude herself in cells or deserts, or be contented to enter upon the stage of the world with this fiend in her train. She cannot triumph, if she will not be traduced; and she should consider the clamours of censure, when joined with her own conscious applause, as so many acclamations that confirm her victory.

“Let those, who harbour this worst of human dispositions, consider the many wretched and contemptible circumstances which attend it; but it is the business of him who unjustly suffers from it, to reflect how it may be turned to his advantage. Remember then, my friend, that generosity would lose half her dignity, if malice did not contribute to her elevation; and he, that has never been injured, has never had it in his power to exercise the noblest privilege of heroic virtue. There is another consolation which may be derived from the rancor of the world, as it will instruct one in a piece of knowledge, of singular benefit, in our progress through it: it will teach us to distinguish genuine friendship from counterfeit. For he only, who is warmed with the real flame of amity, will rise up to support his single negative in opposition to the clamorous votes of an undistinguishing multitude.

“He, indeed, who can see a cool and deliberate injury done to his friend, without feeling himself wounded in the most sensible part, has never known the force of the most generous of all the human affections. Every man, who has not taken the sacred name of friendship in vain, will subscribe to those sentiments which Homer puts into the mouth of Achilles, and which Mr. Pope has opened and enlarged with such inimitable strength and spirit:

- “A gen’rous friendship no cold medium knows;
- “Burns with one love, with one resentment glows:
- “One should our int’rests and our passions be;
- “My friend must hate the man that injures me.”

“It may greatly also allay the pain which attends the wounds of defamation, and which are always most severely felt by those who least deserve them, to reflect, that, though malice generally flings the first stone, it is folly and ignorance, it is indolence

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tence or irresolution, which are principally concerned in swelling the heap. When the tide of censure runs strongly against any particular character, the generality of mankind are too careless or too impotent to withstand the current; and thus, without any particular malice in their own natures, are often indolently carried along with others, by tamely falling in with the stream. The numbers of those who really mean one harm will wonderfully lessen, after the deductions which may fairly be made of this sort; and the cup of unjust reproach must surely lose much of its bitterness, where one is persuaded that malevolence has the least share in mingling the draught. For nothing, perhaps, stings a generous mind more sensibly, in wrongs of this sort, than to consider them as evidences of a general malignity in human nature. But, from whatever causes these storms may arise, virtue would not be true to her own native privileges, if she suffered herself to sink under them. It is from that strength and firmness, which upright intentions will ever secure to an honest mind, that Palemedes, I am persuaded, will stand superior to those unmerited reproaches which assault his character, and preserve an unbroken repose amidst the little strife of ignorant and malicious tongues."

CANDOUR.

Account of Dr. LETTSOM'S TRAVELLER'S COMPANION, lately published. Dilly, Poultry.

THE author of this little tract discovers a considerable degree of knowledge respecting the objects of natural history; and the lovers of that branch of useful science will doubtless derive both pleasure and instruction from the perusal of a work in which the substance of many volumes, brought to an easy point of view, is comprised in a small pamphlet. The author's design, and the manner in which he has executed his plan, are worthy of commendation.

"Many gentlemen and sea-faring persons who go abroad, by their office and situation in life, enjoy both time and opportunity for collecting the best information on such subjects of general utility, especially the natural productions peculiar to the place they visit or reside in, which they are induced to overlook for want of proper directions for distinguishing and preserving them, whereby things of value and use are lost to the public, and the time of the traveller less beneficially employed.

To promote an application of the time and talents of such persons, to rational and commendable inquiries of this kind, is

the design of the following directions, which the author thinks himself justified in recommending, as they principally result from experiment and observation: These were first published about twelve months ago, and the reception from the public hath been such, as renders another edition requisite, while it intimates the utility of the original plan, which has since been considerably improved, to make it more deserving of future encouragement.

The second part is intirely new, in which are introduced several queries and observations on natural history, and upon subjects in general, which have not been clearly and sufficiently ascertained, and therefore merit the attention of the naturalist and traveller. For this part of his publication, the author acknowledges himself principally indebted to the ingenious John Reinhold Forster, who obligingly presented to him many of his manuscript papers, previous to his departure on the present expedition to the South Seas. He has also the pleasure to mention his obligation to the celebrated Linnæus, and other correspondents, who have favoured him with their observations on different subjects of natural history."

The work is divided into two parts under the following heads.

P A R T I.

"Sect. I. Method of catching and preserving insects for collections.

Sect. II. Method of preserving birds and other animals.

Sect. III. Directions for bringing over seeds and plants from distant countries.

Sect. IV. Method of analyzing medicinal waters.

Sect. V. Experiments on the contents of the air.

Sect. VI. Directions for collecting and distinguishing fossil substances, including earths, stones, salts, inflammables, and metals.

Sect. VII. Directions for taking off impressions or casts from medals and coins.

P A R T II.

Sect. I. Observations and queries respecting learning, antiquities, religious rites, polite arts, &c.

Sect. II. Commerce, manufactures, arts, trade, &c.

Sect. III. Meteorological observations, food, way of living, animal œconomy in general, &c.

Sect. IV. Zoology.

Sect. V. Botany.

Sect. VI. Mineralogy."

For the entertainment of our readers, we shall give them Sect. V. entire, as it contains an account of experiments made on the air, worthy of peculiar attention.

SECT.

S E C T V.

Experiments on the CONTENTS of the AIR.

C'est une erreur de croire, qu'une expérience aveugle, et une habitude mécanique, tiennent lieu de principes surs, et de maximes fondées sur un solide raisonnement.

BECCARIA, Traduct. d'un discours sur le Commerce.

NOTHING is more evident than that our atmosphere abounds with a great variety of substances, if we consider the various exhalations constantly emitted from all vegetables; in prodigious quantities from all animal bodies; and the great variety of fossil matters that are incessantly rising in the atmosphere*.

To investigate the nature of all these is impossible; in very few cases can we find the exhalation of one kind only; and many of them are of little consequence; for, if we consider the quantity that is constantly exhaling, and the powers many of them might have in acting upon the human body, we should expect the effects to appear every moment to a considerable degree, which we find very far from being the case: there are certainly some means by which they are obviated: these exhalations are no doubt more or less diffused into the higher regions of the air; and probably, also, from their mixture with one another, the most active come to be neutral and innocent.—

Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from so many thundring chimnies, tame
The putrid streams that overswarm the sky;
This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd †.

It is in few instances that the exhalations are not exposed to the means of mixture; and it is but seldom, comparatively, that effects are produced upon human bodies, although in a particular manner immersed in this vitiated atmosphere.

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* This was published before the author became acquainted with the observations on different kinds of air by the learned Dr. Priestly, and as this inquisitive philosopher is still pursuing his enquiries, it is thought sufficient to refer the reader to the original experiments, in the last volume of the Philosophical Transactions.

† Armstrong's Art of preserving Health, p. 51.

There are, however, some impregnations in the atmosphere, which daily experience shews have considerable influence on our bodies; for though they may not sensibly affect the more robust and strong, they certainly do the weak and delicate. With a view to investigate them more particularly, the following experiments were made in the beginning of August, in the year 1769.

For some preceding weeks the air had been generally warm and dry, and mostly free from wind; the evening on which I began to condense the atmospherical moisture was calm, and closed a fine warm day; the place where this moisture was collected, was in a court about the centre of Gracechurch-street.

I procured a large glass globe perfectly clean on the outside, into which I put a quantity of ice and sal ammoniac powdered; the globe, thus prepared, was suspended in the air about five yards from the surface of the ground; the cold produced by the ice and neutral salt congealed the moisture of the air on the external surface of the globe in the form of ice. This condensed body was carefully scraped off with a silver spatula, and received into a wide-mouthed bottle well rinsed; when I had collected in this manner some ounces of condensed matter, I proceeded on the following experiments.

EXPERIMENT I.

To know if it contained any fixed air, I put one ounce of the condensed moisture into a vial, the cork of which was perforated through the whole length, to admit the extricated air to pass through: over the cork was tied a loose bladder free from any air; I then placed the vial, thus prepared, in boiling water; the heat of the water extricating the fixed air from the condensed moisture, it escaped through the perforation of the cork into the bladder, where it was collected; the quantity of this air occupied a space, which of simple distilled water was equal in bulk to $1 \frac{1}{4}$ drachm. The vial, upon weighing it after the separation of the air, was reduced a few grains lighter.

To be more certain that a great part of this extricated air was fixed, I applied it to lime-water; a precipitation of calcareous earth ensued, which convinced me of its presence. (See Sect. IV. page 29.)

EXPERIMENT II.

I took a quantity of the condensed atmospherical moisture, which had not been exposed to heat; with this I mixed some syrup

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syrup of violets diluted; the syrup evidently became of a greener colour; which persuaded me that no acid, but an alkali, predominated. (See Sect. IV. page 30.)

EXPERIMENT III.

By mixing the condensed moisture with a solution of corrosive sublimate mercury, the mixture became of a pale white, which proved the alkali to be volatile; for with a fixed alkali no change could have been produced; or, if any, the mercury would have been precipitated in a brown or reddish powder, called *mercurius precipitatus fuscus Wortzii*. (See Sect. IV. page 30.)

EXPERIMENT IV.

A piece of paper, marked with a solution of lead in distilled vinegar, was suspended over a quantity of the condensed moisture, while in a state of evaporation; but no change taking place in the lines marked on the paper, I concluded no sulphur or inflammable matter was detached. (See Sect. IV. page 32.)

EXPERIMENT V.

The condensed moisture evaporated to dryness, yielded a brownish saline body, which from some experiments (see Sect. IV. and VI.) appeared to be chiefly a compound salt of the vitriolic acid and volatile alkali, forming *sal vitriolatum ammoniacum*; this I procured in the proportion of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ grain, in two ounces of the moisture.

From what appears to be the contents of the city air, as above related, many particulars result, which may afford some insight into the nature and cause of the different diseases in the city from those without. There is reason to presume, that putrid effluvia are noxious to animal bodies; they may very often introduce a ferment into a subject disposed to the putrified fermentation, and hence have a tendency to promote diseases which arise from a putrid diathesis.

But in populous cities, where prodigious quantities of these effluvia are daily generated, one might suspect very fatal effects, fevers of the most dangerous kinds, more frequently to occur. It may be here suggested, from the foregoing experiments, that a vitriolic acid is detached from the coals burnt in this city, which, uniting with the volatile alkali from putrid matters, may form a compound in no respect injurious to the human machine.

There appears from Experiment I. a material circumstance which, until very lately, we were unacquainted with; we

find that from all fermenting vegetables a fixed air is detached, which has sometimes proved a sudden poison to animals. The same air is generated from various sources, being exhaled from the earth, as well as rises from all breathing animals; and though a certain proportion of it when diffused in the common or vital air seems conducive to health, yet when it becomes accumulated beyond this salutary proportion, it may injure what it was designed to preserve*; from which reflection the poet judiciously observes,

Now from the town,
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence,
And see the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy——†.

Hence purer spirits, through the blood diffus'd,
Give to the lip its ruby-tinctured hue:
Hence health's gay smile illumines the dimpling cheek;
And the pulse lightly dances, as the breast
Inhales, slow-heav'd, the pure refreshing air ‡.

* Upon this subject consult Hales, Macbride, Pringle, Percival, Alexander, Cavendish, Lane, and particularly Priestly's ingenious experiments and observations on different kinds of air, first published in the Philosophical Transactions in 1773, Vol. LXII, and since in a distinct treatise.

† Thomson's Seasons, Spring, l. 100.

‡ Ogilvie's Providence, l. 523.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On PARTY RAGE.

I Am the wife of a tradesman in the city, who is an honest well-meaning man, and till lately could not be so happy any where as in his own family, and in his own business. It is true, he sometimes passed an hour in an evening, after supper, within a small circle of his neighbours at a tavern, but used to return sober and in good humour to me; and as I am not

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one of those over-fond wives, that cannot endure the thought of a husband's spending a convivial hour from home, I never attempted to abridge him of that liberty : but within these few months he has caught a dangerous disease, called *party-spirit*, which is now become epidemical, and is never easy but when he is dabbling in politics. Instead of attending to his business and other domestic concerns, his head is taken up eternally with forming schemes of government, for the redress of public *grievances*, insomuch that he seems insensible of his own *private* ones. The greatest part of his time is spent at patriotic cabals ; and, while he is so strenuous an advocate for public liberty, he forgets the imminent danger he is in of being deprived of his own ; for he knows less about his own debts, than the national one ; and though he has formed a thousand schemes to lessen the latter, he takes no thought of the former. I have often attempted to reason the case with him, but to no purpose ; overlooking his own and family's interest, his very soul is absorbed in ideas about the *good of his country*. In brief, he is that thing called a *patriot*, and is ready to sacrifice domestic happiness, and every thing else, to promote and secure what he calls the liberties of Englishmen. The other day (for I never give him any curtain lectures) I petitioned him to consider what must be the inevitable consequence of a total neglect of his own affairs, and of the great expence incurred by his libertinism ; but he made me no other reply than, *Poh. I warrant you I know what I am about ; mind your knitting, and do not trouble yourself with what does not concern you*. I have also, since, made many humble remonstrances, but he only seems to pity my weakness ; and, while he complains to his majesty for not redressing any of the public grievances, he is equally indifferent of mine, which are still greater : I have lost in him the indulgent and industrious husband, and our children, the affectionate parent ; can a greater grievance become the subject of any petition or remonstrance ? What is it to me, or to him, who is lord-mayor, alderman, representative for the city, prime minister, groom of the stole, or whether Wilkes or Luttrell is sitting member for Middlesex : whatever changes (as I have told him) may take place in the administration, there will be no new act to make people go *barefooted* ; and his interest and mine consist in furnishing them with good shoes made of the hides of *true-born oxen*.

My case, Mr. Editor, is indeed very pitiable, but it is far from being singular ; there are several *barbers, tailors, and stay-makers wives*, in our neighbourhood, reduced to the same dilemma ;

dilemma; and, unless the disease of which I complain should abate, our husbands, in all probability, will meet in *Newgate*, and their wives and children be dispatched to some *work-house*.

MARIA.

* * *Apixia*, *Eusebius*, *Cato*, *Mentor*, *Amelia Gray*, and several *anonymous pieces*, in prose and verse, are received, and will be duly attended to.

A Stoic's reflections are as cold as the season; and are not adapted either to entertain or profit.

Crito's essay, though full of faith, contains too little charity, and it is apprehended will "profit nothing."

Evander's essay on divine wisdom abounds with too many marks of human folly and presumption, to save it from the censure of the wise, or to inform the ignorant.

Poeticus's second letter confirms the Editor in the opinion which he candidly formed of his first: What a pity that honest well-meaning people should so egregiously mistake their talents! Such rhyme, and such reason, as *Poeticus's*, put the Editor in mind of the old nurse's composing ditty;

"Lullaby, baby, upon the house top,
And, when the wind blows, the cradle will rock."

Though the Editor is under the disagreeable necessity of refusing many pieces which have been sent to him, yet he acknowledges the good intentions of those correspondents, whose pens are too impotent to credit his publication: and such essays as come recommended by their intrinsic merit, and that he thinks will do credit to the authors themselves, and to the Monthly Ledger, will be inserted as early as possible.

A Subscriber seems displeased that the list of bankrupts is discontinued: the Editor hopes, however, he will excuse his omitting that *black catalogue*, till the opinion of his readers is more generally known. *Omnibus placere discillimum.*

The PRICE of WHEAT per Quarter, at the Corn-Market, Mark-Lane.

	Dec. 31.	Jan. 4.	7th	11th	14th	18th	21st
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Wheat, Red	41a47	40a47	40a47	42a48	42a48	42a48	42a48
Ditto White	41a47	40a47	40a47	42a48	42a48	42a48	42a48
Rye, —	24a25	23a24	23a24	24a25	24a25	24a25	24a25
Barley, —	25a30	24a28	24a28	24a27	24a27	24a27	24a27
Oats, —	15a18	15a19	15a19	15a19	15a19	15a19	15a19
Jan. 25. Red and White Wheat,	42a48s.				Rye,	24a25s.	
	24a27s.				Oats,	15a19s.	

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

ODE to M. DE MAREMBOURG, by the
KING of PRUSSIA: translated from
the French.

SWIFTLY, through each progressive
Age,

From earliest youth, to latest age,
With silent wing, the moments fly:
Our hopes, our pleasures, steal away,
And how'ring death expects his prey;
Sure man was only born to die!

My happiest days, my friends, are o'er!
Like transient waves which lash the shore,
For ever gone beyond recall:
Juncy withdraws her sportive band,
And yields to reason's stern command,
Whose empire rises as I fall.

The present, whilst we speak, is lost;
In doubt th' uncertain future's tost;
The past appears an empty dream!
O man! thy frailty comprehend,
And mark how, to thy destiny's end,
Time bears thee down his rapid stream.

The day in which thou seest the light
Conducts thee towards that endless night
Which levels poets, beggars, kings;
Crowded in one promiscuous heap,
The subject and the sovereign sleep,
Wit, wealth, and pow'r, forgotten
things!

Ye, who in gold behold your God,
Who, suppliant, wait his vernal nod,
And dig the mine or tempt the wave;
For whom, unhappy men, this toil?
Will fortune or her minions smile,
Court you, and flatter, in the grave?

Yet man, restrain'd by fear not pain,
Smiles o'er his projects, vast and vain,
Unmindful of his transient day.
Reflect, ye conquerors, who prepare,
For hapless mortals, chains or war,
And rule them with tyrannic sway.

Reflect, where now the mighty dead?
What are their triumphs? whither fled?
Yet can you teach their heights sublime?
Though at your name the nations shrink,
Soon must your lives, your glories sink,
Sad victims at the stripes of time.

Vol. I.

Each passing age, on out-spread wings,
Bears to destruction heroes, kings,
Whose splendour your faint rays will hide:
Learn, tyrants, learn your wretched lot,
Alive, detested; dead, forgot;
For honour, how mistook ye pride?

Could ye, releas'd from care and pain,
Revolving centuries sustain,
Fainters might cringe and fools adore;
But ah! life's short impetuous race
Is but a point in endless space,
A moment, and 'tis seen no more!

O deaf to truth, to nature blind,
Who thus the phantoms of the mind,
Ambition's gaudy train, pursue!
To him who, grovelling, creeps on earth,
Doom'd to oblivion from his birth,
Can triumphs, honours, praise, be due?

Of circling years how vast the course,
Since first creation's mighty source
From chaos bade the world arise!
All things in restless change succeed,
And still, with undistinguish'd speed,
The future towards this instant flies.

Happy the man, who, calm within,
As fortune shifts each varying scene,
With tranquil eye the whole surveys;
Conscious that soon those scenes must close,
He sees how joys, intwiv'd with woes,
Compose the texture of his days.

The dawning forms of false delight
Vanish, like meteors of the night,
O truth, before thy rising beams;
Yes; ev'ry state, the sun beneath,
The sickle sport of time and death,
With folly and delusion teems.

In ignorance and error bred,
By passion, prejudice, misled,
Truth's piercing light we dread & hate;
Touch'd by his ray, what empty things
Are pomp, and pageantry, and kings,
How little all that's called great!

From heaven's remote exalted sphere,
Think, O ye proud, how disappear
The glories of this earthly ball!
Amidst th' ethereal fields of flame,
It is a speck without a name,
What then are those who on it crawl!

Through

Through straits, where storms incessant
rise,
Our course we urge : Beyond them lies,
Eternity ! thy gulph unknown.
In fruitless search of bliss abus'd,
By hope still flatter'd, still abus'd,
The voyage ends, the dream is flown.

*To the Gentlemen active in making the River
Bure, in Norfolk, navigable. Inscribed
to W. P.*

WHILE useful schemes thy active
mind employ,
Permit a friend to share thy patriot joy ;
A faint transfusion of thy gen'rous flame,
Redeem'd from self, and common good
its aim.
Long time thy Bure its lucid currents
drew,
Meand'ring wild, and caught th' ena-
mour'd view.
What though the azure nalads at eve are
seen,
Dispositive, on its banks of living green ;
These but phrenetic poets could entrance,
Nor any work of needful life advance.
Now shall his deep'ned lapse commercial
glide,
And bear the full-fraight vessel o'er his
tide ;
Th' expanding canvas catch the passing
gale,
That erst, but fraught with odours, swept
the vale ;
The alder'd swamp a staple wharf ascends,
The osier'd bank a lengthen'd quay ex-
tends.
Where the tall aspin's quiv'ring foliage
danc'd,
The useful warehouse stands as high ad-
vanc'd.
Our matchless oaks, that o'er the wood-
lands wave,
Its swelling stream shall to the ocean
heave ;
Chang'd to tall barks, in quest of com-
merce roll,
Brave the rough surge, and dare the wintry
pole.
Th' attracted peasant marks, with glad
surprize,
Far within land the pendant masts arise ;
And sees around each climate's produce
thrown,
With wonder struck, but yet prefers his
own ;
For which so strong the predilection's
found,
Should he see more, that love would more
abound ;

Since 'tis for him the cane Barbadian
throve,
The acrid ginger, and pimento grove ;
That Georgia's swamp a ricy harvest
yields,
And her narcotic plant Virginia's fields ;
That much-lov'd plant, whose incense
fills the skies,
When wreaths of smoke from igneous
tubes arise.

But you, warm patrons of the great in-
tent,
Shall taste each boon indulgent heav'n
hath sent :
Th' enlivening essence of the palmy grove,
And pines, as rich as nectar, feign'd for
Jove.

Not coat of mail the turtle shall secure,
But his delicious viand reach the Bure.
For you the tepid air of Gallia blows,
Th' impurpled must of every vintage flows,
Intenser suns the tropic fruits refine,
And swell the spicy harvest of the line,
White blazoning fame the useful office
chains.

To bid her annals brighten at your names:
Nor stops she here, the just desert to
raise,

But fires your sons with emulative praise.
Yet greater joy shall in your bosoms grow
Than earth can grant, or fleeting fame
bestow,

On having done the good within your
power ;

'Twill calm the last, th' inevitable hour!
Ah ! friend, be long defer'd the solemn
scene,

For thee, and well employ'd the space
between !

With all thy active faculties awake,
Clear and capacious as thy spreading lake!
Adjusted every movement of thy soul,
And life move glibly, as thy engine
roll!

W.

*The Speech of CARACTACUS, as he is
Chained, to the Emperor CLAUDIUS, at
Rome.*

HAD my firm soul a moderation
known,
Nor glow'd to make my father's deeds my
own,
Unworthy of the regal race I came,
Extinct their fire, and quench'd their
patriot flame ;
Lost to the virtuous meed their prowess
held,
Who led the war, and won the doubtful
field ;

Then

Then to thy throne on truckling knee I'd
 come,
 The priz'd ally of Claudius and of Rome.
 When vassals, arms, and waiting steeds,
 were mine,
 E'en thou might marvel could I these
 resign;
 Possess'd of wealth 'twas righteous to
 defend,
 And each auxiliary prince my trusting
 friend.
 What though thy soul with fierce am-
 bition glows,
 And unsubmitting princes deems thy foes,
 Though Rome may grasp at universal
 sway,
 Must nations crouch and servilely obey?
 Know, when were led thy conquering
 legions on,
 Had I declin'd the battles which they
 won,
 Had I betray'd m' invaded country's right,
 When call'd to lend them, impotent to
 fight,
 Thy glory had not caught the world's as-
 claim,
 Nor my misfortunes known a lasting
 fame!
 Then spare my life! the clement deed
 will rise,
 Coeval with thy fame, and reach the
 skies.

For the Monthly Ledger.

THE following beautiful Ode, written
 some years since, fell lately into my
 hands; I will venture to assert that its
 publication, in the Monthly Ledger, will
 give pleasure to every reader of true taste
 and genius.

W. X.

ODE from a young Gentleman recovered
 of a violent Fever.

*The day that drove me to the brink,
 And pointed at eternity below;
 When, on a moment's point, the important dis-
 Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,
 And turn'd up life.*

YOUNG.

AT midnight, when the fever rag'd,
 By physic's art still unawag'd,
 And tortur'd me with pain;
 When most it scorch'd my aching head,
 Like sulph'rous fire or liquid lead,
 And hiss'd through every vein;

With silent steps approaching nigh,
 Pale death stood trembling in mine eye,
 And shook th' uplifted dart;

My mind did various thoughts debate
 Of this and of an after state,
 Which terrify'd my heart.

I thought 'twas hard, in youthful age,
 To quit this fine delightful stage,
 No more to view the day;
 Nor e'er again the night to spend
 In social converse with a friend,
 Ingenious, learn'd, and gay.

No more in curious books to read
 The wisdom of th' illustrious dead,
 All that is dear to leave;
 Relations, friends, and Mira too,
 Without one kiss, one dear adieu,
 To moulder in the grave.

Incircled with congenial clay,
 To worms, and creeping things, a prey,
 To waste, dissolve, and rot;
 To lie, wrap'd cold within a shroud,
 Mingled amongst the vilest croud,
 Unnoted and forgot.

O horror! by that train of thought,
 My mind was to distraction brought,
 Impossible to tell;
 The fever rag'd still more without,
 Whilst dark despair, or dismal doubt,
 Made all within me hell.

At length, with grave yet cheerful air,
 Repentance came, serenely fair,
 As summer's evening sun,
 At sight of whom, extatic joy
 Did all that horrid scene destroy,
 And every fear was gone.

If, join'd in concert with one voice,
 Angels at such a change rejoice,
 I heard their joy express:
 If there be music in the spheres,
 That music reach'd my ravish'd ears,
 And charm'd my soul to rest.

For the Monthly Ledger.

Written on taking the Air after a Fit of
 Illness.

1.

HALL, genial sun! I feel thy pow'r-
 ful ray
 Pour health, quick darting, through
 each languid vein;
 Lo, at thy bright approach, are fled away
 The pale-ey'd sisters, grief, dis ease, and
 pain.

2.

O hills, O forests, and thou painted mead,
 Again admit me to your velvet seats;

From

From the dull room of pining sickness
freed,
With joy once more I seek your green
retreats.

Once more, ye streams meandering, shall
I lie,
In summer evenings, on your willow'd
side,
And, unobserv'd by passing shepherd's eye,
Survey the shadowy landscape in the
tide?

I shall: and, on the moist-fring'd bank
reclin'd,
I'll watch the lake, slow rising on her
wings;
While peace and joy attune m' unruff'd
mind,
My notes shall swell, responsive, while
she sings.

Each rural object charms, so long un-
seen;
The blooming vales, sweet groves, and
snowy rocks,
The fields, array'd in sight-refreshing
green,
And, with his broken'd yoke, the
quarry'd ox.

Here let me stop, beneath this spreading
bush,
While Zephyr's voice I hear, the leaves
among;
And listen, pensive, to the warbling
thrush,
While the shades echo with her vernal
song.

The dryad, health, frequents this hallow'd
grove,
(O when may I the lovely virgin
meet!)

From morn to dewy evening I will rove,
To find her haunts, and lay me at her
feet.

Here, while suspended from terrestrial
care,
Let pure devotion prune her sacred
wing;
Here, let the tribute due, of praise and
pray'r,
Grateful ascend to heav'n's eternal
King!

For the Monthly Ledger.
To a Lady, with Dr. Young's Night
Thoughts.

BEHOLD, fair maid, how light from
darkness springs,
By tenebrous Young, while contemplation
sings!

In polish'd lines how solemn truths em-
flow,
And Christian zeal give elegance to words!
Yet, awful splendor every thought in-
forms.

Like gleams of sun-shine mixt with wintry
fogs.
As Eve's, in Eden, be your thoughts
serene,

When new-born flow'rs first hail'd their
new-born queen.
Each thought of yours takes radiance
from your eyes,

As landscapes brighten with the morning
suns,
When lively converse with the day begins,
And, to itself, your spotless mind re-
vades,

And judgment guides what language
persuades:
These pleasing thoughts find every night
convey,
Thoughts! which sway o'ral all the hours
of day.

So birds, that warble in some secret shade,
Atone for sun-shine, and inspire the
glade.

Immortal Young in search of heav'n's ex-
plor'd
Each pregnant scene creation could afford:
From toils like his, securely you may
rest,
Nor further search—for heav'n is in your
breast.

For the Monthly Ledger.

ON visiting a church-yard in Win-
shire, to read the epitaphs on the
sepulchral stones, I observed one contain-
ing a pretty, though not uncommon,
thought, in memory of a poor girl of
fifteen; and not without instruction. It
was as follows:
See from the earth the faded lily rise;
It springs, it glows, it flourishes, and dies:
So this fair flow'r (scarce blossom'd for a day)
Short was the bloom, and early the decay.

M. P.

AMERICAN

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

BY an act of parliament, made in the year 1767, certain duties were imposed on tea, and some other articles, on their importation into the North American colonies. These duties, which by the Americans were looked upon as unconstitutional, excited a strong spirit of opposition; and they were afterwards repealed, except that upon tea, which was suffered to remain for the express purpose of establishing the right of taxation. The East-India company, in concert with the ministry, have lately sent out, to different parts of the American continent, large quantities of tea, addressed to consignees of their own nomination, who were themselves to pay the duty. This artifice has revived the flame of discord in that part of the world, and, as the question is of the highest importance both to this nation and the colonies, the following extract of a letter from Philadelphia, which contains the freshest advices of their transactions, it is hoped may not prove unprofitable.

Extract of a Letter from Philadelphia, dated the 27th of December, 1773.

This goes by the ship Polly, captain Ayres, who brought the tea that I mentioned in my last to be expected, which she carries back. I will now give you a sketch of our proceedings on the continent, respecting that affair. Soon after our receiving information of the East-India company's intention to ship their tea to America, we had a large meeting of the inhabitants, who came to sundry resolutions, the import of which was, that the imposition on tea, for the purpose of raising a revenue in America, was an infringement of our liberties, and that it was the duty of every American to oppose the landing it. They appointed a committee to wait on the consignees, who in consequence resigned their appointment. New-York and Boston followed the example of Philadelphia in their resolutions. Matters rested thus till the arrival of the October mail, when the tea agents received their commissions, and we were informed that the tea ship would soon follow. A meeting of the principal inhabitants was immediately called, and the matter was then fully debated. It appeared that sundry goods had been shipped on-board the expected vessel, besides the tea, with the intention, probably, of making a party to favour its landing. It was, however, clearly seen, that the landing any part of the cargo would subject the whole to an entry at the Custom-House, and consequently the tea to the payment of the duty; and it was therefore agreed that the whole should go back. A committee was appointed to wait on the agent, who was expected to come in the ship, to endeavour to prevail on him to resign, and, more generally, to do every thing in their power to get the tea away without noise or disturbance.

Soon after this, three ships arrived at Boston with each 124 chests of tea on-board. A town meeting was called, and it was resolved the tea should not be landed. The agents, who refused to resign their commissions, were obliged to take shelter in the castle. Mr. Ratch, an owner of one of the ships, begged that she might be permitted to stay twenty days, as he intended to return in her to England. This was agreed to, and the ships were suffered to enter at the Custom-House, that other goods might be delivered: but the consequences of this concession were not foreseen. By the act, any dutiable goods on-board a vessel become liable, after her being twenty days in harbour, to the payment of the duty; and the entry, made at the Custom-House, subjected her to a clearance at her departure. When the twenty days were nearly expired, Mr. Ratch gave an evasive answer, the Custom-House refused the clearance, the governor his pass, and the officers were ordered on-board, the men of war lying in the harbour to take possession of the ships in the king's name. When the people were acquainted with these particulars, they insisted on a dissolution of the meeting; and, repairing to the ships, hoisted the tea upon deck, cut the chests to pieces, and threw every ounce overboard.

On the arrival of the ship destined for this port, on Saturday evening last, at Chester, about twenty miles down the river, the committee appointed to that service waited on the agent who arrived in her, and he readily agreed to postpone any attempt to land the tea, till he learned the sense of the inhabitants respecting it, who were summoned to meet this morning. Accordingly at ten, 6000, some say 8000, met, and declared captain Ayres should not land the tea, that he should order his ship to drop down the river again the next ebb, but that he should have liberty to stay in town till to-morrow morning to make a protest, and get what stores he might want. A committee of four

was appointed to see these resolutions complied with, and at three this afternoon the ship weighed anchor on her return to England.

The ship ordered for New-York is not yet arrived. We apprehend the greatest difficulties will occur there, as governor Tryon, who has gained some military fame by quelling the insurgents in North-Carolina, declares the tea *shall* be landed. General Haldimand, however, the present commander-in-chief of the forces in America, says, he has no instructions, and without them none of his soldiers shall appear. The governor, therefore, must depend altogether on the militia, whose officers will undoubtedly resign rather than act in so unpopular a cause.

From Charles-Town, South-Carolina, we hear that their ship was arrived, and was ordered back. Another ship designed for Boston, with 53 chests, was lost off Cape Cod.

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER, For December, 1773.

	Wind		Thermom.			Weather
			Bar.	M.	N. Ev.	
1	W.S.W.	fresh	30 $\frac{7}{10}$	44	49 49	Forenoon foggy, aft. light rain.
2	E.	fresh	30 $\frac{1}{10}$	47 $\frac{1}{2}$	49 48	Cloudy.
3	W.S.W.	fresh	29 $\frac{9}{10}$	48	50 50	Cloudy and frequent showers.
4	W.	little	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	49	49 $\frac{1}{2}$ 48	Frequent showers, intervals rain.
5	W.S.W.	little	29 $\frac{5}{10}$	45	45 44	Fine day.
6	W.S.W.	little	29 $\frac{4}{10}$	41	45 43	Fine frosty day.
7	N.W.	strong	29 $\frac{1}{10}$	40	42 41 $\frac{1}{2}$	Ditto.
8	N.	fresh	29 $\frac{2}{10}$	42	44 42	Ditto.
9	N.W.	little	29 $\frac{3}{10}$	41	42 41	Ditto.
10	W.N.W.	little	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	38	43 42	Sharp frost, foggy day.
11	S.	fresh	29 $\frac{8}{10}$	40	41 40 $\frac{1}{2}$	Frost and foggy.
12	S.	little	29 $\frac{6}{10}$	42	44 43	Foggy and slight rain.
13	E.	fresh	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	42	48 45	Slight rains.
14	E.	little	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	44	44 44	Foggy.
15	E.S.E.	fresh	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	44	46 45	Cloudy.
16	S.	little	29 $\frac{5}{10}$	45	48 47	Cloudy with slight rain.
17	N.E.	little	29 $\frac{5}{10}$	47	50 49	Almost continual rain.
18	S.	little	29 $\frac{6}{10}$	47	50 48 $\frac{1}{2}$	Brilliant day.
19	W.S.W.	little	29 $\frac{4}{10}$	48	50 49	Heavy rain.
20	W.	fresh	29 $\frac{3}{10}$	49	52 51	Slight rain.
21	W.	little	29 $\frac{3}{10}$	48	51 50	Foggy with intervals sun-shine.
22	E.S.E.	fresh	29 $\frac{5}{10}$	49 $\frac{1}{2}$	52 50 $\frac{1}{2}$	Forenoon fair, aftern. much rain.
23	W.	fresh	29 $\frac{2}{10}$	49	50 48	Much rain.
24	N.W.	strong	29 $\frac{1}{10}$	44	48 45	Almost continual rain.
25	S.W.	fresh	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	44	45 43	Slight rain.
26	N.	little	29 $\frac{2}{10}$	43	45 42	Fair and frosty air.
27	S.S.W.	little	30	42	46 43	Brilliant day, moon-light night.
28	S.W.	fresh	28 $\frac{7}{10}$	45	46 44	Fair and sun-shine.
29	S.S.W.	fresh	28 $\frac{1}{10}$	44	48 46	Much rain.
30	N.W.	fresh	28 $\frac{2}{10}$	43	44 40	Fair and frosty.
31	N.W.	fresh	28 $\frac{3}{10}$	48	41 40	Sunshiny frosty day.

AVERAGE

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

From Jan. 17, to Jan. 22, 1773.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	5	6	3	6	3	0	2	1	3	0

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	5	8	—	3	5	2	5	3	7
Surry,	6	0	3 4	3	5	2	4	3	10
Hertford,	6	0	—	3	9	2	3	3	10
Redford,	6	2	4 5	3	8	2	2	3	5
Cambridge,	5	8	3 1	3	5	2	2	3	11
Huntingdon,	6	0	—	3	9	2	3	3	10
Northampton,	6	11	4 11	3	11	1	11	3	10
Rutland,	6	10	—	4	1	2	1	3	5
Leicester,	7	0	4 11	4	1	2	11	4	0
Nottingham,	5	8	3 9	3	4	2	2	3	8
Derby,	6	6	—	3	10	2	2	4	2
Stafford,	6	2	7 7	3	11	2	0	4	6
Salop,	6	1	4 0	3	8	1	11	4	6
Hereford,	6	3	—	3	11	1	11	4	4
Worcester,	6	6	4 5	4	4	2	4	4	7
Warwick,	6	11	—	4	0	2	7	4	1
Gloucester,	6	9	—	3	8	2	3	4	8
Wiltshire,	5	9	—	3	1	2	2	4	5
Berks,	6	2	—	3	7	2	4	4	3
Oxford,	6	7	—	3	8	2	7	4	6
Bucks,	6	4	—	3	10	2	3	3	10

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	5	7	3	3	3	4	2	1	3	5
Suffolk,	5	5	2	11	3	0	2	0	2	9
Norfolk,	5	10	2	11	2	9	2	1	3	1
Lincoln,	5	11	4	2	3	4	1	10	3	8
York,	5	8	3	10	3	4	1	11	3	8
Durham,	5	8	4	4	3	2	2	0	4	1
Northumberland,	5	7	4	2	3	2	2	0	3	5
Cumberland,	5	11	3	9	2	8	1	9	3	10
Westmoreland,	6	3	—	—	2	9	1	8	3	7
Lancashire,	6	3	—	—	3	0	2	1	3	5
Cheshire,	5	10	—	—	3	9	2	1	—	—
Monmouth,	6	4	4	4	3	8	1	8	4	0
Somerset,	6	4	—	—	3	6	1	11	3	7
Devon,	5	6	—	—	3	0	1	6	—	—
Cornwall,	5	2	—	—	2	10	1	5	—	—
Dorset,	5	11	—	—	2	11	2	1	4	8
Hampshire,	5	4	—	—	3	2	2	2	4	0
Suffex,	5	2	—	—	3	2	2	1	3	8
Kent,	5	4	—	—	3	3	2	0	2	1



THE
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.
PHILOSOPHICAL INVESTIGATIONS.

*Creating pow'r is all around express,
The God discover'd, and his care confest:
Nature's high birth her heavenly beauties shew;
By every feature we the parent know.
Th' expanded spheres, amazing to the sight,
Magnificent with stars and globes of light;
The glorious orbs which heaven's bright host compose,
Th' imprison'd seas, that restless ebbs and flows;
The fluctuating fields of liquid air,
With all the curious meteors hovering there;
And the wide regions of the land proclaim
The pow'r divine that rais'd the mighty frame.*

BLACKMORE'S Creation.



N society we meet with a variety of ranks and classes; some are necessarily engaged in their respective commercial avocations to provide for their families, and have not much leisure to exercise their faculties in a philosophical investigation of nature; and too few of those, who live independent of the toils of commerce, have an inclination for studies adapted to the dignity of a rational being: their leisure hours are passed in a series of trifling amusements, to say no

worse of them, and, like reptiles, they crawl upon the face of the earth, or sport in the sun's enlivening rays, with as little reflection on the end of their existence, and on the amazing appearances which every visible part of the universe exhibits. Placed in a sphere which suggests innumerable subjects of contemplation, they seldom elevate their thoughts above corporeal appetites, nor do their desires extend beyond mere sensual gratifications. The most illustrious characters of antiquity delighted in the study of nature. The patriarch went forth at *even-tide to meditate*; Solomon traced the wisdom of providence throughout the several genera of plants; David derived peculiar pleasure from the philosophy of the heavens, and found humility, gratitude, and devotion, increased by a contemplation of the celestial phenomena.——*When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him? &c.* The sun, moon, and stars, perform their appointed courses with a stated unerring motion; and, without entering into the mysteries of astronomy, if we only ask ourselves, What it is that upholds and directs them? How they come to know their seasons and courses? What enables them to travel incessantly with the same unremitting force? Why they never fall to the earth, or wander through the pathless desert of the sky? In a word, why they never err? These questions will necessarily turn our attention to the unerring wisdom of the Creator; who either supports and guides them by his own immediate power, or has lodged those mighty unknown springs in nature, which are sufficient to move the celestial wheels, and to impel and direct the heavenly orbs with an inconceivable swiftness and perfect regularity. There are also constant circulations in the lower elements, though not so obvious to a common eye or understanding. For not only the air is in a continual agitation and flux, driven to and fro round the whole globe, the *wind veering about and returning again to the same point*; but the waters also travel their destined round without ceasing. The rivers discharge themselves into the sea; and, from the vast surface of the ocean, are exhaled the vapours that form the swelling clouds, which empty themselves in showers upon the earth, and, penetrating into the hills, supply the springs; which are gradually augmented, and become rivers; which feed in return the vast ocean. Solomon had observed, in that early age of the world, all these circulations of nature; Eccles. i. 5. *The sun ariseth and goes down, and hasteth to his place where he arose: the wind goes towards the South, and turneth about unto the North; it veereth about continually, and*

the wind returneth again according to his circuits: all the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again. The like circulation of fluids is observed by anatomists in the body of every living creature. The whole mass of blood is incessantly flowing through various channels, distributing the proper alimental juices to every part, and returning back to the heart from whence it came. The soil of the earth is constantly expending its richness in the growth of every plant and the harvests which it annually affords, yet is not exhausted; because the tribute which it pays it receives back, by an endless circulation of the nutritious particles. All these apparent revolutions in nature lead us to apprehend a first mover and a directing cause, whose wisdom has established them, and probably many others not discoverable by us; in which things move in an imperceptible maze of changes, till they return to their former situation, and begin again their appointed courses.

The regular proportions, observable in the several parts of the world, are a farther evidence of the creative wisdom in the structure of the whole: for as, in the fabric of every plant and animal, the several parts bear a due proportion to each other and to the whole, so it is of the world in general; the parts were all formed by rule and measure, proportionate to each other and to the whole system. The respective magnitudes of the sun, the moon, and the earth, the quantities of land and water, the height of the mountains, the depth of the seas, the weight of all solids and fluids, the size of every species of animals and vegetables, are determined in the fittest proportion. Every part of nature is weighed and measured by the unerring skill of that Being, whom the prophet elegantly represents, as *holding the ocean in the hollow of his hand, meting out heaven with his span, comprehending the mass of the earth in a measure, and weighing the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance.*

And, farther, as the world is composed of elements and powers, many of which are not only different from, but contrary to, each other in their operations; the wisdom of the almighty Disposer admirably appears, in having so adjusted their respective forces, that there is an everlasting opposition and strife, without any prevailing so far as to subdue and destroy the other; which would produce universal ruin and destruction. The gravitating and projectile forces, the causes of heat and cold, of moisture and drought, of storms and calms, are balanced against each other; and by this perpetual equal strife the world subsists; and, from this incessant war, are derived the peace and order of the creation, and the security of life. In like manner there are in human nature various counter-

poises, between the bodily appetites and the mental principles, between self-love and social kindness, between fear and hope, affection and resentment, the desires of ease and of advancement, of saving and of expending: and, from this perpetual discord, springs the harmony and the variety of human life.

In all these views we may be able to catch a glimpse, and to form some imperfect notion of that vast unsearchable wisdom of God, by which he framed and disposed this visible universe, and established the constitution of the world in general, and of human nature in particular.

The following reflections, occasioned by a *plumb*, contain some thoughts that are at once *curious* and *just*, with others, perhaps, which some people may deem extravagant; however, as I conceive they will not prove injurious to any person, I shall venture to submit them to my readers. *Si potes proficito.*

“Nature teems with life; the *blue* on this *plumb* is composed of an infinite number of living animalcula of different sizes, and no doubt but there are some amongst them that feed upon the smaller, and are as terrible to them as a lion is to a lamb; nothing is great or small but by comparison: that is, by comparing the magnitude of one body with that of another. A mouse is small in comparison to a cat, a cat to an elephant, and an elephant to a mountain; a mountain to the world, and the world in comparison to the sun: on the contrary, a mouse is a monster when compared to a flea, a flea to a mite, and a mite to one of those living creatures, which are discovered by the help of glasses, and millions of which a grain of sand would cover. How small then must that object be, which these animalcula can but just perceive! Yet one of these minute bodies must be of a stupendous size, when compared with one of the globules of blood that runs through its veins. But as matter is indivisible, that is, cannot be divided into nothing; one of these globules must be, in comparison to minuter parts of matter, as the whole world is to a grain of sand. But how exquisitely fine must be the tendons and fibres that are in the texture of these little creatures! and yet they are large when compared with the parts of which they are composed.

Cicero, in his *Tusculans*, mentions an insect on the river Hypanis, whose life never exceeds the time between sun-rising and sun-setting. To these creatures that time must be an age, and one of them that lives till sun-set must be, comparatively, as old as a man at a hundred.

The life of a fly is but a summer; a horse is old at twelve; and, if we may believe historians, a raven lives a thousand years:

years: and yet this long term is no more in comparison to the raven, than the short one is to Cicero's Hypanians.

As we see that the lives of different creatures differ so much on that little grain of sand, the earth; other worlds may be peopled by beings, that are young at a thousand or ten thousand; for he, that created the one, is able to create the other; and with him there can be no time: past, present, and to come, he comprehends at one view.

These things are wonderful to *little man*; yet though we cannot comprehend, our wonder ceases, when we consider that all this is the work of an omnipotent Being. How vain are we then to attempt to search into his ways, and to pronounce those things impossible, that we cannot comprehend!

Our comprehension is confined to a very narrow sphere, and beyond that we are no more capable of judging, than the fly was when perched on the cupola of St. Paul's: Is this, says he, that finely polished structure that is the boast of mankind? for my part I can see nothing but a rough unfinished piece, full of inequalities. To his microscopic eye the most polished marble or ivory would appear full of rocks and cavities. So it is with man, we can comprehend nothing but what we can see; and it is insolent in us to imagine that an omnipotent hand can form nothing, but what may be taken within the narrow limits of our optics.

The fish see not water, which is their element, neither can we the air which is ours: but, as it is a liquid as well as the sea, the same hand, that formed it so much finer, can make an eye of such a structure as to see it; and perhaps therein to discover myriads of living creatures, of different sizes and species. There is no forming an idea of things that are beyond the limit of our conceptions; but we must, we cannot refuse to allow, that he, who created what we are eye-witnesses to, is capable of creating (and undoubtedly has) what we can form no notion of. As magnitude, space, and time, are only comparative, so is creation. What we see of it is no more in comparison to the whole, than the time, contained in a second, is to eternity; for as his power is infinite, so may be his works.

For this reason with me it will not admit of a doubt, that there may be in the universe beings as much superior to us, as we are to the most minute and senseless reptile.

Should the inhabitants of a leaf or flower proudly strut and say, we are the lords of the creation, every thing was made for us, there is no other world than this that we inhabit, and the whole works of an infinite Creator are limited to that of a leaf;

leaf; they would be like some men, who say, that this small grain of sand, which we possess, is the whole that God created to be inhabited.

Other orbs have their atmospheres, which can be of no use to us, nor any in the universe, unless they be created for the same use that ours is, *viz.* to be the great cause of life; and, that they are, may be reasonably presumed, as *God creates nothing in vain.*

Jupiter has his four moons, Saturn five and his belt; these were unknown to the ancients, and are only to be seen by the help of the best of glasses. What use are they therefore to us? But they are of use, otherwise they would not have been made, and that must be to the inhabitants of those vast orbs, who very probably exceeded us in every perfection, as much as their worlds do in magnitude that which we inhabit.

Suppose a person born in a cottage should not, till he arrived at years of maturity, ever see a house excepting that he was born in: I say, suppose this person should be brought within sight of a building, that he knew no more of than its resembling that in which he had been brought up: there, as in his own, he would see chimnies, and smoke issuing out of them; he would see windows to enlighten it, and every other necessary for an inhabitant: would not he conclude that house to be of the same nature as his own, and inhabited? for surely he would conclude that these conveniences were made for some use. So it is with the heavenly bodies. We see that they have all the conveniences for living beings as ours have. They have their atmospheres, which, as I observed before, can be of no use but to those bodies.

Saturn, being at so immense a distance from the sun, has his belt or ring; which, beyond doubt, is to remove the inconveniences he would otherwise lie under, by being so much deprived of the sun's rays, and to contract them, as with us, in a burning-glass. He has besides five moons, which by us cannot be seen but by good glasses. Jupiter likewise, at an immense distance, has his four moons, which are invisible to us without glasses, besides his belts, which, whether they are upon his surface or at a distance, as Saturn's ring, has not as yet been certainly discovered; but they surely were made for the use of his inhabitants, and not for ours. Besides, can we reasonably imagine so large a body (two hundred times larger than the earth) to be created only to appear to us as a lighted candle in the heavens?

The moon is so extremely near us, in comparison to the other two bodies we have been speaking of, that we have every
certainty

certainly of its being inhabited, excepting that of seeing its inhabitants; for we can very plainly discover seas, continents, islands, peninsulas, and mountains; the moon appears to be a body in every particular resembling the earth, a terraqueous globe. Can we then refuse inhabitants to so large a body, and in every manner provided for their reception, when we see even a leaf to be a world to millions?

The fixed stars are at so immense and wonderful a distance, that all that can with certainty be known concerning them is, that they are luminous bodies, borrowing light from none, but shining with their own. Their distance is so great, that their planets are not to be discovered by the best of glasses: neither will the very best that ever were made cause any sensible alteration in the nearest of the fixed stars, that is, not magnify them in the least; their distance from us being so astonishingly great. And the inhabitants in one of the planets, belonging to the nearest of them, would only see our sun as a little twinkling star in the firmament; but any other part of the planetary system would be invisible to them. Nay, to some of them, the whole space formed in the orbit of Saturn, would not be visible at all, or at most as a point.

I imagine that the planets are worlds, and inhabited, especially as they are of so stupendous a size, and furnished with every necessary for life; when we see that the minutest thing that can be conceived is a world to thousands. It is said, that there are more living creatures about the Leviathan, which are invisible to the naked eye, than there are visible ones upon the face of the whole earth. Nay, a microscope discovers a louse to be a very lousy creature: a flea has a thousand invisible insects that tease him as he jumps from place to place, and no doubt but those, which tease him, are served in the same manner by thousands of others on their bodies, and so on *ad infinitum*."

C A T O.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On the FOLLY of ANTIQUARIES.

THAT some men have a peculiar fondness for particular studies, as well as foods, and an antipathy for others, is a truth confirmed to us by daily observation; though the causes of the different phænomena are among that number which human reason cannot develop: while the antiquarian delights in visiting the ruins of time, the vestiges of superstition, and in poring over the remnant of an old manuscript,

or

of mutilated limb of an animal which existed some hundred years ago, and despises other subjects, merely because they are not enveloped by the rust of antiquity, others are fond of nothing that is not new, but pass their time in a perpetual pursuit after novelties: hence it becomes a lucrative employment of one part of mankind, to invent new modes and species of entertainment for the rest, who are either too indolent, or want wit to invent for themselves. For want of employing our time and talents about matters really interesting and laudable, numberless reveries pass our thoughts, and the most trifling matters engage the passions at the expence of wisdom and prudence. We have an old batchelor in our neighbourhood who passed near fifty years of his life in enquiring into the history of families, and in every company boasts of his proficiency in that science: and he pretends to trace the pedigree of every noble and ignoble family in the two kingdoms, and looks upon himself to be of as much importance as any country justice. Tyburnius has kept an account of all the malefactors executed in the nation for forty years back, with an account of their crimes and dying sayings. Celadon, in the course of twenty years, has collected a number of musty worm-eaten manuscripts, having scarcely one word in ten legible, which are supposed to contain the choicest wisdom of antiquity, merely because they are of ancient date and unintelligible; besides these, he has some cart-loads of old brick-bats from ancient monasteries, and other Gothic ruins, whose only value is, *that they are old*. Euphranos has spent his days in hunting down butterflies and moths, and in raking up different jakes for new species of animalculi. The very soul of Castor is given up to the study of heraldry; he boasts of having the arms of every family, and, if a strange equipage passes his door, he will leave the best dinner and company to run after it to read the coat of arms, and returns as highly delighted as if he had done an important service to community. Horio is indeed a singular character, though a real one; *and, take him for all in all, we never shall look upon his like again*. I know of no other appellation so proper to distinguish him, as that of an *escutcheon hunter*; his stair-case, bed-chamber, and every room in his house, are hung with escutcheons, collected with great trouble, and no small expence. He reads the news-papers only to learn what names of gentlemen or ladies of quality are to be found in the dead list, with when and where they are to be interred; and will not hesitate to take a journey of fifty miles to attend a burial, merely to have an opportunity of obtaining; directly or indirectly, by purchase or by theft, one of the

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the escutcheons, with which he returns home, as much elated as a Roman general after the conquest of a kingdom.

Nucleus takes prodigious journeys to dig fossils, and furnishes his rooms with the dirt and lumber of ten thousand quarries; these every friend must travel over, whenever they wait upon Nucleus; and, after three hours tedious attention, all the satisfaction, or knowledge, you will obtain, is from the finishing speech of Nucleus; "Do not all these things prove the deluge?" But ask Nucleus, this sage divine, who would persuade you these collections were made to serve the cause of the bible, what he thinks of the fossils mentioned in Leviticus; and he will tell you, "I profess, I knew not of any such passage, pray shew me where it is; for, to tell you the truth, I never looked farther into the bible than the history of the creation, and the flood."

It is the same with this great genius in electricity; he dances Punch inimitably, spreads out a feather, and flashes his mimic lightning, or knocks down a poor dog, to the great diversion of all present. He makes ribbands on paper for the ladies with a prism, lets the guinea and the feather fall in an air-pump, or strikes his clock-work bells. His rooms are hung round with glasses that invert, enlarge, or diminish, concaves, hollows, and convexes. Even the pendulum of his clock moves two pretty masters at see-saw, and the clock chimes often enough to disturb the whole neighbourhood, though it mightily diverts its master. Sometimes he will entertain the ladies with an enormous worm (out of his own nose) in a microscope, or with some of the loose combings of his hair, or perhaps with the elegant display of the limbs of a louse.

Nucleus is very fond of every thing curious, and values his treasures according to their scarcity; so that the petrified bone of an antediluvian would please him better than the possession of the most beautiful wife in the world.

The yearly expence of Nucleus's experiments is amazing: the glass-houses will feel his death, and all the carpenters in the parish may lament his fall. A hundred chemical processes are tried, and none succeed: a hundred electrical globes are annually whirled to atoms, to move the dancing leaf of gold; and glasses blown on purpose to deceive you, like a juggler, by letting a bullet and a nail descend, that the lightest body may break what the heaviest could not reach.

Aqua fortis, in Nucleus's apartments, is continually eating up his majesty's halfpence; and aqua regia, now and then, feeds upon a half guinea; while copper filings and spirits of hartshorn, brass and sea salt, treble-distilled vinegar, spirit of

tartar, and a hundred more, are dying his ivory tobacco-stoppers with all the colours of the rainbow.

You need not doubt but he has a skeleton in a box, and a scull on a shelf, two globes with red leather nightcaps, and thermometers and barometers in abundance. In short, his house is one continued nest of manly toys and playthings, and he himself is always diverting himself among them.

This Nucleus is yet stiled a man of knowledge, and is in truth a modern philosopher, one who is fond of the means, without troubling himself about their end and design; and is not unlike the countryman, who, coming to a gaudy sign-post to drink with a friend, stood without, gaping and wondering at the duke of Cumberland's head, and suffered his companion within to drink up all the liquor.

But, after all, so little do they know, who really seek knowledge, and so much less do they, who only *play* with these natural experiments, that I think Nucleus is very little better than King-Pepin in Bedlam, who is always wearing a straw crown: or the boy at the head of the canal, who shews you the resistance of the water, by making his stones dive and rise again, like ducks and drakes in a pond.

Would Nucleus be an useful philosopher, let his expences and experiments be rather turned to the improvement of arts and sciences; let him apply his powers, and not idle them away; let him bless mankind with useful discoveries, or at least discover where they are not to be expected; for of the two philosophical madnesses which have been the fashions of the present and the last century, I think the old system the most rational, though it aimed at a vain chimera and philosopher's stone; since by continued variety of experiments something curious and useful (as was the case) might be accidentally struck upon, while the same set of trifling experiments daily repeated, can have no other end, than to render Nucleus, and all his imitators, under the masks of scholars and philosophers, mere pedantical bauble-hunters, and puppet-show men.

It is worthy of a wise man to distinguish between things, really useful to himself and to society, and those mere vagrant and fleeting objects of vanity which assail him. The most lasting pleasure is to be derived from pursuits which are the most rational and interesting to community: all others, like the transient gleam of sun-shine in a cloudy day, will ultimately be succeeded by an impervious gloom. The collectors of shells, medals, old brick-bats, and rusty iron, *not to say the Editors of periodical publications*, may be deemed the most useless members of community, where the cultivation of the practical sciences and virtues are productive

of

of the most general good. Within the circle of the liberal arts and sciences there are many walks, in which different geniuses may pursue different studies, that may at once be pleasurable to themselves and beneficial to society; and, in some of these walks, many have eminently distinguished themselves and acquired a species of fame, the tribute of gratitude, from the judicious public, and their memory will be transmitted with honour to late posterity. The names of Bacon, Newton, Boyle, Harvey, Locke, and many others, will ever be mentioned with respect; their works are so many monuments, fabricated of such substantial materials, that they will last, and publish their merit till the world of letters itself shall be dissolved.

Q in a corner.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Description of several curious natural Caves. Communicated by an ingenious Gentleman of Ireland.

ABOUT two miles from Kilkenny, in the neighbourhood of the Park-house of Donmore, formerly occupied by the duke of Ormond, is a number of caves, as curious, perhaps, as any mentioned in history, except those of Antiparos, in the Archipelago. After a difficult descent of about one hundred feet, the entrance into this subterraneous world is gained. The appearance of the first cavern is uncommonly awful, and gives rise to an idea of a Gothic structure, grand in ruin. The solemnity of this place is not a little increased by the gaiety of those scenes, that present themselves on every side, previous to our entering it. The floor is uneven, and stones of various sizes are promiscuously dispersed upon it. The sides are composed of ragged work, in some parts covered with moss, and in others curiously frosted; and from the roof, which is a kind of arch, several huge rocks project beyond each other, that seem to threaten instant ruin. The circumference of this cave is not less than two hundred feet, and its height about fifty. Here is a small but continual dropping of water from the ceiling, and a few petrifications, resembling icicles. This place has its inhabitants; for, immediately on entering into it, you are surprized with a confused noise, which is occasioned by a multitude of wild pigeons. Hence there is a passage towards the left, where, by a small ascent, a kind of hole is gained, like, but larger than, the mouth of an oven, which introduces to a place, where, by the help of candles, day-light being

U u 2 entirely

entirely excluded, a broken and surprising scene of monstrous stones, heaped on each other, chequered with various colours, inequality of rocks over-head, and an infinity of stactical stones, presents itself. Nature, one would imagine, designed the first cave as a preparative for what remains to be seen; by it the eye is familiarized with uncommon and awful objects, and the mind tolerably fortified against those ideas that result from a combination of appearances, unthought of, surprising, and menacing. The spectator flatters himself that he has nothing to behold more awful, nor any thing more dangerous to meet, than what he finds in the first cavern; but he soon discovers his mistake, for the bare want of that light, which dresses nature with gaiety, is alone sufficient to render the second far more dreadful. In the first he fancies ruin frowns upon him from several parts; but in this it is threatened from a thousand vast rocks rudely piled on each other, that compose the sides, which seem bending in, and a multitude of no smaller size are pendent from the roof in the most extraordinary manner: add to this, that by a false step one would be dashed from precipice to precipice. Indeed, it would be matter of much difficulty, or rather impracticable, to walk over this apartment, had not nature, as if studious for the safety of the curious, caused sorts of branches to shoot from the surface of the rocks, which are remarkably unequal, and always damp. These branches are from four to six inches in length, and nearly as thick. They are useful in the summits of the rocks to prevent slipping, and in the sides are ladders, whereby to descend and ascend with tolerable facility. This astonishing anfractuons passage leads to a place far more curious than any of the rest. On entering into it, one is almost induced to believe himself situated in an ancient temple, decorated with all the expence of art; yet, notwithstanding the beauty and splendor that catch the eye on every side, there is something of solemnity in the fashion of the place which must be felt by the most ordinary spectator. The floor, in some parts, is covered with a crystalline substance; the sides, in many places, are incrusted with the same, wrought in a mode not unlike the Gothic stile of ornament, and the top is almost intirely covered with inverted pyramids of the like elegantly white and lucid matter. At the points of these stactical streets, are perpetually hanging drops of pellucid water, for, when one falls, another succeeds. These pendent gems contribute not a little to the glory of the roof, which, when the place is properly illuminated, appears as if formed of the purest crystal. Here are three extraordinary and beautiful congelations, which
without

without the aid of a strong imagination, may be taken for an organ, altar, and cross. The former, except when strictly examined, appears to be a regular work of art, and is of a considerable size; the second is of a simple form, rather long than square; and the third reaches from the floor to the roof, which must be about twenty feet. These curious figures are owing to water that falls from the upper parts of the cave to the ground, which coagulated into stone from time to time, until at length it acquired those forms which are now so pleasing; or to an exsudation or extillation of petrifying juices out of the earth; or perhaps they partake of the nature of spar, which is a kind of rock plant. The former seems to be the most probable supposition, as these figures, in colour and consistence, appear exactly like the icicles on the top, which are only seen from the wet parts of the caverns; and in this place there is a greater oozing of water, and a much larger number of petrifications, than in any other. When this curious apartment has been sufficiently examined, the guides lead you for a considerable way through winding places, until a glimmering light agreeably surprizes. Here the journey of above a quarter of a mile, through those parts, is ended: but, upon returning into the first cavern, the entrance into other apartments, less curious indeed, but as extensive as those we have described, offers itself. The passages into some of those are so very low, that there is a necessity of creeping through them: by these we proceed until the noise of a subterraneous river is heard, but farther none have ventured.

B.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.*An ESSAY on Propriety of Conduct.**Nil temere, nec timore.*

AMONGST the various persuasions to engage us to the performance of all the social virtues, that which proceeds from the serenity of a good conscience must certainly be the most pressing, as well as the most advantageous to such a design. There is something so pleasing in the reflection of having discharged our duty and trust with fidelity and honour, that there is no need of having any other stimulus to excite us to such a conduct. And as virtue is the most reasonable and genuine source of honour, and the foundation of a self-approving conscience, we cannot sufficiently admire it, nor be enough solicitous

solicitous to cultivate its acquaintance. It is owing to a want of virtue, that we run into so many acts of folly and rashness; which not only tend to the destruction of our peace, but also render us despicable in the eye of every thinking being. And as acts of fear may be said to take their rise from the same beginning as those of inconsiderateness and rashness, I shall attempt to explain from what motives each of them proceeds, as far as my weak pen will allow me.

First then, rashness proceeds in many cases from a want of attention to the business we are employed in, from a particular obstinacy in our tempers, or from a self-sufficiency of our own abilities. A person may be possessed of a great share of understanding, and at the same time commit acts of folly through inattention, which will be no ways correspondent with his other qualities, and must consequently lessen that esteem which is otherwise due to him. Obstinacy, in other cases, may be the cause of this passion; and when that prevails, self-sufficiency is frequently an attendant. This is too often the effect of youth; the passions at that season are generally violently agitated by some external objects of excitement. Unaccustomed to any serious thought, and frequently unassisted by any virtuous example, the dissipater rushes on to every act of excess and folly, gives a loose to his passions, and is every hour committing some imprudence or other, which he the next moment repents of. How many, by indulging this passion, have squandered away large estates, and dissipated fortunes, which some industrious predecessor had heaped together at the expence of many years toil and labour! How many, through this vice, have been reduced to the lowest degrees of indigence and want, and repented, when too late, of their ignorance and stupidity! In people of inferior stations of life, this temper cannot be at all excusable, as they have not the same temptations, through the want of an ability to support their follies. And yet it is often seen, that they, even in their contracted spheres, are daily running into extravagances of this nature, and committing the same follies as their superiors, only in a lower degree.

In short, there is no station in life, no particular disposition, in which this temerity is not at one time or other predominant, and in many cases productive of the most fatal consequences.

In the next place, fear proceeds from many different causes, according to the various objects that it actuates. The covetous man's life may be said to be one continued succession of fears. The fears that possess him in the heaping up his riches, the fears of losing them and being reduced to want, imbitter his peace,

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peace, and never suffer him to enjoy one moment's comfort. What a wretched life must this worldlying lead, who, in the midst of plenty, is continually dreading the thoughts of poverty; and, though a stranger to contentment, excuses himself by a pretence of acquiring such a particular sum, and then he will live happy! But, alas! how are we deceived, when we see him the same groveling earth-worm he was before; and, instead of being bettered by his acquisitions, a great deal farther removed from happiness than he was at first setting out. Other fears arise from a consciousness of evil actions; and either increase or diminish, according as the mind is more or less inclined to vice. In the commission of any vice, fear proceeds from the reflections which our consciences make upon it, and the uneasiness which is caused in our breasts by such a crime. The most abandoned wretches have, at some time or other, cool moments of remorse; wherein the recollection of each vice causes a secret dread, and renders their darling pleasures their most severe pains.

Upon the whole, if we would desire to be happy, we must make use of reason and judgement, and act prudently and consistently with our characters, as rational beings framed for noble purposes. We must never set about any business without considering it well, weighing every circumstance that may occur in the course of its transaction, and being careful to guard against any troubles or disappointments that may ensue therein. If we would desire to live free from any anxieties and fears, we must never commit any thing that may cause them; but in every station of life act with prudence and resolution, and discharge our several trusts with fidelity and honour. Then let the event be what it may, we shall have the satisfaction of a good conscience, and the approbation of our own hearts; which will give us serenity and calmness of mind in prosperity, and be our greatest comfort and support in adversity. Cheerfulness and good-nature, the great ornaments of virtue, as Mr. Addison pertinently observes, will constantly attend us; and in every station of life we shall pursue our business with the greatest deliberation; honourably acquitting ourselves of every duty, and acting in such a manner as to expect the strictest scrutiny to be made into every minute circumstance of our lives. Thus fear, the attendant of mean souls, will have no influence upon us, but be held in the greatest contempt; we shall account it worthy of those only, whose spirits argue the lowest degree of baseness, having not the least title to be ranked amongst those of nobler minds, who act conformable to the rules of virtue, and whose grandest motto is to

de nil temere, nec timere.

L.
For

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

A DISSERTATION upon SOLITUDE.

HAPPY is he who, estranged from the tumultuous bustle of the world, enjoys the sweets of a delightful solitude, and whose principal conversation consists of an agreeable intercourse with himself. The testimonies of a good conscience make him view with contempt the follies and vanities of the world. His sole ambition is centered in mental tranquility; he neither fears the inconsistency of fortune, nor the caprices of fate; he contemns riches, and despises the transitory grandeurs of the earth. Satisfied with the present, he is perfectly easy about the future. Contented with himself, he is never a burthen to his companions. He never finds himself under the disagreeable necessity of speaking against his sentiments, or feeling the effects of stubborn contradiction. Distant from the court, he has nothing to dread from the ill humours of a prince; nor need he take any mortifying trouble to insinuate himself into his good graces. He is not compelled to exercise the mean complaisance exacted by the great; and he is so happily situated that it is impossible for him to injure any one. He studies the past, observes the present, and limits his cares to himself, without troubling himself with the business of others. Equally inaccessible to pride and ambition, avarice appears to him madness, and luxury a brilliant folly; envy a meanness, and laziness a crime. Employed in praising his Creator, his tongue is never exercised about trifles. Having no cause to be melancholy, or out of temper, he sees nothing that can displease him. Engaged in the converse of the wise and learned men of antiquity, he finds himself happily delivered from the importunities of his silly cotemporaries. Sober and frugal in his repasts, he does not expose his health to the dangers of luxury. He can compass all he wants, because he requires nothing but what is in his power. He goes to rest with tranquility, and rises with joy. Time is a blessing to him, and his life is a tissue of intermingled silk and gold. His correspondence is with heaven, whither his thoughts incessantly carry him. He has no desires for the things of this world, because he is acquainted with their transitory duration. He sighs only for celestial objects, to which all his views are confined. In a word, he waits for death, without either desiring or fearing it.

T.

For

*For the MONTHLY LEDGER.**Description of a wonderful Cavern in Upper-Hungary.*

NEAR Strelitze, an inconsiderable village in Upper-Hungary, is a most wonderful cavern, in the middle of a large mountain. The aperture, which fronts the South, is eighteen fathoms high, and eight broad; and consequently wide enough to receive the South wind, which generally blows here with great violence. Its subterraneous passages consist entirely of solid rock, stretching away farther South than has yet been discovered. As far as it is practicable to go, the height is found to be fifty fathoms, and the breadth twenty-six. But the most unaccountable singularity in the cavern is, that in the heart of winter the air is warm on the inside; and, when the heat of the sun without is scarcely supportable, freezing cold within. When the snows melt in the spring, the inside of the cave, where the surface is exposed to the South sun, emits a pellucid water, which congeals immediately as it drops, by the extreme cold. The icicles are of the bigness of a large cask; and, spreading into ramifications, form very odd figures: the very water that drops from the icicles on the ground, which is sandy, freezes in an instant. It is observable also, that the greater the heat is without, the more intense is the cold within; and in the dog-days all parts are covered with ice. In autumn, when the nights grow cold, and the diurnal heats abate, the ice in the cave begins to dissolve, inasmuch that by winter no ice is to be seen: the cavern then becomes perfectly dry, and of a mild warmth. At this time it is surprizing to see the swarms of flies and gnats, also bats and owls, and even of hares and foxes, that make this place their winter retreat, till in the beginning of spring it again grows too cold for them.

*For the MONTHLY LEDGER.**Of W I T S.*

THERE is no one character, which is more frequently and preposterously usurped, than that of a wit. Women are not more fond of being thought beauties, than men are of this accomplishment: you may almost call it the universal passion: all are or would be wits. Wit, like manners, is local and relative, one thing in one age, and another in another.

It is not the same in town and country, in one part of the town and the other end of it. Formerly a wit was a serious thinking creature, with a fine understanding, a comprehensive genius, a delicate imagination, able to express himself properly and beautifully, either in or out of numbers. Such were Socrates, Cicero, Homer, and Virgil, which last Horace calls *ingens ingenium*, a great wit, and yet there are very few laughs in the whole *Æneid*. But these are old-fashioned wits, such as rise once in a thousand years, like comets, which make such tedious revolutions, that they elude computation, and affright us when they appear. We must therefore deny this character to the greatest part of our species who are ambitious of it, or grant it on easier terms than those above mentioned. The ancients wrote with a painful exactness; they are said to have scratched their heads and bit their nails to the quick. The moderns shine in productions, which neither discompose their perriwigs, nor hurt their fingers. Some of your wits of Greece and Rome were slovens; witness that rough Mantuan, who seldom went to the barber's, had his robe hanging down about his heels, and his shoe fitter for his head than his foot. If we allow wit to such mortals, what shall we do with the smarts and pretty fellows, who now-a-days pretend to it? I know not how to compromise this matter, but by allowing the prodigies of antiquity the title their friend Horace gives them, of great wits, and the others the name of little ones: the former may be called the merchants and wholesale dealers in the affairs of genius; the latter, the haberdashers of small wares. Of these there are infinite divisions and subdivisions. There are your country and your town, your bodily and spirited, wits, those that write, and those that prate, and those that do neither, but perform some feats of activity in the field, and at or over the table. Of these there are your sharp and blunt wits; the one cuts like a razor, and the other knocks you down with his joke. The former are the men of repartee and endless pleasantry, marked out in Horace by the particular sharpness of their noses, to whom his friend Virgil was by no means a match. There are your dry wits, who break unexpectedly upon you; a sort of left-handed combatants, against whom there is no guarding; and opposite to these are the wet wits, who drink down a neighbourhood, and so deservedly pass for the strongest heads in a country. Again, you often meet with first, and as often with second-hand, wits, like the voice and its echo, the one says, and the other faithfully repeats. There are, who make the muscles of the face, the adjustment of dress, the importance of a nod or smile, and the

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the jerk of their motion, subservient to this character. Among the various sorts of wits there is one, whom I would willingly call no wit at all: I mean those who set up for wit by avowed impudence and dull profaneness. This I take to be the case of the modern infidels, who, destitute of talents to entertain and shine in the way of common sense and propriety, resolve, however, to be remarkable at any rate, and commence the finest spirits, by boldly opposing, and insipidly ridiculing, whatever the sensible part of mankind have maintained and esteemed.

MENTOR.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Noble Behaviour of the present Empress of Russia.

A Gentleman named Carlowinski, on an excursion to his country-seat, which was but a few miles from Petersburg, accidentally saw a young woman of about twenty, daughter to one of his vassals, with whose person he was so much pleased, that he sent an order to her father, desiring that she might be brought to his house that evening, very plainly declaring for what purpose he made the request. The old man, who was not utterly destitute of natural honour, was greatly shocked at the command, and took the liberty of waiting on his lord, at whose feet he instantly fell, and implored in the humblest manner, that he would not insist upon the violation of his daughter. Instead of being moved with the tears and intreaties of his vassal, M. Carlowinski was enraged to the last degree to find the smallest opposition to his will, and immediately ordered his servants to give him the knout, a very severe kind of punishment, which is inflicted by tying the offender down upon his face, and beating him with sticks, upon the naked back, till he is rendered totally insensible through the excess of pain and extreme loss of blood. The young woman hearing by some means of her father's treatment, and perhaps imagining she might be used with equal severity, posted immediately off to Petersburg, to wait for an opportunity of throwing herself at the feet, and begging the protection, of the empress. Very fortunately, as she entered the city, she met her imperial majesty returning from church, and followed the royal coach so closely to the palace-gate, that she found it no way difficult to execute her purpose as the empress stepped out, which she accordingly did, and with the greatest success. Her majesty was observed to be greatly affected at the recital of the poor girl's melancholy

story, and ordered her to be properly taken care of, till the arrival of M. Carlowinski, for whom she immediately sent. The moment he appeared, her majesty ordered the young woman to be called in, and finding her complaint in every circumstance to be just, reprimanded him in the severest terms, and ordered him instantly to make a proper atonement for the scandalous injustice and inhumanity of his conduct. M. Carlowinski endeavoured to excuse himself as well as he possibly could, and mentioned something of the customary right which every nobleman had to the person and property of his vassals: to which her majesty made this remarkable reply; "Right, Carlowinski! nothing can be right which is repugnant to the laws of justice and nature. Would it not appear very extraordinary in me, if I were to seize on your property and life, without having the smallest reason for so great a severity? and can you possibly have so great a claim to any thing belonging to your vassal, or your tenant, as I have, both as mistress and sovereign to every thing which is my subject's? I am sorry to say, Carlowinski, you are a fool as well as a libertine; but know this from me, sir, that your vassals are my people; and be assured, that I shall soon take such measures as shall make the greatest man in my dominions tremble, who thinks of exacting an obedience to his power from the unhappy peasant, which is not due to his virtues. The poorest wretch in my empire, as a man, is entitled to my warmest protection, and shall always find a refuge in me, as long as he continues by honesty and justice to deserve it."

The consequence of this affair was, that the old man and his daughter were declared immediately free, and Carlowinski obliged to settle an hundred rubles a year upon them for ever, to which her majesty was pleased to order as much more to be added out of the public revenues; and though a few of the nobility appeared dissatisfied at this abridgement of their ancient power, yet the Empress had the satisfaction of hearing her behaviour loudly applauded by the general voice of the best and wisest in the kingdom.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

IF the Editor of the Monthly Ledger thinks the following extract from Price's Review worthy a place in his useful miscellany, inserting the same will oblige a well-wisher to his truly Christian plan. The erecting the standard of virtue and morality, and assisting in the most important business of life,

as an opposite to the numerous publications, purposely for the promotion of evil and licentiousness, with which the nation at this juncture is unhappily infested, cannot be thought unseasonable.

PISCATOR.

Suffolk, Jan. 16, 1774.

REFLECTIONS on VIRTUE and VICE.

VIRTUE is the fountain of all honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness, in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient, and, without which, the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities they become. The use and influence of *it* are not confined to any one part or stage of our existence, or to any particular situation or circumstances we can be in, but reach through all parts of our beings, and all the periods or circumstances of them. Many of the endowments, talents, and powers, we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease intirely with the *present state*; but *this* will be our ornament and dignity, in that *future state* to which we shall be removed. *Beauty* and *wit* will die, *learning* will vanish away, and all the *arts of life* be soon forgotten, but *virtue* will remain for ever. *This* unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends.

But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that *it* makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his almighty power in our defence. The farther any being is advanced in perfection, and the larger his sphere of power, knowledge, and influence, the greater is his attachment to *it*, and the more he is under *its* direction. Such is the importance of *virtue*. Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we practise *it*! There is no argument or motive which is at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to *this*. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world. If you are wise then, reader, study *virtue*, and condemn every thing that comes in competition with *it*. Remember, that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember, that *this* alone is honour, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure *this*, and you secure *every thing*. Lose *this*, and *all* is lost.

But

But let us next consider *vice*. To the same degree that *virtue* is *important and amiable*, this is *evil and detestable*. It is of essential malignity and ill-desert, the only real object of censure and blame, and the source of all evils. Other things which are called evils, such as diseases, poverty, losses, and calumny, affect only what is external; but they need not, except we please, disturb our minds or do the least injury to what is truly *ourselves*. But *vice* pierces and wounds, disorders and lays waste *ourselves*, and plants anguish, uproar, and death, in the soul itself. Other evils may in the end prove to be benefits to us, but *this* is eternally and unchangeably evil; the bane of every heart into which it enters; the certain ruin of all who do not in time rescue themselves from its dominion. It is impossible to conceive what it is to set up *our own wills* against reason and the *divine will*, to violate the order of the world, and depart from that law which governs all things, and by which the Deity acts. There is no object in nature so hideous and monstrous as a reasonable being defiled with guilt, living in contradiction to the remonstrances of his understanding, trampling on the authority of God, and opposing himself to the obligations of truth and righteousness.

But nothing is fitter to give us a deeper sense of the dreadful nature of *vice*, than to consider what would be the consequence, if it became prevalent through the creation, and if all beings were to throw off all regard to right and equity. With what groans and desolation of anarchy and misery would it convert a fair and happy universe! How soon would it blast the whole beauty of the divine works, and involve them in one universal midnight and ruin! Now let it be well observed, that every instance of moral evil has a tendency to this. It is that begun, which, carried farther, would issue in it. We cannot, therefore, indulge one irregular desire, or wrong thought, without taking a step towards all that is terrible, without so far doing our part towards defacing the creation, and overturning all law, order, and bliss.

What we thus, from the idea of *vice*, may see would be the effects of it, if universally prevalent, we find in some measure verified by actual experience and fact. Into this world we know it has got admission, and what havock do we see it has made? How has it spread its malignant effects through all nations and lands? It is not, indeed, easy for a benevolent mind to bear the prospect here before it, or to take a particular view of that flood of disaster and woe, which *vice* has let in upon the human race. From hence proceed unnumbered calamities and evils, which are continually infesting us, and mingling

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mingling disappointment, vexation, and bitterness, with our enjoyments and comforts.

This is the cruel enemy which renders men destructive to men; which racks the body with pain, and the mind with remorse; which produces strife, anger, clamour, revenge, and oppression; which embroils society, kindles the flames of war, and erects inquisitions; which takes away peace from life, and hope from death; which brought forth death at first, and has ever since clothed it with all its terrors; which arms nature and the God of nature against us; and against which it has been (and ought more so to have been) the business of all ages, to find out provisions and securities by various institutions, forms of government, decrees, and laws.

But the effects of *vice* in the present world, however shocking, are nothing to what we have reason to expect will be its effects hereafter, when the good and the bad shall continue no longer blended; when the natural tendencies of things will be no more interrupted in their operations; when the moral constitution of the universe will be perfected, and every one receive according to what he deserves. What the wrath will be which will then overtake *vice*, it may not be possible for us to imagine. When we seriously consider what it is in its nature and tendency, we can hardly have too dreadful apprehensions of the punishment that may follow, and the loss we may incur by it; or be too anxious about extirpating all the remains of it from our tempers and lives, and escaping to as great a distance as possible, from the danger with which it threatens us.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

*"The man, that's true and stedfast to his trust,
Averse to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Its senseless clamour and tumultuous cries;
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In one vast ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world."*

NATURE, subjected to laws which the Deity established, maintains a steady course, nor can be made to deviate from it, to gratify the fond wish of a prince or a peasant. The centripetal and centrifugal force, acting on the insensible particles of inert matter, necessarily dissolve some material systems to form others. Indeed the corruption of some bodies is essential

tial to the generation of others *. Even rocks moulder under the corroding hand of time, and walls of adamant gradually decay. Animal substances, the insensible parts whereof attract each other less than more solid bodies, are not destined to last so long as many of the artificial fabrics, raised by mens hands, which remain for ages after their architects have been reduced to dust, and the memory of them has sunk into oblivion. Mutilated monuments of human wit, industry, and ingenuity, are scattered over the face of the globe, erected by men who have been long embosomed in the earth, and of whose names no trace or legible record is to be found: and while mankind rejoice over the works of their own hands, forgetting the short period of human existence, they seldom reflect, that from the fondly-conceived plan which demands the prime of life, and all the vigour of manhood to execute, themselves will be incapable of deriving much real advantage; their *posterity*, they know not *who*, people *unborn*, whether *worthy* or *unworthy*, may reap the fruit of their labour, from whose gratitude and praise they can receive nothing to augment or lessen their future felicity or misery. That man, indeed, must possess a little soul, whose charity *begins* and *ends* at *home*, or whose care extends not beyond himself and his own time. We should feel for posterity, but not forego our own essential interest and happiness to promote it. It is a species of patriotism for which the laurels of fame still bloom around the tombs of *some* ancient heroes of antiquity, whose example, however, none but lunatics could be prompted to imitate. Self-love is the first law in nature, and it is not annulled by religion. Every precept which it enjoins proposes the ultimate superior good of individuals; and, though an attention to its duties may deprive us of some gratifications, and subject us to some temporary pains and inconveniences; yet, one end proposed, to excite our submission and resignation, is an infinitely greater degree of happiness. *Christian martyrs are induced,*

* "Millions of animals are born with the morning sun, and probably feel the pangs of death before noon: great numbers of them by their death preserve life, or give convenience to others, who otherwise could not live at all, or must live on very ill terms. Vegetables rise, grow, decay, and die, and rise up again in other shapes. All nature is in perpetual rotation, and working through a thousand revolutions to its last period, and the consummation of all things, when its great Author will know how to make all individuals recompence for the evils which they have suffered here, and perhaps give us faculties to know, admire, and glorify his conduct, in those instances of it which may seem most mysterious to our narrow capacities in this frail state."

induced, by the joy that is set before them, to endure the cross, and despise the shame. The most amiable public virtue, indulged beyond the bounds of reason, degenerates into vice. It were a vice in a benevolent person to relieve an indigent neighbour, while his own family is in want. Even mercy, extended in certain cases, and beyond proper bounds, is a public evil.

The brevity of human life is one of the few subjects which admits of no doubt or disputation. The uncertainty of human life is another that is universally admitted. The doctrines of the *immortality of the soul*, and a *future retribution*, are indeed doubted by a few, while they are believed by a *great majority of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people*. Every man, therefore, is wanting to himself, if he neglects to enquire what are his particular duties in life, or omits to discharge them. We are tenants at will, stewards of the manifold grace committed to our trust, and we know not how soon we shall be called upon to give up our accounts to an infallible Judge, who will deal with us "*according to our works*." "The Christian world is divided in opinion about many speculative points, modes of devotion, and rituals of religion. We all, however, agree in acknowledging, that *inward piety* is the very *essence of religion*, and that the obligation to moral virtue is enforced by *inward piety*. The motive to the latter is the *love of God*, and to the former, the *love of mankind*. The more we cherish these affections, the more acceptable will be our devotion; the more consistent and beneficial our moral actions in society, the better shall we be prepared to quit the mortal stage, and to enter on a superior one." The obligation of our several duties, to *God* and *mankind*, is founded in the relation we stand in to both; and were mankind more frequently to contemplate these relations, LOVE, the worthiest motive to the religious and moral virtues, would increase, and we should feel stronger incitements to the practice of both. The truly wise man, who contemplates his origin and anticipates his end, means at least to be not only just but generous, not only *righteous* but *good*. The passion of self-love, like a stream kept within certain limits, is not suffered to deluge his reason, or encroach on the happiness of his fellow-creatures: and, if a sudden impetuous passion, like a flood, ever makes it overflow the boundaries which sober reason prescribes, he is unwearied in attempting to restrain its current, in repairing the breach, and in atoning, by every possible method, for the damage which it has done to his neighbours.

Coveting more than temperance wants has been the bane of morality and of public and domestic harmony. This sordid passion overleaps the bounds of right, puts a man on every

dirty trick or mean artifice, to draw from the public more than he can reasonably claim, expect, or desire, while it even disqualifies him from enjoyment of the present life, and renders him, as well as the luxurious sensualist, indifferent about a future one. Such people too seldom reflect on the uncertainty of life, and on the vanity of all human pursuits, till it may be too late to profit by it; or on the duties which relate to the happiness of eternity, till affliction or old age has brought them to the very verge of it.

Whatever the gay and the thoughtless, who have laid the reins of reason loosely on the neck of fancy, may think, it behoves us to carry this memento with us throughout all the transactions of life, "REMEMBER THOU ART MORTAL, AND MUST DIE;" and "AFTER DEATH COMETH THE JUDGEMENT."

Though most men acknowledge the truth of these propositions, the greater part seem to live as if they expected to be exempted from the common lot of human nature; while age and infirmities urge many onward to the margin of the grave, the love of what they cannot long retain increases with their years; and, when they are no longer capable of active pursuit, other hands are employed to execute those plans which their own foolish hearts have conceived, from which they promised themselves so much and can derive so little. Were the worth of the things of this life estimated by their real usefulness to us in it, none would covet more of them than they could enjoy; and therefore fewer would rue the want of less than nature requires. Providence has dealt bountifully with his creatures; he has furnished them with a plenty, and it is the *monopoly* of *avarice*, with the *waste* of *luxury*, that have produced a scarcity. The unremitted attention and industry of a great part of mankind, in civilized countries, is designed to make acquisitions which are as useless to them, as a pair of shoes and a staff are to the dead*; they cannot contribute to their happiness in this world, nor procure them any in a future one. *We brought nothing with us into this world, and we can carry nothing with us out of it.* Death strips and levels all without distinction; in the grave, worms respect no man's person; and, beyond the grave, terrestrial dignities are no more. Virtue is the only species of riches of which we may not be deprived in *time*, and that can avail us any thing in *eternity*. With this durable treasure every one may be enriched, "*and lay up for himself a good foundation against the time to come.*" It is not an article of monopoly; the

* It is the practice of some countries to put a staff and a pair of shoes into the grave with the deceased.

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mine of virtue, like a *free port*, is accessible to people of *all nations*; every faithful labourer in it is *reckoned* a proprietor of it; and, in whatever distinction he may be held amongst men, will have an equal share of its profits at the *final audit*, when he comes to make up his accounts. Whatever pains may have attended his labours, they will terminate in fruition at the close of the day, in a superior sphere, where the "*weary will be at rest.*"

In the anticipation of death, there is something, indeed, solemn to the *best of men*, and dreadful to the *worst*. The former have hope, like an anchor, that keeps them in a steadfast dependance on the Almighty, during the most afflictive tempestuous seasons *in life and in death*; while the latter, agitated with fear, (like a shattered bark, destitute of anchor, compass, or rudder, left to the mercy of winds and waves,) becomes the sport of doubts and despair; they "*feel a thousand deaths in fearing one,*" and are still more alarmed with the expectation of that "*something after death,*" a future retribution, from which they have so much to fear, and nothing to hope.

Some men, indeed, have gone out of the world as stupid as they lived in it; sensual gratifications early supplanted every virtuous principle and brought on a mental intoxication, and from which even the pangs of death did not *apparently* recover them. On the very margin of eternity they appeared to be as destitute of *fear* as of *hope*, and the last important step between them and death was taken without discovering any solicitude of knowing where that step might lead them.

Others, fortified in the reputed strong holds of Epicurus's philosophy, amidst a *concourse of fortuitous atoms*, fight the fear of death with the hope of annihilation. Such, however, are seen to gather paleness, even to stand trembling in a thunder-storm, and with doubts they arrive at the confines of eternity; and well may they tremble!

The *virtuous* believer, it must be granted, *may gain much*, and can *lose* nothing; but the vicious infidel *may suffer much*, and can *gain* nothing. The hopes of the former extend beyond the grave; he departs this life in peace, and is prepared to enter upon one that is infinitely better. He feels his corporeal system is dissolving, but he expects to escape, unimpaired, from its ruins. The joyful hope of surviving "*the wreck of nature and the crush of worlds*" illumines him in the valley of the shadow of death; while the latter gropes in the dark, and finds even his favourite idea of annihilation to be fraught with horror. His soul, "*like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons, shrinks into itself, looks back,*" would recal time, and "*startles at destruction.*"

I mean not to anticipate the righteous decision of the Almighty, or presume to determine what will be the final lot of men who "*err concerning the faith.*" We are enjoined to "*put up our prayers for all men,*" and should be cautious in letting down curses upon *any*. Whether "*but few*" or *many* "*will be saved*" is known to him only who made *all*. Is it an impertinent question which divine wisdom did not think proper to resolve; and those, who have since attempted to do it, have proposed to us their own conjectures, instead of proofs. We are told, indeed, "*if ye die in your sins, whither I go ye cannot come;*" but the author of this sentence has not established any external criterion whereby we can ascertain who they are that have died in their sins; and, as we are not capable of knowing what passes in the agonizing moments of dissolution, betwixt the soul and its Author, the safest article of faith, to me, on this head is, that we shall ultimately "*fall into the hands of God, and not into the hands of men,*" who will deal with us according to the rectitude of his own incomprehensible attributes. THE JUDGE OF THE WHOLE EARTH WILL DO RIGHT. Let not, however, any presume on the mercy of God, and postpone the necessary work of repentance to the evening of old age, or the twilight of death. The *virtuous* are *fit to live*, and prepared to die: they are *always safe*; but the *vicious* are *always in danger*.

The loud trump of mortality is perpetually sounded in every quarter of the globe; and the messenger of death, that unwelcome guest, daily visits the house of some neighbour, some beloved relative, or of some intimate friend, with whom we have passed many social hours, taken sweet counsel, and approached to the altar: in a short time he will enter our own: he may be on the threshold, though we perceive him not, waiting the appointed time to conduct us into the common repository of all flesh. The evil day, near at hand to all, is viewed afar off by too many. It steals upon the thoughtless, like a thief in the night, at a time that sensual gratifications have lulled them into a dangerous repose, breaks up their illusive dreams, and robs them of their visionary treasure. In that hour, what would not a man give in exchange for his soul? Let every one calmly put this question to himself, and it may suggest to him a series of interesting reflections that may be at once the means of rendering him wiser, happier, and better.

SERIOUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

An Address to Mankind in general, and to the LEARNED in particular.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR littleneſſes,

WH O our parents were, or by whom we were invented, the learned are not agreed, but all acknowledge our high birth and antiquity, and ſome *preſume* (we beg your pardon, the learned oftner *preſume* than *prove*) that we are of divine original. On this ſubject, indeed, we have filled up many pages, *pro* and *con.* in ſeveral languages; but we have not *taken* any part in the diſpute, though we have had ſo much in it; for we are detached from all parties, while we ſupport all; and are alſo incapable of being influenced by any, while we are the tools of all; being naturally free from every bias, always *peaceable*, without any *occult qualities*, *ſympathies*, or *anti-pathies*; but we are often the means of ſetting people together by the ears on theſe as well as other ſubjects; and then we are combined, tranſpoſed, and tortured on the rack of ſophiſtry a thouſand ways, and made to confeſs what we never meant, nor were intended to mean; and, were it not for us and other *alphabets*, pens, ink, and paper, would be a drug; not a word in the world could have been ſpoken or appeared in print, nor any rhetorical powers diſplayed in *Weſtminſter-hall*, or at *Bil-lingſgate*; a perpetual ſilence would have reigned amongſt men, unleſs they had *brayed* like *aſſes*, *bleated* like *ſheep*, *barked* like *dogs*, *squeaked* like *pigs*, or *hiſſed* like *ſerpents*. But though we have no ideas, and are incapable of any, nor the gift of ſpeech which ſome of you ſeem to have without ideas, yet we are uſed to communicate knowledge to them that have, who daily make uſe of us in conveying intelligence to and from every quarter of the globe; and ſome of you are indeed weak enough to imagine that by our means you can convey intelligence to heaven, and are not unlike your anceſtors, the *Phariſees*, thoſe conſummate hypocrites, who *prayed ſtanding in the corners of ſtreets*, and thought they ſhould be heard for their much ſpeaking. We are made up of parts (call them black and white *monads*, or mathematical points, if you pleaſe); but we have no paſſions, and yet we are the means of exciting any paſſion of which human nature is capable; however, we ſhall not have to account for the evil we have occaſioned, but every man will have, more or leſs, to account for the evil which he has committed by the abuſe of us.

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We have, indeed, no intrinsic *merit* or *holiness*, yet the most holy things are communicated by us. The bible itself contains not any single word which some of us have not formed.

We have no more *liberty* than *holiness*, nor can we have any, being *necessarily*, in truth, what his *wickedness*, the *pope*, only pretends to be, *servus servorum*, or the *servant of servants*; yet the *dearest* charter of *English liberty* could not have had an existence without us. *Magna Charta*, both the title and contents, were framed by us, and we support every syllable in it, and in every other literal pillar of the constitution. We have, indeed, been compelled to pervert and undermine the important doctrines designed by both these scriptures, (*between which we mean to make no indecent comparison*,) yet we are blameless, and shall leave our masters to account for the use they have made of us in their multifarious comments upon their several texts, when we shall be no more.

We composed the first lesson you learnt at school, which is the last you will forget; and the *good old women*, your tutoreesses in the *horn-book*, are the only class among the *literati* which have not abused us.

We were compelled into your service as soon as you were capable of articulating any sound; by our aid you intrigue and maintain commerce through life, and when you quit it, whether in a *duel*, maintaining a *point of honour*, by *felo de se*, or by a *natural death*, we shall disclose your last *wills and testaments* to your survivors, and aid them to agree or to quarrel, about dividing the spoil which you shall leave behind you.

We are, indeed, unintelligent *patients*, as well as other inert bodies, of which the *macrocosm*, which contains so many *microcosms*, is composed; yet, under particular arrangements, or modifications, we are rendered powerful instruments of *good* and *evil*, while we remain indifferent to both; and, at the pleasure of our compositors, publish *theism* or *polytheism*, the *gospel* or *blasphemy*, the *truth* or a *lie*, and assert *Christianity* or *oppose* it.

To us every author of repute is indebted for that *bubble*, called *fame*: we distinguish him whilst living, point him out when dead, make up his *eulogium*, and transmit his memory to posterity.

It is acknowledged, on all hands, that we have been of eminent service to mankind, but it is a question, among *casuists*, whether we have done more good than evil in the world. We are, however, indifferent about the ultimate decision of the question, as it cannot terminate in our disgrace; for it cannot be ended without our assistance; some of us must be found in the

the verylast word of this dispute, as well as of every other, to the end of the world, which will put a period to our existence. We are often used at random, and with indifference, in matters of no moment, but when any affair of consequence is on the *tapis*, the parties sedulously court our assistance, call us cautiously, and trust much to our superior power. The doubtful *lover* summons us to help him; and, without any intrinsic merit of his own to recommend him, succeeds with his mistress by our all-subduing influence. The *lawyer* cannot draw up a *case* without our aid; and, having drawn it up, would have nothing to say upon it if we did not furnish him with words: then indeed he often says much, though but little that conveys any clear intelligence, and still less to any good purpose; for, by *playing with words*, he can make a *good* cause appear a *bad* one, and *vice versa*, as may best suit private interest, which his abuse of us seldom fails to promote. We could charge him with much on that head, and from which no other weapons, than we can furnish, could defend him. *Divines*, too, owe much of their credit and opulence to the fascination of words which we have composed, and some of which neither themselves, any more than their hearers, ever understood: by our means they maintained the *jus divinum* of *tithes*, till the *laity* had courage enough to think for themselves, and then we were successfully employed to evince that the claim was invalid, and the clergy exchanged the *divine* for a *legal* claim, and took sanctuary in *human* laws, where “*they remain unto this day*;” but, it is apprehended, that, by our influence, they may at length be turned out of that *strong hold*, and depend for subsistence on the voluntary bounty of their *parishioners*, whose *servants* (and not their masters) for *Christ’s* sake, they ought to be. This order *formerly* claimed an exclusive privilege of arranging us in whatever manner best suited their interest in matters of faith; and, at the expence of *reason*, *common sense*, and *sound piety*, moulded *creeds*, and *formularies of devotion*, which virtue blushed to practise, and truth ever disclaimed: but the clergy of the present time have more good sense and less power than their predecessors possessed, and which they so grossly abused.

Historians, it must be acknowledged, make very free with us, and compel us to publish their conceits for matters of fact, and to give absolute falsehood the colour of truth. *Quacks*, *lawyers*, *mountebanks*, *strolling Jews*, *pedlars*, *jockeys*, *courtiars*, and *stage-players*, with *fops* and *fribbles*, have ever notoriously abused us; but of these we shall take but little notice, as they appear to be incorrigible. *Reputable tradesmen* often abuse us
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behind the counter, where they make us recommend their bad goods, and pass many a lie for current truth. *Female milleners* too sometimes deal us out in *white* and *black* fibs, but we will spare the reputed *weaker* sex, seeing the *stronger* sets the example. In *paradise* a *woman* first seduced a *man*, but, out of it, *men* have generally seduced the *women*. Travellers are not a whit behind the former in their abuse of us; most of the *marvellous*, contained in *voyages* and *travels*, have been invented by a disingenuous disposition of our corps: but no class of people have more grossly perverted our original design than *bigots* in *religion* and *politics*. They have formed us into propositions the best adapted to confound the understanding of mankind, in order to establish their several hypotheses on the ruins of *common sense*, and in opposition to charity, which is the very foundation of christian *faith* and *true zeal*: but *bigotry*, as well as *priestcraft*, is on the decline; the very roots of both evils have been successfully struck at; they have received deadly blows, and their branches are already withering.

The *stage* owes its chief support to our abuse; there we are marshalled in such a manner as to captivate reason by exciting the passions to tumult, and to do more injury to the cause of virtue in one night's exhibition, than all the lectures from the pulpit can repair in a year. The *Beggar's Opera* is a lasting monument of our abuse, and of the vicious taste of the times.

At the *bar*, in the *church*, on the *stage*, at the *'Change*, at both *houses* of —, in the *news-papers*, at *court*, and at the *universities*, in *'Change-alley*, and at *Billingsgate*, we are perpetually misapplied; and, at the *public offices*, *inns of court*, and *courts of justice*, we are shamefully abused in every *brief* and *affidavit*, where we are often made to disclose a *lie*, and to conceal the truth; and, were it not for the vile abuse of us, the *practice* of *law* would not be more lucrative than the practice of *chimney sweeping*; and, in the present state of things, the latter trade is more truly honourable and beneficial to society than the former; if a chimney is in danger of taking fire, or is on fire, the *sweep*, for a *small fee*, and at the risk of his life, will take every possible method to prevent or put it out; but the *learned lawyer* is employed in searching for *sparks of contention* in every corner where property is deposited; and, when he finds one, instead of quenching it, he generally blows it up into a flame, if possible, extends it to every part of the house, and, during the general confusion into which he throws the family, carries off, as a legal prize, every thing he can lay his merciless paw upon that is valuable upon the premises.

Of all men, *mathematicians* are the least chargeable with our abuse; they employ us in a determinate sense to find out truth, and,

and, avoiding all presumptive arguments, admit only of *axioms* and *demonstrative propositions*; and these men, who know the most, are generally the least noisy. Unconscious as a stone, we cannot judge of *good* and *evil*, and yet we are employed by our learned managers to affix the boundaries of both, even to a metaphysical point, or to prove that there is no distinction between them.

In metaphysics we have been used to but very little purpose. Enquirers after the *abstract properties of intelligence*, the *divine essence*, the *sensorium of God*, *space without body*, the *origin of evil*, the *doctrine of the blessed trinity*, the *perpetual motion*, the *philosopher's stone*, and the *panacea* or universal remedy, will derive but little aid from any of our literary body.

Through our means mankind became very *talkative* and *writitive* upon these abstruse subjects; are capable of talking too by rote, like a *parrot*, without ideas, and have learnt to dispute even about *non-entities*. *Aristotle*, the father of this art, brought it to great perfection; it has been, however, carried higher by some of his disciples, the *doctors of the Sorbonne*, and was carefully nursed for a series of *centuries* in all the *universities of Christendom*, till our honourable masters, *BACON*, *BOYLE*, *NEWTON*, and *LOCKE*, attempted to rescue us from the vile abuse and persecution of the schools, and taught men to avoid combining us into words for which they had no precise ideas or meaning, or some worse than none, which could convey no useful intelligence, nor answer any other purpose than to perpetuate uninteresting disquisitions and unprofitable disputations. It is but little men do know; it is but little they can know: they view the superficies of bodies, and know some of their *secondary qualities*, but they cannot develope the *essence* of any *body*, much less the *essence* of *spirits* and *abstract properties of intelligence*: "*Clouds and darkness rest upon them*," which human wit and power can neither dispel nor illumine; and yet, about such abstruse subjects, mankind have ever disputed and wrangled, sometimes cut one another's throats, and given over another in turn to the devil.

Every truth, within the comprehension of the human intellect, may be defined by marshalling us into proper order; but those doctrines, which are above reason, are out of its reach; if they are out of its reach, it cannot attain to them, it cannot comprehend them; and, what reason cannot comprehend, *letters* cannot define, or excite any idea or principles that can afford solutions; and consequently objections made to such doctrines, confessedly incomprehensible, will remain unanswered, or, which is the same thing, will be answered by some distinctions as obscure as the thesis itself which is at-

tacked. It is very certain that an objection, founded on distinct notions, remains equally victorious, whether it has no answer, or such an one as nobody can understand. Can the match be equal betwixt a man who objects to you what you both clearly conceive, and you who defend yourself with answers which neither you nor he can comprehend at all? Every dispute supposes the contending parties to be agreed about certain definitions, and to admit the rules of a syllogism: after this, the whole business consists in examining whether a thesis be immediately, or mediately, consistent with the principles agreed upon; whether the premises of an argument be true, and whether the consequences are well drawn: victory is obtained by shewing that the subject of the dispute has no connexion with the principles agreed upon, or by reducing the respondent to an absurdity; this may be done, either by shewing the consequences of his position are contradictory, or constraining him to answer things wholly unintelligible.

Were you but to use us as we ought to be used, we should not, indeed, be so much in use, and yet be of more use: employed only to advocate the cause of virtue and promote useful knowledge, to communicate the sentiments and feelings of the heart, and to disclose the naked truth, instead of being used to conceal them, your words would indeed be fewer, but more *fitly spoken*, and counsel would not be darkened by a *multitude* of them *uttered without knowledge* or without ideas. You would think more and speak less, and be wiser and happier, though less verbose.

Permit us, therefore, in our *silent language*, to beseech all our masters, particularly *philosophers, divines, orators, poets, lawyers, and physicians*, to use us more discreetly, and then, indeed, we may be rendered essentially serviceable to them, and to the world in general, by instrumentally promoting useful knowledge, and the cause of virtue and of true religion; but, used at random, or with design to gratify *pride, spleen, envy, revenge*, or any other unworthy passion, the worst of effects will follow to society.

We, indeed, have nothing to hope or to fear, as we are inanimate beings, and incapable of reward or punishment: but you, it is declared by him who is to be your Judge, must finally account for *every idle word* which you have and shall form out of us; by *your words you are to be justified*, or by *your words to be condemned*; and at a period too when no verbal pleading will be admitted, and when we can no longer be the instruments of your hypocrisy, nor make up any defence that will exculpate you, or extenuate your guilt. The villain, who
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forms us into a mask that may conceal his crimes from the eye of the law, which is a partial one, and is often blinded by the dust of quiddities kicked up by the lawyers in a court, may indeed pass through this world "*unwhipt of justice*," but it will follow close at his heels into the next, where he cannot escape condign punishment. There the mask will be dropt, and every man will be dealt with according to his *works*; and what sort of a figure the good *bishop of Gloucester's*, and some other of our learned authors works, prefaced by the most specious pretexts of the love of truth and virtue, will make in that court, we pretend not to determine.

"There is no shuffling there; the action lies
In its true nature and intent; you yourselves
Compell'd, e'en to the teeth and forehead of your faults,
To give in evidence." SHAKESPEAR.

We are, in truth, void of any desire or expectation of *profit*,
pension, or *honour*; of any intention to do you any *service* or *injury*; and, without any respect, your *servants to command*,

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz.

P. S. *Egotisto* will have much to answer for, in placing the article *I* improperly, and others in not minding their *P's* and *Q's*.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Journal of a Voyage, undertaken by Order of his present Majesty, for making Discoveries towards the North Pole, by the hon. Commodore Phipps, and Captain Lutwidge. Newbery.

COMmodore Phipps and captain Lutwidge set out on this expedition on the 3d of June, 1773; and, on the 4th of July, arrived in the latitude of 79 degrees 34 minutes North; longitude from London 8 degrees 10 minutes East; and on the 7th, the weather being cloudy, they found themselves beset among the loose ice, which, increasing continually, gave them incredible trouble. Observing that it thickened to the eastward, they hauled up, and stood to the westward; but, in tacking, they were in danger of running foul. It was with difficulty they could keep any course, for the drifts of ice came so thick as to whirl the ships about, as if in a whirl-pool.

Thursday 8, the weather still remaining cloudy, and the wind variable, both ships still were entangled in the ice; and the Carcase, being driven to leeward, hoisted out her long-boat to tow up with the commodore. But, the ice closing very fast, it was impossible for the boats to live. Orders were then given to tack and stand to the southward; but the ships, not being able to make head against the accumulation of ice that continually gathered round them, were under a necessity of applying to their ice-anchors and poles, in order to warp through it. At half past eight in the evening, the ice beginning to open, they again hoisted out their boats, and with difficulty towed the ships round a cape of ice projecting from the main body, and at last got clear. At ten the boats were hoisted on-board. In extricating themselves from this dangerous situation, the Race Horse had her best-bower anchor snapt in the shank, close to the stock, and the Carcase lost her starboard bumpkin and head-rails.

It frequently happens, that ships, beset among the ice in the manner above related, perish by being dashed to-pieces against the solid fields of ice, or crushed by the broken pieces crowding upon one another, and rising so fast about the ship, as to exceed the height of her sides, and then there is no escaping. They were told, by some experienced seamen, that the ice rises out of the sea as high sometimes as mountains; and that several of these mountains, by striking together and coalescing, form those islands of ice that are frequently seen in the lower latitudes, driving up and down the sea as the wind and tides direct them.

The greatest danger to be apprehended, is, however, from the loose ice; for the whalers often moor their ships to the solid fields of ice, that at certain seasons seem to rest upon the earth, and appear fixed to it, and there find the best fishing. In such situations it often happens that little or no loose ice is to be seen; yet presently upon a change of wind, or the blowing of a storm, it shall pour in upon them so suddenly, that they sometimes perish in it. It is not possible to account for the astonishing quantity that will gather in this manner in an hour's time.

Though it seems to be agreed, that many of the largest fields of ice are frozen to the depth of the sea in which they are found, and that they are bedded on the solid earth, yet it is equally certain, that they are often rent asunder by the raging billows; and that, in breaking, they produce the most terrifying noise in nature; nay, it is asserted, that the clashing of the pieces of loose ice against each other, on any extraordinary

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nary agitation of the waves, is attended with a roaring, so loud, that a man who is near it can hardly hear the sound of his own voice.

Friday the 9th, they hauled up to the westward, and lost sight one of the other; but about nine the next morning they came in sight and joined company. The weather being now piercing cold, the people had an additional quantity of porter and brandy delivered to them; two quarts of porter and a pint of brandy being now every man's daily allowance.

Saturday, July the 10th, the breeze fresh, and the weather cloudy. They sailed between numberless pieces of ice, among which they saw several whales, but none of the whalers in pursuit of them. The ice now becoming solid and compact, they found it impracticable to continue their course. And the discovery of a passage to the pole in that direction (upon holding a consultation) appearing impracticable to every officer on-board of both ships, the commodore, at seven in the evening, hauled close to the wind; and the *Carcase*, as soon as she could extricate herself, followed his example. The weather continuing foggy, with rain and snow, the sailors were almost worn out with turning and winding; and, although they used the utmost precaution in working through the narrows, yet they could not always avoid striking against the mountains that every where surrounded them. During this night's work, they steered a hundred different courses, to follow the channels.

Sunday 11, having worked out of the ice, they sailed along the main body, which appeared perfectly solid and compact, without any passage or inlet. This immense mass of ice extended north-east, as far as they could see from the mast-head; and, no doubt, might be a continuation of that in which they were engaged a few days before. The sea was now tolerably clear, for they met with no more fields, and only a few detached islands. At half past one in the morning they saw the land from south by west to south-south-east. At three in the morning they tacked, Cloven Cliff bearing south-south-east six miles. At seven tacked again. At eight the commodore bore away, and the *Carcase* stood after him. Cloven Cliff south one half west, two or three leagues, latitude 79 degrees 56 minutes north.

Monday 12, at eight in the evening, Cloven Cliff bearing west-south-west four or five miles, they founded in fifteen fathoms water, and found a rocky bottom. Saw several English and Dutch Greenlanders at anchor in the Norways: that being their rendezvous to the northward, they never chuse to proceed

proceed farther. Here they found the current setting so fast to eastward, that they were forced to come to an anchor to keep from drifting on the ice; the swell from westward being so great, that, had that happened, it would of consequence have staved the ships. At five in the morning, a breeze from the north-north-east springing up, they weighed, and made sail. At eight Hacluit's Headland west-south-west one half west, six or seven leagues, at noon latitude 80 degrees 2 minutes north.

Tuesday 13, the weather being clear and calm, and a strong easterly current setting in, at eight in the evening they came to with their stream anchors and haulers in forty fathoms water; but, at nine, a breeze springing up from the eastward, they weighed, and next day came to an anchor in Smearingburgh Harbour. Cloven Cliff east one half, south one mile. West point of Voogele land north-north-west one half west, distant one mile and a half; soundings fifteen fathoms, sandy bottom.

Here they remained between five and six days to take in fresh water, during which time our journalst was employed in surveying the country, which to a stranger had a very awful and romantic appearance.

The country is stony, and, as far as can be seen, full of mountains, precipices, and rocks. Between these are hills of ice, generated, as it should seem, by the torrents that flow from the melting of the snow on the sides of those towering elevations, which, being once congealed, are continually increased by the snow in winter and the rain in summer, which often freezes as soon as it falls. By looking on these hills, a stranger may fancy a thousand different shapes of trees, castles, churches, ruins, ships, whales, monsters, and all the various forms that fill the universe. Of the ice-hills there are seven, that more particularly attract the notice of a stranger. These are known by the name of the seven ice-burys, and are thought to be the highest of the kind in that country. When the air is clear, and the sun shines full upon these mountains, the prospect is inconceivably brilliant. They sometimes put on the bright glow of the evening rays of the setting sun, when reflected upon a glass, at his going down; sometimes they appear of a bright blue, like sapphire, and sometimes like the variable colours of a prism, exceeding in lustre the richest gems in the world, disposed in shapes wonderful to behold, all glittering with a lustre that dazzles the eye, and fills the air with astonishing brightness.

Smearingburgh harbour, where they landed, was first discovered by the Dutch. Here they erected sheds and conveniences

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veniences for boiling the oil from the fat of the whales, instead of barrelling it up to be boiled at home. Here also, allured by the hope of gain, they built a village, and endeavoured to fix a colony; but the first settlers all perished in the ensuing winter. The remains of the village may be traced to this day; and their stoves, kettles, kardels, troughs, ovens, and other implements, remained in the shape of solid ice long after the utensils themselves were decayed. Our voyagers were told, that the Russians have lately attempted the same thing, and that ten out of fifteen perished last winter in this second attempt.

Where every object is new, it is not easy for a stranger to fix which first to admire. The rocks are striking objects: before a storm they exhibit a fiery appearance, and the sun looks pale upon them, the snow giving the air a bright reflection. Their summits are almost always involved in clouds, so that it is but just possible to see the tops of them. Some of these rocks are but one stone from bottom to top, appearing like an old decayed ruin. Others consist of huge masses, veined differently, like marble, with red, white, and yellow, and, probably, were they to be sawed and polished, would equal, if not excel, the finest Egyptian marble we now so much admire. Perhaps the distance and danger of carrying large blocks of stones may be the reason that no trials have been made to manufacture them. On the southerly and westerly sides of these rocks grow all the plants, herbs, and mosses, peculiar to this country; on the northerly and easterly sides, the wind strikes so cold, when it blows from these quarters, that it perishes every kind of vegetable. These plants grow to perfection in a very short time. Till the middle of May the whole country is locked up in ice; about the beginning of July the plants are in flower, and, about the latter end of the same month or beginning of August, they have perfected their seed. The earth owes its fertility, in a great measure, to the dung of birds, who build and breed their young here in the summer, and in the winter repair to more favourable climates.

The plants that are most common in Spitzbergen are scurvy-grass and crows-foot; there are beside small house-leak, and a plant with aloe-leaves; an herb like stone-crop; some small snake-weed; mouse-ear; wood-strawberry; periwinkle; and an herb, peculiar to the country, which they call the rock-plant. The leaves of this plant are in shape like a man's tongue, about six feet long, of a dull yellow colour. The stalk is round and smooth, and of the same colour with the leaf; it rises

rises tapering, and smells like muscles. It is an aquatic, and rises in height in proportion to the depth of water in which it is found. There are other plants and herbs, but these are the chief. Of flowers, the white poppy seems the principal.

The rocks and precipices are full of fissures and clefts, which afford convenient harbour for birds to lay their eggs and breed their young in safety. Most of these birds are water-fowl, and seek their food in the sea. Some, indeed, are birds of prey; and pursue and kill others for their own sustenance, but these are rare. The water-fowl eat strong and fishy, and their fat is not to be endured. They are so numerous about the rocks, as sometimes to darken the air when they rise in flocks; and they scream so horribly, that the rocks ring with their noise.

There are a few small birds like our snipes, and a kind of snow-bird, but different from that found about Hudson's Bay. The gentlemen shot some of the water-fowl, but they were strong and ill-tasted.

The ice-bird is a very beautiful little bird, but very rare. He is in size and shape like a turtle-dove, but his plumage, when the sun shines upon him, is of a bright yellow, like the golden ring in the peacock's tail, and almost dazzles the eye to look upon it.

The other inhabitants of this forlorn country are white bears, deer, and foxes. How these creatures can subsist in the winter, when the whole earth is covered with snow, and the sea locked up in ice, is hardly to be conceived. It has been said, indeed, that, when the ocean is all frozen over, and no sustenance is to be procured in this country, they travel southerly to the warmer climates, where food proper for them abounds in the immense forests of the northern continent. But whoever considers the vast distance, between Spitsbergen and the nearest parts of the northern continent, will be as much at a loss to account for the subsistence of these creatures in their journey, as in the desolate region where they undoubtedly remain. The bear is by far the best accommodated to the climate of which he is an inhabitant. He is equally at home on land and water, and hunts diligently for his prey in both. In summer he finds plenty of food from the refuse of the whales, sea-horses, and seals, which is thrown into the sea by the whalers, and covers the shores during the time of whaling; and they have besides a wonderful sagacity in smelling out the carcases of the dead, let them be ever so deeply buried in the earth or covered with stones. The dead therefore that annually are buried here may contribute, in some degree,

degree, to the subsistence of a few of these creatures in winter; but the question will still recur, how the race of them subsisted before the whale-fishery had existence, and before men found the way to this inhospitable shore. Disquisitions of this kind, as they are beyond the reach of human comprehension, serve only to raise our admiration of that omnipotent Being to whom nothing is impossible.

These creatures, as they differ in nothing but their colour and size from those shewn in England, need no description.

The foxes differ little in shape from those we are acquainted with, but in colour there is no similitude. Their heads are black, and their bodies white. As they are beasts of prey, if they do not provide in summer for the long recess of winter, it were, one would think, almost impossible for them to survive; yet they are seen in plenty, though, by their subtlety and swiftness, they are not easy to be caught.

The Dutch seamen report, that when they are hungry they will feign themselves dead, and, when the ravenous birds come to feed upon them, they rise and make them their prey.

But the most wonderful thing of all is, how the deer can survive an eight months famine. Like ours they feed upon nothing, that can be perceived, but the vegetables which the earth spontaneously produces; and yet, for eight months in the year, the earth produces neither plant, herb, shrub, or blade of any kind of grass whatever. They are, besides, but thinly clothed for so severe a climate; and, what seems still worse, there is not a bush to be seen, to shelter them, within the distance that any man has yet discovered. The means of their subsistence must therefore remain among the secrets of nature, never to be disclosed, as no human being can ever live here, so as to be able to trace these creatures to their winter's residence.

Amphibious creatures abound the most about the sounds and bays of Spitsbergen, and they seem best adapted to endure the climate. These are the seals, or sea-dogs, and morsees, or sea-horses; of which the whalers avail themselves, when disappointed in completing their lading with the fat of whales.

The seal is sufficiently known; but the sea-horse, as it is a creature peculiar to high latitudes, is therefore more rare. It is not easy to say how he came by this name; for there is no more likeness between a sea-horse and a land-horse, than there is between a whale and an elephant. The sea-horse is not unlike the seal in shape. He has a large round head, larger than that of a bull, but shaped more like that of a pug-dog without ears than any other animal we are acquainted with. He tapers all the way down to the tail, like the fish we call a

lump, and his size is equal to that of the largest sized ox. His tusks close over his under jaw, like those of a very old boar, and are in length from one foot to two or more, in proportion to the size and age of the animal that breeds them. His skin is thicker than that of a bull, and covered with short mouse-coloured hair, which is sleeker and thicker, just as he happens to be in or out of season when he is caught. His paws, before and behind, are like those of a mole, and serve him for oars when he swims, and for legs to crawl when he goes upon the ice, or on shore. He is a fierce animal, but, being unweildy when on land, or on the ice, is easily overcome.

These animals are always found in herds, sometimes of many hundreds together, and, if one is attacked, the rest make a common cause, and stand by one another till the last gasp. If they are attacked in the water they will fight desperately, and will even attempt the boats of their pursuers, if any of them are wounded, and not mortally. Some of them have been known to make holes in the bottom of the boat with their tusks, in defence of their young. Their eyes are large, and they have two holes in the upper part of their neck, out of which they eject the water, in like manner as it is ejected by whales.

Though the sea about Spitsbergen is full of fish, yet they rather appear to be designed by Providence for the sustenance of one another than for the food of man. The mackarel, of which there is no great plenty, seem not only to be the most wholesome and the most palatable, but also the most beautiful. They seem to be a different species from those caught upon our coasts. The upper part of the back is of a vivid blue; the other part, as low as the belly, of a gem-like green on an azure ground. Underneath the belly the colour is a transparent white, and the fins shine like polished silver. All the colours glow, when alive in the sea, with such a richness, that fancy can hardly form to itself any thing in nature more beautiful. Almost all the other fish on this coast are of an oily nature, and of a very indifferent flavour.

The saw, or sword-fish, is remarkable, not only for the oddity of his shape, but also for his enmity to the whale. This fish takes his name from a broad flat bone, in length from two to four feet, which projects from his nose, and tapers to a point. On each side it has teeth like a comb, at the distance of a finger's breadth asunder. He is also furnished with a double row of fins, and is of astonishing strength in the water. His length from ten to twenty feet. He seems to be formed for war, and war is his profession. The conflict betwixt him
and

and the whale is dreadful, yet he never gives over till his sword is broken, or he comes off victorious.

The whale is a harmless fish, and is never known to fight but in his own defence. Yet, when he is exasperated, he rages dreadfully. Though, from his magnitude, he may be called the sovereign of the seas, yet, like other sovereigns, he is liable to be vexed and hurt by the meanest reptiles. The whale's louse is a most tormenting little animal. Its scales are as hard as those of our prawns; its head is like our louse's head, with four horns, two that serve as feelers; the other two are hard, and curved, and serve as clenches to fix him to the whale. On his chest, underneath, he has two carvers, like scythes, with which he collects his food, and behind these are four feet, that serve him for oars. He has, moreover, six other clenchers behind, with which he can rivet himself so close to his prey, that he can no otherwise be disengaged but by cutting out the whole piece to which he is joined. He is jointed on the back like the tail of a lobster, and his tail covers him like a shield when he is feeding. He fixes himself on the tenderest parts of the whale's body, between his fins, on his sheath, and on his lips, and eats pieces out of his flesh, as if eaten by vultures.

They found no springs of fresh-water in Spitsbergen; but, in the valleys, between the mountains, are many little rills caused by the rain and melting of the snow in summer; and from these rills the ships are supplied. Some are of opinion that this water is unwholesome, but they are more nice than wise. The whaling people have drunk of it for ages, and have found no ill effects from the use of it. Ice, taken up in the middle of these seas and thawed, yields also good fresh-water.

The air about Spitsbergen is never free from icicles. If you look through the sun-beams transversely as you sit in the shade, or where you see the rays confined in a body, instead of dark motes, as are seen here, you see myriads of shining particles that sparkle like diamonds; and when the sun shines hot, as it sometimes does, so as to melt the tar in the seams of ships when they lie sheltered from the wind, these shining atoms seem to melt away, and descend like dew.

Monday, July the 19th, the commodore made the signal to weigh; at two in the afternoon the ships were under sail, and, as soon as they had made their offing, stood to the eastward.

Tuesday 27, the air being perfectly serene, and the weather moderate, the fishes seemed to enjoy the temperature, and to express it by their sporting. The whales were seen spouting their fountains towards the skies, and the fin-fish following their example. They likewise this day saw dolphins; the

whole prospect, in short, was more pleasing and picturesque than they had yet beheld in this remote region. The very ice in which they were beset looked beautiful, and put forth a thousand glittering forms; and the tops of the mountains, which they could see like sparkling gems at a vast distance, had the appearance of so many silver stars illuminating a new firmament. But this flattering prospect did not continue long. By an accurate observation, they were now in latitude 80 degrees 47 minutes North; and in longitude 21 degrees 10 minutes East from London; and in sight of seven islands to the North, to which they directed their course.

[To be continued.]

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Continuation of the Narrative from Amelia Gray. [See No. 5.]

RESOLVING not to enter those humble dwellings under the least prepossession, I communicated my thoughts to no one; but, ordering my woman to follow me, withdrew.

The first little dwelling, that attracted my notice, displayed a neatness without, which did not indicate much poverty within. "External appearance, said I, is not always the test of truth; this may be a house of mourning." I found it to contain a mother, on whose face "dejection brooding sat," and six young children. The former, and three of the latter, were busily employed in spinning; which I soon found was the common employment of the poor of this village. I began immediately to enquire the cause of the grief of a child, about three years old, which sat pining on the ground; and was informed, by its mother, it was for want of bread, which she could not give it till she had finished a certain number of scains to deposit in her baker's hands for a loaf. This was a scene of distress which demanded my immediate aid. I therefore privately sent my servant back to my quarters for the remainder of my dinner, and sat me down on a stool to wait its arrival. This I had no sooner done, than a small infant in the cradle began to cry for the breast. The mother had fasted all the day, and, from a consciousness of her inability to afford the wanted nourishment, burst into tears. To supply this deficiency she had recourse to a small pot of herb-tea, placed among the scanty embers on the hearth, and which she sweetened with the last drop of honey remaining in her jar. Hunger seemed to have reconciled the little innocent to this unnatural food, which it sucked down with eagerness. By this time the supply I had sent for was brought in; I intreated the poor woman

woman to partake, but in vain; over-joyed at such an unexpected feast, she declared herself unable to eat for several minutes; but, recovering herself a little, "Oh! said she, these dear children!" and began to fill their lifted hands with all the alacrity which maternal affection, in such circumstances, could be supposed to inspire. "Alas! said she again, their dear father! I cannot taste without him!" This was spoken with such tenderness, as would have drawn the tear of sympathy even from the eye of avarice i self. One of the children ran to call him from his labour in an adjacent barn, and he soon appeared. He, little expecting such a visit, and such a supply, cast his eyes first on me, then on his family, and was dumb with silence. I requested him to sit down, and partake with his wife of what I had been so unhappy as to find they stood in need of. He replied by calling down blessings upon my head, and wishing that none of my family might ever want the bread which I had so seasonably brought to them. His wife joined in these kind wishes, burst into tears again, and they wept together. I entreated them to compose themselves, dine freely, be cheered, and let their little family be cheered with them. Then, finding my presence occasioned some little embarrassment, I withdrew. But this interview had made such an impression upon my mind, and so interested me in the cause of these poor people, that I soon returned with a resolution to hear their story, and contribute to their farther relief. On enquiry, I found that the reward of the poor man's labour was only one shilling a day, with the privilege of small beer. This weekly sum of six shillings was augmented to nine, and sometimes to nine and six-pence, by the industry of his wife and children; and this was their whole income for the several purposes of food, cloathing, house-rent, and occasional expences. I queried by what sort of oeconomy they could possibly subsist on so small a pittance? The good man replied in a narrative to the following purport. That he and his wife were neighbours children, who had loved one another from their cradles; their fathers had been both husbandmen, who had maintained their families reputably by their honest labour, and saved enough to give them ten pounds each when they joined their hands. That every cottage in the village being at that time entitled to a certain number of sheep commons, he, after the example of his ancestors, immediately purchased a small flock of sheep; these, with careful management and a small additional expence, enabled him to sell, annually, to his butcher, about the same number of sheep and lambs; which, in exchange, frequently produced a piece of meat for his family. This privilege, added to another of
cutting

cutting provision for the fire off the said common, had enabled them to live for several years to their hearts content: but, in the seventh year after marriage, they had the grief to find that the gentlemen of the neighbourhood had obtained an act of parliament for enclosing this common, which deprived him of the two easy sources of meat and firing. Here, he said, ended all his happiness in the prospect of maintaining a wife, who was dearer to him than life, and an encreasing family of little ones, the pledges of their mutual affection. His hopes were for some time flattered by the persuasions of the inclosers, that the cultivation of waste lands would produce a favourable alteration in the price of grain; but, as corn had continued advancing in price, rather than falling, almost ever since, he had no longer any hopes of seeing the day which should restore him a sufficiency even of the necessaries of life. While I was reflecting on this mournful tale, a number of pigs, belonging to the baker, broke open the little wicker gate, and rushed into the yard before us. "Suppose, said I, somebody should give you one of these!" The idea of it, I perceived, brought a momentary smile on each dejected countenance. The owner of them appearing at the same time, I told him my purpose, and found him very willing to take my money: the pig was singled out, the price fixed, and I was drawing out my purse, but was prevented by the honest indignation of the poor peasant, which broke forth against his neighbour for attempting to extort five shillings more from me than he had offered it for to a butcher the same morning. This, in a charitable purchase, he considered as particularly iniquitous, and added, he was determined not to have the gentlewoman *disposed* upon in such a *misconscionable* way, if he were never trusted with another loaf. I could do no less than second this with my rebuke; but my opinion of my own abilities for business of this sort was much lessened, as my idea of the poor man's worth and integrity was raised. I therefore gave him double the money I was going to pay for the pig, to enable him as well to make his own bargain, as to extricate himself from any necessary connection with a man so much beneath him in principle: then left him, uttering expressions of gratitude which bespoke the greatest sensibility.

I must now drop this narrative for the present, but intend to continue it in a future number; for, however uninteresting it may appear to some of your readers, I shall be happy in the hope of exciting, in the breast of others, that Christian affection of benevolence, which seeks, rather than shuns, all opportunities of relieving merit in distress.

I am, with great respect, your obliged correspondent,
AMELIA GRAY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

To the PROPRIETARY of the Canal from Leeds to Liverpool.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

MANY of you well know that this grand project, in which you are engaged, was originally planned upon the broad bottom of the *most* extensive public utility; and that it was considered as the grand trunk of a vein, calculated to receive every branch that could be of advantage to the circumjacent country, at very considerable distances, through its extensive course. The line was consequently laid down upon such ground as would afford the most easy junctions, with paying a parcimonious regard to the expence. In short, this was considered as the body; and the branches, hereafter to open into it, as the limbs which would gratefully contribute to its support, in return for its affording a mutual intercourse to those branches, and to countries which, without such medium, must remain, in this respect, ever dismembered.

When that work is considered in this light, the original projectors and promoters will appear in the most elevated point of view: here is room for the highest encomiums; but that is not the business of this address. I mean, on this occasion, to inform you, *that* there is now an attempt to effect a branch to the town of *Settle*, which, though not the first in point of time, may perhaps be esteemed the first in point of utility, and in the weight of advantages, collectively considered, which it will bring to the trunk. And that,

This branch meets with the warmest opposition, which evidently merits your immediate and serious attention. You will here no doubt enquire, what are the ostensible reasons of this opposition, to a work of such manifest utility to a country abounding with lime-stone, and perishing with cold for want of coal, which this branch will happily afford? But all the reasons that the opposers can produce are weak and fallacious, consisting of such stale objections as have been, and always may, with equal propriety, (or rather impropriety,) be made to every canal, *viz.* *Encreasing the price of provision, infecting the morals of the people, severing inclosures, leaking of the canal, and injuring water-mills.* I am, however, happy in being able to assure you, with the strictest veracity, that not one of these has, in this case, any peculiar weight, though such objections serve to mislead and alarm the ignorant; for which purpose alone they were visibly intended and artfully calculated.

These

These objections, you see, are *general*, and may, with equal force, be brought against every branch that can ever be proposed, and indeed against every canal which passes above ground through an inhabited country; and, if they be allowed to have sufficient weight here, may, with equal reason, put a total stop to every branch which may be hereafter attempted. Hence too, you see, this opposition, if suffered to prevail, will probably become a precedent to frustrate all future branches, and thereby sap the very foundation upon which the grand project of the Leeds and Liverpool canal was formed: but I hope the same noble patriotic spirit, which surmounted every difficulty in that grand enterprize, will again be aroused; and that you, the proprietors thereof, will exert yourselves, both in your private and corporate capacity, to overcome every opposition to these branches, which is only supported by such general, false, and futile, allegations; lest the country should be intimidated from attempting any other branches, which would be a most injurious blow to the proprietary of the grand canal, and to having a very extensive track of country circum-jacent to its course. Let us then vigorously exert ourselves in support of the *Settle-Branch*, and thereby avert these consequences, so pernicious to ourselves and to our country.

A PROPRIETOR.

•• The letters signed *Aurelius*, *B. Eusebius*, *Philanthropos*, and several anonymous pieces in prose and verse, are received, approved, and will appear as soon as possible.

The Editor is much obliged to *Mentor* for his judicious advice, as well as for the other token of his friendship, accompanied with a letter, which it is presumed may afford some innocent diversion to young readers.

The PRICE of WHEAT per Quarter, at the Corn-Market,
Mark-Lane.

	Jan. 28.		Feb. 1.		4th		8th		11th		14th		18th	
	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.
Wheat, Red	42a	48	42a	48	42a	48	42a	48	42a	48	44a	48	44a	48
Ditto White	42a	48	42a	48	42a	48	42a	48	42a	48	44a	48	44a	48
Rye, —	24a	25	24a	25	24a	25	24a	25	24a	25	24a	25	24a	25
Barley, —	24a	27	24a	27	24a	27	24a	28	24a	28	24a	29	24a	29
Oats, —	15a	19	15a	19	15a	19	15a	18	15a	18	14a	18	14a	18
Feb. 22.	Red and White Wheat, 44a48s. Rye, 24a25s. Barley, 24a29s. Oats, 14a18s.													

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

PERMIT this letter to inform you that there is coming up to town, by the **** coach, one who has lived the greatest part of his time in our neighbourhood, if, indeed, he is not a native of this country; but of that I cannot be positive, neither is it very material, as I can, notwithstanding, give you a sufficient account of him for your government, respecting the reception and treatment of him, having given him, for he never was in town before, a direction to your house. His conduct in time past has been, though not totally irreprehensible, as innocent, at least, as that of most others. Some little complaint I have heard of his depredations in the garden, &c. of his neighbours, but yet they have been ready to acknowledge, at the same time, they believed he thought no harm. It is true, he was rather wild in his youth, but never extravagant or gay in his dress. Living wholly in the country, he has no notion of the amusements of the town; but, being remarkably light of foot, he has not been able entirely to absent himself from field diversions, nor yet has he indulged himself in them: upon such occasions he has been much sought, and, when they have but only just seen him, or, as it were, had him in view, it is surprising how the rest of the company have exulted, and much has been, in the words of the poet, on other joyous occasions, "the clamour much of men, of boys, and dogs." But, though every body else has appeared highly delighted, I have cause to believe he never enjoyed peace in his mind at such riotous doings, for he has always endeavoured to leave them as soon as he could, and sometimes he has *stolen away* and left them at a fault for want of his company! But how forcible is unprofitable company! At other times, a more select party have compelled him to take the lead, and go greater lengths than he approved, which has still been attended with uneasiness of mind, and frequently has he been *turned*; but lately, on an occasion of that sort, he received so severe a check in the midst of his career, that it entirely put a stop to his progress in that way; and, to tell you the truth, is the cause of his leaving the country at this time. Though much altered in that respect, I believe he is still what may be called hare-brained, which I suppose you will discover before he has been long in your company. Unaccustomed to being frequently or in much company, as well as naturally timid and shy even in the country, it is not to be expected he will be very loquacious at his first coming to the metropolis; nor do I expect he will ever be capable of entertaining a very large company, but a few select friends, I believe, will be very well satisfied with what they can obtain from him, or pick out of him; and, let me tell you, however unlikely it may seem, he will bear a *roasting* as well as most; only take this information along with it, as he is a mere rustic, and has indulged his appetite in the country without scruple, though with strict temperance, it may not be amiss to fill his belly with pudding, and perhaps a glass of wine may not be ill-bestowed, before you try that experiment upon him. Of the family of the *Hares* you have doubtless heard. I have some notion one of them attained to considerable dignity in the national church; but the subject of this letter, though of the same name, is not of that family, but of one more ancient; nor did ever one of these profess with them: not but that I lately read an account in the news-papers of one of this family, who went to the place of public worship in time of service, but I believe with no more devotion than some others whom I have heard called "thorough churchmen," from their going, as it is most likely he did, in at one door and out at the other. Though this family cannot boast of places or pensions from the court, they have not been totally disregarded by the legislature; the nobility and gentry having put it out of the power, as far as acts of parliament with united associations to enforce them can do it, of the small vulgar to exercise their merciless tempers upon them, as they were too apt to do, if they could only exert from them a meal's meat by it; and sometimes merely for the diversion of following them from place to place; and yet I believe if they were to speak all the truth, we should find themselves more frequently injured, and more wantonly persecuted by their professed protectors, than any other men; and, may I not add, perhaps they are not alone in that predicament; but, as this letter is not intended to be a vehicle for political or disaffected reflections on men and measures, I shall conclude with wishing the subject of it may arrive safe at your house, and give your wife and yourself as much satisfaction as it gives me pleasure to have such an opportunity of subscribing myself, Your affectionate friend, &c.

MENTOR.

P O E T R Y.

*An ODE on SPRING; written by a Youth
at the Age of Fifteen.*

I.

FRAGRANT goddess of the verdant
spring,

With thy balmy charms inspire my
muse,

Thy spontaneous sweets to sing,
Through the ambient air diffus'd.

2.

See! smiling fields with verdure clad,
And flowery gardens all around,
Breathe odours sweet as yonder mead,
Where variegated flowers abound.

3.

See! 'th' industrious active bees
Direct their flight swift through the air,
To sip the blossoms on yon trees
Diffusing fragrance every where.

4.

Hark! the lambs in every pasture bleat,
See! how they butt! then run away;
Now, frisking, o'er the hillocks leap,
And innocently spend the day.

5.

The feather'd choir, in cheerful strains,
Their soft vocal offerings bring;
And fill the woods and rural plains
With warb'ling notes to welcome
spring.

OCCIDENTALIS.

TO THEOPHILUS and UPHALAI.

HAIL! happy pair! 'tis friendship
tunes the lay,
That joys to see this kind auspicious day;
This happy morn which crowns that
mutual love,
Unerring wisdom first ordain'd above.

Say, what inducement taught the breast
to move,
The soul to languish, and the heart to love?
What native instinct, or exterior charms,
First rais'd the tumult of love's soft
alarms?

'Twas winning *piety*, and *sense* conjoin'd,
That spoke the innate beauties of the
mind:
Cementing *friendship* also lent her aid,
And crown'd the happy choice which
prudence made.

No bribing wealth, nor base designing art,
Urg'd on to flatter, or impell'd the heart;
Spontaneous efforts fann'd the latent fire,
And grace inherent sanctify'd desire.

May *Cana's Lord* attend your steps be-
low,
And smile propitious as ye onward go;
May he, indulgent, bless your future days,
And tune your grateful hearts, to sing his
praise.

Behold, my friends! a *father's* tender
care,
In all the blessings which in life ye share:
His goodness view in all you daily prove,
And own your mercies are the gift of
love.

Should *adverse-providence* your lives at-
tend,
And every sweet with some kind bitter
blend:
With grateful hand the friendly cup re-
ceive,
And drink the portion heaven reserv'd to
give.

If *poverty*, or *want*, await you here,
The feeling stroke with resignation bear;
The God, who sent them, rules their po-
tent sway,
And, by his presence, smiles their frowns
away.

The various ills in life, you're born to
share,
Are bounteous blessings of *paternal* care;
This each shall own, and both with joy
confess,
Nor even wish to find your trials less.

Like humble pensioners, devoted stand,
Imploping mercies from your *father's*
hand;
With grateful hearts receive his kind
upplies;
Nor wish imparted what his love denies.

If thus resolv'd, pursue your destin'd way,
Nor stop to listen what the world might
say:
Let nobler thoughts your conscious minds
employ,
And crown your interval of life with joy.

But

But, as ye journey on, expect to find
Those troubles, incident to human kind;
They fondly dream of happiness in vain,
Who seek to find it without loss or pain.

In mazy paths must tread your wand'ring
feet,
Where ease with pain, where joy with
sorrow, meet;
These, loving pilgrims, as ye onward
stray,
Must be your trials in life's rugged way.

If love and harmony ye would preserve,
Avoid, by careful steps, that fiend, *Reserve*;
Let both alike with conscious pleasure
see
A gen'rous mind, from false deception
free.

Let both in each, a soft companion find,
Indulgent, tender, affable, and kind;
Devoid of art, let each attempt to prove,
A greater warmth of undissembled love.

In joy, in sorrow, or in pain or ease,
Let each alike be studious how to please:
In every trial take an equal share,
Each bear a part, and strive to lessen care.

Let concord, harmony, and peaceful joy,
Each future moment of your lives em-
ploy;
Thus shall you both substantial bliss se-
cure,
And heav'n, indulgent, choicest blessings
pour.

Decrepid age shall then with pleasure
view

His snowy honours, crown'd with joys
anew:

With grateful heart survey the trials
past,
And hail the moment which shall bring
the last.

Diviner bliss shall each fond breast in-
spire,
And fill the soul with pure seraphic fire;
With holy rapture, make your latter days
Resound the language of incessant praise.

Your *setting sun*, when life's short day is
o'er,

Shall rise unclouded, and go down no
more;

His genial rays shall ev'ry care destroy,
And stamp *eternal* all your future joy.

Deign, happy pair, t'accept the feeble
lay,

The pleasing theme of this auspicious day,
'Tis friendship speaks—if more she can
declare,

Be that the subject of devoted pray'r.

PHILEMON.

*The SEARCH of HAPPINESS; or, the
VISION.*

HOW did my youthful fancy glow,
To seize each gay delight!
What joys then spring from brilliant show,
Where song or dance invite!

On wing of sportive mirth still borne,
The moments fled away:
Diversion's path was trac'd each morn'
To guide the trifling day.

At length, th' attract'v pleasure o'er,
Enjoying thought serene,
Reflection shed her rays; no more
I taste the gaudy scene.

My fancy painted purer joys,
Unmix'd with Folly's glare:
By Reason weigh'd, her gilded toys,
Like bubbles, burst in air.

With eager wish, to snatch the prize
Of bliss, without alloy,
I sought the mazy path that lies
Thro' Wisdom's lucid way.

From what the Grecian sages spoke,
Content I hop'd to find;
And Plato's shade with zeal invoke,
To guide an untaught mind.

His maxims glow with Virtue's fire:
Sublime in every thought!
O! who can read, and not aspire
To reach the morals taught?

But Plato, in his daring flight,
Like the bold eagle soars;
His thoughts, replete with dazzling light,
In vain my view explores.

The Stoic's precepts next I try'd
On ev'ry page intent:
Trusting to meet th' auspicious guide,
Who leads to sweet content.

But can their boasted powers aught
Of happiness bestow?
Where fame instead of bliss is sought;
Pain deem'd an unfit wage.

Shall social feelings meet disgrace
In Apathy's chill reign?
And soft Compassion yield her place
In Virtue's lovely train?

For beings of some other sphere
Their doctrines seem design'd;
Their pompous Sage, a fiction fair,
Unsuited human-kind.

Then Epicurus' system charm'd,
Deriv'd from Nature's source;
And Stoic wisdom's quite disarm'd
By pleasure's soothing force.

How tempting shows the wish'd abode,
In Pleasure's fair domain!
Flow'rs strewn the paths; but in each road
Still lurks swift-footed Pain.

Unseen she waits our eager pace,
Amid the roseate bower;
Untir'd pursues her cruel chase;
And blasts each blooming flower.

Speedful she throws the deadly dart,
Pointed with pungent Care;
Still singling out th' enraptur'd heart,
To wound with keen despair!

From fruitless search new doubts arise,
And fill'd my pensive breast;
Till weary'd thought indulg'd repose,
And softly sunk to rest.

When, lo! a voice in ambient air
Diffus'd its heav'nly sounds;
In full attention bent to hear,
My heart with rapture bounds!

A radiant form breaks on my sight!
With awful beauty mild:
And, shedding round soft beams of light,
Thus spoke, and gently smil'd.

Vain is thy search of bliss complete
In life's tempestuous scene,
Nor hope a lasting joy to meet,
And each new day serene.

Thy tow'ring wishes learn to guide;
Enjoy each smiling hour:
Restrain wild Passion's furious tide:
Beware of Love's soft pow'r.

Of knowledge glean the scatter'd stores
May best thy talents suit:
Her seeds produce unfolding flowers,
And Wisdom's golden fruit.

If frowns of fortune be thy fate,
Exert a noble strife:
Deserve her gifts, despise her hate;
While worth adorns thy life.

Let no false lights thy mind deceive;
With virtue arm thy breast:
Humbly resign'd, in calmness leave
To Providence the rest.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

NEARLY at the time I received the fifth number of the Monthly Ledger, in which was inserted the prices of wheat for forty years last past, I found by me a specification of the grain exported from December 25, 1735, to December the 25th, 1736, from the several ports in England, with the bounty paid thereon; copy whereof is at foot; which led me to examine the price wheat was then at: the average whereof, for the year 1736, I see was only thirty shillings a quarter; and, the years following, except part of the year 40, less and less. Notwithstanding the prodigious annual export, the merciful unmerited bounty of heaven has not been signally withheld any one year; and many thousands of acres of land, in various parts of the Kingdom, have been inclosed, improved, and made good wheat land, abundantly more, in my opinion, than has been laid down for the growth of hay and oats, for the maintenance of additional horses, to support increasing luxury; no small quantity of the latter, *i. e.* oats, being annually imported. The skill of the occupiers of land, I presume, it will be allowed, is in no respect inferior now to what it was, but the reverse; and that since the year 1764, during which period there have been no exports, the price should be so exorbitantly high, is to me inconceivable. It would therefore give me some satisfaction, if any of the judicious correspondents with the Editor of the Monthly Ledger could assign an adequate reason.—Two thirds of the landlords, from the great increase of their expences in life, have indeed advanced the rents of their tenants to a high pitch; to support which, and their own as great additional extravagance, renders it almost a matter of necessity; from no other source can I derive it. But to think and see what the poor honest labourers, with large families, suffer on

this account, is exclaiming; whose utmost efforts, in the week, will scarcely procure a sufficiency of the single article of wheat for bread. *O tempora! O mores!*
Suffolk, Feb. 17, 1774.

INQUISITOR.

GRAIN exported from December 25, 1735, to December 25, 1736.

PORTS.	Barley.	Malt.	Oatmeal	Rye.	Wheat.	Bounty paid.		
	Q. B.	Q. B.	Q. B.	Q. B.	Q. B.	l.	s.	d.
Arundel	—	—	—	—	497 4	124	7	6
Barnstable	345 0	—	—	—	5 23	44	9	0
Barwick	140 0	1743 0	—	—	4620 0	1419	10	1
Blakeney and Cley	284 0	6713 4	—	83 0	123 4	858	7	4
Bridlington	—	142 3	—	—	3 1	21	5	4
Bristol	145 2	—	—	—	885 4	239	10	7
Chichester	—	2451 2	—	—	6888 7	2082	14	2
Colchester	60 4	1706 2	—	284 6	592 4	418	16	6
Croft	—	180 0	—	—	2985 4	775	12	6
Dartmouth	262 0	—	5 0	—	976 2	277	8	9
Dover	—	—	—	—	3056 0	764	0	0
Exeter	1075 0	206 4	1017 4	—	2320 5	872	6	6
Falmouth	—	—	—	—	387 0	96	15	0
Fowey	—	—	—	—	133 5	33	8	1
Gweek	—	—	—	—	135 4	33	17	6
Harwich	—	—	—	—	975 0	243	15	0
Hull	430 7	4163 5	—	—	1824 2	1187	2	11
Ipswich	—	394 7	—	—	773 6	242	15	11
Liverpool	283 1	80 5	—	—	577 4	192	12	8
Low	—	—	—	—	129 1	32	5	7
Lynn Regis	262 4	19180 0	—	52 0	1371 5	2775	4	2
Milford	—	—	—	—	280 4	70	2	6
Minehead	—	—	—	—	156 0	39	0	0
Newhaven	—	—	—	—	1490 7	372	14	4
Padstow	—	—	—	—	511 0	127	15	0
Parys	—	—	—	—	231 3	58	6	10
Pool	—	157 5	24 1	—	896 3	253	0	2
Portsmouth	—	—	—	—	13827 7	3456	14	4
Sandwich	—	89 0	—	—	946 3	249	2	6
Southampton	—	1470 7	—	—	2002 3	732	6	2
Sherburn	20 0	385 4	—	—	10542 0	2700	9	8
Stockton	—	—	—	—	1554 0	388	10	0
Spenney	—	—	—	—	20 0	5	0	0
Wells	340 6	56636 0	—	402 4	453 0	8283	3	9
Weymouth	19 5	—	—	—	62 4	18	1	6
Witch	—	—	—	—	119 0	29	15	0
Woodbridge	—	—	—	32 0	15 6	9	10	9
Yarmouth	1936 4	95378 1	—	188 0	8027 7	14055	2	3
London	1255 0	1573 4	150 0	178 3	47770 4	12346	3	6
	6860	1192602 4	1196 0	1220 5	118170 0	55931	3	4

RECAPITULATION.

	Qrs.	Bbls.	l.	s.	d.
Barley	6860	1	—	—	857 10 3
Malt	192602	4	—	—	25167 19 5
Oatmeal	1196	5	—	—	149 11 6
Rye	1220	5	—	—	213 12 2
Wheat	118170	0	—	—	29542 10 0

Total, £. 55931 3 4

AVERAGE

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

From Feb. 7, to Feb. 12, 1774.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	5	10	3	0	3	1	2	1	3	1

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	5	8	—	—	3	5	2	4	3	9
Surry,	6	1	3	4	3	4	2	3	4	1
Hertford,	6	0	4	0	3	8	2	2	3	1
Bedford,	6	2	4	5	3	8	2	2	3	9
Cambridge,	5	10	3	3	3	5	2	1	2	11
Huntingdon,	6	1	—	—	3	8	2	2	3	5
Northampton,	6	11	5	0	3	11	2	0	3	8
Rutland,	6	9	—	—	4	1	2	1	3	3
Leicester,	6	11	—	—	4	1	1	10	4	1
Nottingham,	5	9	3	8	3	6	2	2	3	9
Derby,	6	8	—	—	3	11	2	2	4	2
Stafford,	6	3	4	4	3	11	2	1	4	5
Salop,	6	2	4	2	3	9	2	0	4	8
Hereford,	6	2	—	—	3	10	1	11	4	2
Worcester,	6	5	4	3	4	3	2	4	4	7
Warwick,	6	10	—	—	4	0	2	6	4	11
Gloucester,	6	11	—	—	3	9	2	3	4	9
Wiltshire,	6	1	—	—	3	2	2	2	4	5
Berks,	6	1	—	—	3	5	2	4	4	2
Oxford,	6	7	—	—	3	8	2	6	4	5
Bucks,	6	3	—	—	3	10	2	4	3	11

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	5	7	3	2	3	4	2	1	3	2
Suffolk,	5	8	2	11	3	1	2	0	2	11
Norfolk,	6	2	3	1	2	11	2	2	3	1
Lincoln,	6	0	4	3	3	3	1	10	3	7
York,	5	9	4	0	3	3	2	0	3	8
Durham,	5	8	4	6	3	2	2	0	3	9
Northumberland,	5	8	4	1	3	0	2	2	3	9
Cumberland,	5	9	3	7	2	9	1	9	3	8
Westmoreland,	6	3	—	—	2	9	1	7	3	4
Lancashire,	6	2	—	—	2	11	2	0	3	5
Chehire,	6	0	—	—	3	8	2	2	—	—
Monmouth,	6	4	—	—	3	5	1	7	—	—
Somerset,	6	3	4	0	3	6	1	10	3	7
Devon,	5	5	—	—	2	10	1	6	—	—
Cornwall,	5	3	—	—	2	7	1	5	—	—
Dorset,	5	11	—	—	2	10	2	0	4	4
Hampshire,	5	6	—	—	3	2	2	2	4	0
Suffex,	5	2	—	—	2	11	2	2	3	8
Kent,	5	8	—	—	3	4	2	1	2	11

From Jan. 31, to Feb. 5, 1774.

W A L E S.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
North Wales,	6	3	5	1	3	1	1	7	5	4
South Wales,	6	2			3	4	1	8		

Part of S C O T L A N D.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans		Big.
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.
6 0	2	10	2	6	2	1	3	0	2	3	

Published by Authority of Parliament. WILL. COOKE

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,

For January, 1774.

	Wind	Bar.	Therm.		Weather	
			lo.	hi.		
1	N.W.	fresh	29 ⁵ ₁₀	36	38	Clear and frosty.
2	N.	fresh	29 ⁴ ₁₀	35	36	Frosty, night snow.
3	N.	fresh	29 ⁶ ₁₀	34	40	Frosty, clear.
4	S.W.	little	29 ⁸ ₁₀	35	35½	Afternoon thaw.
5	N.W.	little	30	34½	42	Frost last night.
6	S.W.	little	29 ⁸ ₁₀	38	43	A thaw and heavy rain.
7	N.W.	fresh	29 ⁵ ₁₀	38	45	Foggy and rain.
8	N.	little	28 ⁸ ₁₀	38	42	Severe frost.
9	N.	fresh	29 ⁵ ₁₀	38	39	Snow and rain.
10	N.E.	little	28 ⁹ ₁₀	37	38	Frost and clear.
11	N.E.	little	29 ² ₁₀	36	36	Clear frost.
12	N.E.	little	29 ⁵ ₁₀	35	40	Ditto.
13	N.E.	little	29 ⁴ ₁₀	36	44	Foggy and mild thaw.
14	S.	strong	28 ⁸ ₁₀	41	48	Cloudy and slight rain.
15	W.	fresh	29 ⁵ ₁₀	43	44	Slight rain, intervals sun-shine.
16	W.	little	29 ⁴ ₁₀	45	48	Intervals sun-shine.
17	W.	violent	29	48	52	Constant rain.
18	N.	strong	29 ¹ ₁₀	46	47	Snow and frost.
19	W.	little	29 ⁸ ₁₀	38	44	Frosty clear day.
20	E.N.E.	fresh	29 ⁷ ₁₀	36	38	Ditto.
21	E.	fresh	29 ⁸ ₁₀	35	42	Ditto.
22	E.	little	29 ² ₁₀	38	39	Afternoon rain.
23	W.	fresh	30 ¹ ₁₀	39	42	Slight rain, evening frost.
24	E.&var.	strong	28 ¹ ₁₀	38	42	Slight rain.
25	W.	strong	29 ⁴ ₁₀	39	41	Frosty day, evening rain.
26	W.S.W.	strong	29 ⁴ ₁₀	39	44½	Frosty air.
27	W.S.W.	strong	29 ⁴ ₁₀	44	45	Rain, intervals fair.
28	S.W.	fresh	29 ³ ₁₀	43	44	Slight rain.
29	S.W.	fresh	29 ⁴ ₁₀	42	44	Foggy.
30	S.W.	little	29 ⁶ ₁₀	30	40	Frosty clear day.
31	N.	little	29 ⁹ ₁₀	36½	40	Ditto.

PRICES

BANK		E. India		South Sea		Old S. Sea		S. Sea New		PRICES OF STOCKS.		per Cent		per Cent		per Cent		per Cent		In Bond	
Stock.		Stock.		Stock.		Stock.		Stock.		Stock.		Stock.		Stock.		Stock.		Stock.		Stock.	
Jan 26	139 1/4	140	138 1/4	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
27	140	139 1/4	139	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
28	140 1/2	139	139	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
29	140 1/2	139	139	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
30	Sunday.																				
31	139 1/4	139 1/4	138 1/4	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
Feb. 1	139 1/4	139 1/4	138 1/4	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
2	139 1/4	139 1/4	138 1/4	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
3	139 1/4	139 1/4	138 1/4	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
4	139 1/4	139 1/4	138 1/4	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
5	139 1/4	139 1/4	138 1/4	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
6	Sunday.																				
7	139 1/4	139 1/4	138 1/4	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
8	139 1/4	139 1/4	138 1/4	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
9	140	139	139	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
10	140	139	139	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
11	140 1/2	139 1/4	139	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
12	140 1/2	139	139	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
13	Sunday.																				
14	140 1/2	139	139	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
15	140	139	139	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
16	140 1/2	139	139	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
17	140 1/2	139	139	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
18	140 1/2	139 1/4	139	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
19	140 1/2	139 1/4	139 1/4	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
20	Sunday.																				
21	139	139	139	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	
22	140 1/2	139 1/4	139 1/4	93 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	



T H E
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THE example of a bee, which does not confine itself to any one particular flower, but indiscriminately extracts its honey from them all, is well applied by one of the most sensible, and least whimsical, of all the Greek moralists, to pursuits after knowledge; in which he recommends variety, in imitation of the little industrious animal. The advice is by no means contemptible, as a moderate knowledge of the sciences in general is more ornamental and useful than a perfect acquaintance with any single branch, to the total exclusion of the rest. Nothing is better calculated to eradicate private prejudices than a general view; nor is any thing more apt to engender them than a peculiar attachment. Every science has some excellence to recommend it, but the mind ought not to be wedded to one alone.

The study of the MATHEMATICS is a fine field to expatiate in, for the enlargement of ideas. An acquaintance with this science (the astronomic part in particular) resembles a voyage into another world. It furnishes ideas so eccentric from the common circle of understanding, as to impart to a student therein, as it were, a second soul. To vulgar minds the earth we in-

habit seems the principal spot on which the Deity has bestowed his care; and the tenants of it the only beings to whom he has communicated life. The sun and moon appear their lamps alone, and the stars the twinkling ornaments to the dome of their habitation. Astronomy banishes such confined and selfish notions. The mathematician discovers system upon system, and world upon world. With reason for his guide, he naturally concludes that the glittering stars, his simple neighbour fondly imagines to belong to this globe of earth, are nothing to us, but that they are the souls and centers of other systems, to give light, and heat, and vegetation, and motion, to animals, and plants, and trees, in other spheres. He measures the distances of the heavenly bodies, and ascertains their magnitudes and revolutions, (which bear a proportion to their distances,) by operations, demonstrable to attention, but out of the reach of common apprehension. By the doctrine of parallax (a doctrine that may be conceived by a traveller, who sees hills, and trees, and houses, keep pace with, or recede from, him, as he passes along, according to their different distances) he is informed of the secrets of other worlds. In a word, he has the laws of the celestial choir exposed before him, nor stops his researches till he arrives at the origin of motion in the several systems, the great *arcanum* of astronomy, which, with its wonderful preservation, he in vain stretches his thoughts to account for from mathematical assumptions, and is forced to resolve into the immediate agency of divine power. Every part of this science merits the attention of a philosopher, for its certainty and curious discoveries. It was an ill-judged compliment, both to mathematics and to our nation, paid by Prussia's monarch, when he said he left the science to a *rêve-cieux d'Anglois*, some empty dreamer of an *Englishman*. He little cared for the height of mount St. Catherine* in the moon, because he could not make a rampart of it against the enemy; and as little for the extraordinary stature of an ordinary-sized inhabitant of the planet Jupiter*, discovered by arguments on the pupil of his eye, because he could not procure a regiment of them to send against the Austrians. He keeps himself, he tells his correspondent Voltaire, in the same letter, to the planet he inhabits: he does well, if so it pleases him; and he will do still better if he always supports the rights of his crown with as little destruction to the inhabitants of that planet as possible.——We have seen what progress the mathematician makes in other worlds; now turn

* See an account of these pretty fancies in Chambers's Dictionary.

we to the reverse of his character, and view how well he acquits himself in this. A mere mathematician is a being, perhaps, one of the most insipid and comic in life. Absorbed in his one study, he slight and neglects every other, as beneath the dignity of his favourite science and his own regard. His conversation is unentertaining and disagreeable; his deportment uncouth and singular.

The study of the *LANGUAGES* comes more within the circle of common life than the mathematics, though it be certainly an inferior pursuit. Learning words, as it has been called, may be looked on, as trifling and pedantic, but it has its excellence, as being a good exercise of the ideas, a species of metaphysics, and the foundation of the *Belles Lettres*. No great progress in polite literature can be made without it. The different manner of arranging ideas at different times and in different nations, the variety of dresses they wear in different minds, are a kind of *mental masquerade*, of service in speculation. The more lights we view our subjects in, the clearer are our conceptions of them; the more languages we acquire, the more lights we are enabled to view them in. To taste the beauties of fancy, in perfection, in poetical and rhetorical ornaments of writing, a knowledge of language is necessary; a view which is nearly connected with real taste, and no mean accomplishment to a gentleman. It is likewise worthy observation, that those who are ignorant of every tongue but their own cannot well express themselves in their own. Confined to their native manner, they are excluded from the benefit of choice in words, and in the arrangement and disposition of those words. There are certain energetic modes of expression, certain beauties of sound, and certain transpositions of words, peculiar to every nation, the spirit of which may be sometimes happily transfused into foreign tongues, and add to them grace, power, and an air of novelty, to enliven an attention that is dead to common sounds and vulgar ideas. The principal exception that has been made on this head, is too great a reverence for the *learned languages*, as they are generally called, which have been complimented, together with their authors, as complete standards for modern imitation. It is true they had their Horace and their Cicero; genius and judgement, correctness and elegance, combined, in a few of their writers: but, if we take a general view of the ancients, candour will oblige us to confess, that there has been too great a partiality shewn them, since every species of good writing among them can be contrasted with performances at least equally good amongst us, and the arts are in much greater perfection. However, their reverences ought not to be robbed of the praise

that is due to undoubted originality, which they may certainly challenge as their right, and that respect which is paid to masters and teachers. A greater share of commendation cannot be given them on account of the original nonsense and unmeaning passages dispersed among their beauties. The principal reason why they may crave our attention is, that they are curious monuments of antiquity, and display a diversity of manners, notions, and thoughts, from what we now experience; a contrast with which, as it suggests a comparative judgement, exercises and assists the understanding.—We may, it is allowed, read them in English; but translations greatly strip them of their originality.

POETRY is another science, or art, which is apt to lead astray, from the paths of common sense and common propriety, those who dedicate too large a portion of time to the muses: Inspiration and madness are esteemed congenial. But, smitten with the excellence of his favourite metaphysics, Locke seems to have shewn himself too great a foe to this harmless pastime, in his remarks on education. If it be allowed that an exclusive attention to it inspires its devotees with wild caprices; metaphysics have done the same. All that was necessary to be observed, is, that extremes are dangerous. Its wanderings apart, we will venture to pronounce it a delicate, agreeable, and liberal, accomplishment. For the sake of imitative beauty in morality, every species of ornament merits cultivation. A mind that is adorned with beautiful, congruous, and harmonious ideas, will, it is presumed, be best prepared for moral beauty and order. The external ornaments of dress itself, which have a less intimate connection with mental endowments, are a sort of distant memento to the wearer to consult propriety and decorum in his actions. No decoration of art or science is ill-bestowed to adorn human nature. Like the rich ore, it contains much hidden worth; but it requires skill and care to cultivate it. It must be purified and refined by sentiment, and stamped into price by virtue.—Dr. Langhorne has an apposite and elegant passage (which has been judiciously selected by the critics) on the subject of poetical follies, warmly inveighing against reflections on those human frailties which are the result of genius: the good-natured reader will review it with pleasure and satisfaction. Speaking of Mr. Collins, an unfortunate poet, he makes the following remarks. “The enthusiasm of poetry, like that of religion, has frequently a powerful influence on the conduct of life; and either throws it into the retreat of uniform obscurity, or marks it with irregularities that lead to misery and disquiet. The gifts of imagination
bring

bring the heaviest task on the vigilance of reason ; and to bear those faculties with unerring rectitude, or invariable propriety, requires a degree of firmness and of cool attention, which does not always attend the higher gifts of the mind. Yet, difficult as nature herself seems to have rendered the task of regularity to genius, it is the supreme consolation of *dulness* and of *folly* to point, with Gothic triumph, to those excesses which are the overflowings of faculties they never enjoyed. Perfectly unconscious that they are indebted to their stupidity for the consistency of their conduct, they plume themselves on an imaginary virtue, which has its origin in what is really their disgrace.—Let such, if such dare approach the shrine of COLLINS, withdraw to a respectful distance ; and, should they behold the ruins of genius, or the weakness of an exalted mind, let them be taught to lament that Nature has left the noblest of her works imperfect.”—— Were there no reason in what the doctor has here advanced, the quotation is to be admired for its spirit and elegance : but there is likewise a deal of justice in his remarks. Nevertheless, since the world is, in general, more inclined to censure than praise, it is the part of prudence to guard against that intemperance in mental pursuits which may expose the student to the hazard of a merciless reception, or throw him on a precarious generosity he may not hope to find. We all of us need the advice of a Mentor in our turns.

HISTORY and ETHICS, which are collateral branches, the one relating what man is, the other teaching what he ought to be, cannot be said to distort from the paths of propriety, at the same time that they afford much instruction. History promotes the knowledge of human nature in a particular manner, and ethics enlarge the ideas and refine the mind. Under this head, sensible, ingenious novels, which are founded in nature, well deserve to be ranked. They are improvements on common life and common sense, and to the generality more amusing than true history, the author having it in his power to make his characters as various and as entertaining as he pleases, provided he keep to real life, without an impeachment of his judgement. Many novels are justly censured, as turning the brains of weak readers with idle romantic notions, fitted for some fairy land, but not current in that we inhabit : but these are not what I mean. The novels of Le Sage, Fielding, and Smollett, are not liable to this objection : in them the pencil of nature and dictates of prudence are united.—The most ignorant gossip that lives, one that cannot read, has some share of history and ethics to inform her mind. In her daily converse
with

with her companions she hears lectures of biography and morality, to instruct her in the manners of the world, and reaps some benefit from her intercourse with them, though she has not the ability of always forming just conclusions. Yet, uninformed as she is, what advantage has she over those who are banished from human society! A wild youth of the woods, could he understand her observations and her stories, would admire her as a prodigy.—Mathematics, and music, and poetry, however agreeable in themselves, may with more propriety be omitted than history and ethics, as less necessary to a man of the world, and more productive of extravagations.

NATURAL HISTORY is a very improving branch of philosophy, which gives a high idea of the works of nature and its Author, and deserving of cultivation for its usefulness; but it has been generally deemed a dry study, (to use a common expression,) which men of brilliant parts, of wit, or elegance in taste, are not particularly captivated with. It has a tendency (like the mathematics) to render its devotees singular, dull, and philosophic; which is not admired by the general taste. It is good, in pursuits of so grave a kind, to counteract their influence on the temper by an intermixture of more sprightly and chearful amusements, the enlivening sallies of company and conversation, and the literary productions of wit and humour. An attachment to a favourite study insensibly steals on the student. He is led away a captive before he is aware that he is even in danger of a surprise.

PHYSIC and physicians have undergone, from different pens, both praise and censure. Wit and pleasantry have been passed on the science from earliest times*, as if it tended rather to amuse than cure. If we take a middle road in this debate, I am of opinion, we shall not stray widely from the truth, by neither attributing to it a magic power of triumphing over nature and her laws, and rescuing a subject from the arms of death when the stamina of life are wasted and broken, as some have done, nor, with others, denying it to possess any virtue at all. A supposition that it has no efficacy may thus be answered. Are there not drugs which contain properties so strong as to stop the current of life? have not poisons this efficacy? Why then, from the same principles, may we not grant a power in other medicines of assisting nature and healing? I know that it is as much more difficult to cure than kill, as it is to make than to destroy; but difficulty does not imply impossibility. Disorders that are merely local, where a general weakness of the patient is not found, to counteract the physi-

cian's

* — *Medicus enim nihil aliud est quam animi consolatio.*
Ap. PETRON.

cian's endeavours, are particularly a proper subject for physic. A trifling obstruction, or a trifling infirmity, of a very inconsiderable proportion of the human system, like a defect in one single tooth in one of the wheels of a watch or clock, may be sufficient to cause a general stagnation of motion, where the skill of an artist would communicate fresh life and vigour to the whole machine. But a proper conduct of the non-naturals (absurdly so called, as my friend Tristram observes) is a point more essential to health, and an improper conduct of them more destructive of it, than any influence derived from medicine. Trees and plants go through the business of vegetation with fewer maladies than man, because they are not endued with *reason*, to lead them *astray*; or otherwise, because they deviate not from the principles on which they are constructed. They have their diseases, but not in such abundance as the human race.——What odium is thrown on the science is brought on it by the extreme fancifulness of valetudinarians. Every malady they read of, by an attention to system, they are apt to think they themselves labour under; and every remedy they hear of they imagine will work a miracle.

Though the sciences themselves have nothing exceptionable in them, many of the professors of them, by their several follies of intemperance and caprice, have brought a kind of odium and disgrace on them to vulgar minds, which should not, in justice, dishonour the cause of learning. These disadvantages are particularly observed to accrue from an exclusive attention to the conversation of the dead, and a want of general taste. There are coquets in literature. In pursuit of higher endowments, men of letters have been seen to set aside all regard to common propriety, and to acquire particularities in manners and conversation, which expose them to the ridicule of ignorance. This very age has given us an eminent instance of such an unfortunate metamorphosis; a learned, subtle, and ingenious, philosopher, (my reader will easily guess whom I intend,) who has dedicated his life to the acquisition of knowledge, and stored his mind with whims in as great abundance as new sterling ideas; one who has conducted his readers along the paths of knowledge, and has himself, like the veriest child, needed the tuition of a *gouvernante* in the common affairs of life; a man who has studied himself into a million of oddities; fancies the whole world in a plot against him; shuns human converse, and flies to wilds and mountains; and, what is worse than all, has acquired, with some, the character of a misanthropist. Such a farrago of knowledge is a greater misfortune to the possessor than the simplicity of nature and primitive ignorance.

Not the manners only, but likewise the look and gestures of a man, are affected by the habit of the mind. The condition of a servant (I do not mean those pampered footmen who are smiled on by their indulgent mistresses) contracts the muscles to humble look and shrinking servility, and chills the genial current of the blood. The young nobleman has a generous and pleasing impudence in his countenance, a gaiety which proclaims no care within, and (till he is wasted by nocturnal revels) a sleek and untarnished face. The miser wears a mask of caution, watches your every motion, and slinks about as if he had a thousand thieves in ambush for his treasure. The peasant presents an uniform dulness, his face inclining to the earth he cultivates: in the one face he has from Nature, (for art lends others a variety,) you see all the simplicity of our forefathers who lived on acorns. The student, amongst the numerous variety of character, has his turn of mind externally expressed, a peculiar badge conferred on him by the Muses, to mark him for their own: gravity in aspect, solemnity of air, extreme confidence or extreme timidity, absence of thought, a load of politeness or none at all, inattention to the *minutiae* of life and behaviour, great loquacity or total silence, and a singular result of the whole, frequently tinged with some philosophy of dress, an uncouth or slovenly coat, the livery of the Muses.

Were all men philosophers, or were there no such thing as general taste, these foibles would be immaterial. But the scholar is to take notice that he has not the privilege of other culprits when arraigned, a trial by his peers: his judges and jury are composed of *the many*, who make no allowance for scholastic whim, and will not compile a special code of laws to try a particular set of men.

Knowledge is, or ought to be, an ornament; but, if common propriety is the price that is paid for it, it will, by the world, be deemed, at best, but an exchange not worth the trouble of making. Notwithstanding, it argues a want of judgement to attribute that as a fault to learning which is chargeable only to human weakness; and none but a simple man will shelter his contempt for erudition under so pitiful a pretext.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

*Quam male consuescit, quam se parat ille cruori,
Impius, humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, et immotas præbet mugitibus aures!*

OVID. Met. XV. 463.

IT is related of a certain Persian monarch, who was suspicious of human frailty, that he assigned it as the particular business of one of his officers to remind him every day that he was but a man. A memento of this kind, on the subject of cruelty, as it is continually exercised, is equally seasonable and necessary. However stale the subject, and however trite reflections on it may appear, yet such is its atrocity, and so frequent are the examples of it, to awake the sympathy of nature, that a repeated abhorrence of it, far from disgusting, must soothe and console every breast that is not steeled by brutality or custom. It is a theme that ought to be repeated till the practice of it is lost in precepts.

It may be observed of crimes, in general, against the persons or interests of our brother tenants of the earth, that the great circumstance which constitutes them crimes is the pain, or loss, in some form or other, which they occasion those the offending party has injured. Is one man hurt by another in his person, the harm he receives comes under the notion of pain. Does he suffer by slander and calumny, the injury he sustains is also pain, the mind the seat of it. Every species of injury that can be named terminates in pain. To be the author of pain to another is to exercise cruelty. Cruelty, in consequence, (without the sophistry of logic) is the essence of crimes; and, in proportion as it is cruelty in the highest or lowest degree, it is the greatest or least of crimes.

To inveigh against cruelty to our own species is, we will hope, utterly needless, as that is universally esteemed a crime: for though there have been infernals in the human form, who have taken delight in this most unnatural of all dispositions, yet an abhorrence of it is too general to require a particular censure. But man is not the only creature that came forth from the hands of the universal Parent. The same benign Being, that created him, formed also the race of brutes, and endued them with sensations of pleasure and pain, as well as man. His care is extended to them equally with the noblest of his works. He has provided them food and clothing, for

remedies against cold and want: and the arms he has given them are a tacit indication that they are not made to suffer. It is a more unnatural action to injure a being of our own species, but it is not more cruel, than to harm a brute. The same pain is somewhere sustained, and creation equally groans, be man or beast its subject. It signifies little but to the sufferer who is the sufferer. There is but one Parent of all, and it is immaterial which of his works we violate.

Whether or not Nature designed the brute creation for the food of man, has been an enquiry suggested by tenderness. Every thing considered, it appears more than probable she did, for the following reasons: the practice is universal throughout the whole creation: as animals have no anticipating forethought, the term of their suffering is limited to the moment of losing their life*: and, thirdly, provided needless cruelty be not inflicted, it is not vastly material whether they linger under the conflicts of nature, or speedily lose their existence by the hand of man. But whether this be the case or not, certainly, after they have clothed us with their wool, and fed us with their milk, it is indeed the act of a heart more than barbarian to aggravate their sufferings with the smallest addition of unnecessary cruelty, when their life is going to be poured forth, to support the life of man. He that can augment their pains when this their last, their greatest, instance of service is at hand, by supplying our wants, and administering to our luxury, even in death †, is a blot in the productions of nature, and a reproach to humanity.

That needless torment inflicted on these poor animals is not rare, every day's observation will inform us. The ministers of slaughter are continually exhibiting scenes of cruelty in the streets. Not content with exercising their despicable power over them, in compliance with the iniquity of the times, they wantonly beat and bruise, tease and scare, them, that a sense of their approaching misery may be awakened, and they *may feel themselves die*, as an imperial monster expressed himself.—Is crime ideal? or is cruelty not a crime? Is man a being of exquisite

- * The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.

Essay on Man, ep. 1.

- † Quid meruistis, oves, placidum pecus? &c.
Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores? &c.

OVID. Metam.

exquisite sensibility, and are brutes but poets?—But we will hope, for the credit of the human race, that such wantonness is to be attributed to want of thought, or to a point of curiosity, to observe the effects of their cruelty on the suffering animal. Either motive is at best a lame excuse, and will not diminish one jot of the pain inflicted; but they are both more tolerable than genuine cruelty, for cruelty's sake. Ignorance and inattention are not the worst of pleas for an offence; but they are poor balm for bleeding wounds and sores.

It is worthy of notice, that many, who are scrupulous of their conduct in general respects, are betrayed into this vice, and insensible of the guilt of it, as well as the lawless rabble. Some there are who superstitiously regard the most slight and insignificant ceremonies of religion, and violate its greatest moral duty, by a breach of the first law of nature, tenderness to the beings around them. This is a true criterion of a narrow soul, which knows no law but that of instinct or custom. Would it be believed, (but whether it be credited, or not, it is equally a truth,) that there have been professors of more than ordinary sanctity, who, when reproached for cruelty to a beast without a cause, have alledged in excuse that the beast was a vermine, and not a Christian? or will it not be thought that the beast which suffered was the better Christian of the two?

Counterfeit goodness has been too much obtruded on the world for real, and supplanted it. Men have made virtues out of the basest materials, and neglected their truest essence: hypocrisy and cruelty have been known to usurp the seat of sincerity and universal benevolence. It is nothing uncommon to see worthless miscreants make a point of not burning a scrap of paper with the name of God inscribed on it, and erasing from their hearts every law he has engraven there by his finger.

The name of blasphemy raises a horror where acts of atrocious cruelty would not be regarded, though really to blaspheme is almost an impossibility for any one but an idiot. Idle words have been termed blasphemy against a Being that is not capable of suffering, where nothing more than an offence to man could ever be intended by them. The heart of man is not, cannot be, so vile as to blaspheme. Acquit him of lunacy, and you acquit him of blasphemy. If there be blasphemy, it consists in action. God is passible only in his creatures.

Custom bears down all resistance like a torrent: its influence is unbounded. To custom and a familiarity with cruelty must be attributed the reigning indifference for it: on which

account an abhorrence of it should be the lesson of earliest youth. Such a lesson comprizes a more extensive circle of morality than appears to superficial observation. Brutes would not be the only objects of its chearing influence: man would share it in a variety of forms. An abhorrence of cruelty is a firm foundation for numberless virtues, whose connection with it is too remote to be readily seen.

History informs us that cruelty to animals was more than barely censured in Greece. The court of Areopagus expelled one of its members for inhumanly denying shelter in his bosom to a bird that sought an asylum there from the talons of its pursuer—a little circumstance big with sentiment and humanity. Even laws were enacted to punish cruel treatment of them, greatly to the credit of the legislators who composed them. Were it easy to imitate them, and enforce such laws, the example well deserves attention. But, I fear, the only law, of sufficient vigour to work a prevention, must be contained in early impressions on minds that are as yet unformed, by a representation of it in all its blackness.

Particular arguments against cruelty are almost an insult on a reader's feelings. The first and greatest argument has its residence in the breast, and needs not the pomp of rhetoric to enforce it, being dictated by the silent voice of Nature. The tender cries of pain are her eloquent dissuaves from cruelty; and he that is insensible to their power deserves not the name of a man. He renounces his privilege of superiority, which the exercise of virtue alone can confer, and is himself become a tyger, though he retain the human form.

Many there are who cannot feel the weight of this silent argument. To such must be repeated, in words, the injustice, meanness, and atrocity of this vice.

It is unjust; as we have no right to make any being whatever, whether man or beast, unhappy. Beasts, as well as men, while they live, have an indisputable title to that share of felicity which Nature has reached forth to them and tacitly allowed them. To deprive them of this, is to rob them of their due: it is a violation of her law, and an act of injustice that no argument can vindicate. If we can avail ourselves of the superior strength of some of them, in labouring and carrying burdens, the smallest return we can make is to treat them with humanity. We are, in some measure, obliged to them for their labour, and gratitude may be urged as a plea for tenderness in our treatment of them. They are joint-tenants with us of this capacious globe, and have a title to the grass of the field for their support, without incurring a debt to man for food.

food. It is provided for them as much as any of the necessities of life are bestowed on us : it will also grow up spontaneously for their use, without the aid of cultivation. Hence we have no claim at all on them, but are (if I am allowed the expression) in their debt for the services they render us.

Cruelty is mean ; because the produce of a narrow mind. Men are cruel where there is an incapacity of returning the injury. To do an injury, only because they have power to do it, is a breach of generosity that marks a dastard soul : it is exercising a contemptible tyranny over an inferior, which is the reverse of greatness. It argues a weakness, to be so intoxicated with a small degree of power, as to betray the little command they have over their passions and actions. To injure a man is unnatural ; to injure a brute is ungenerous. The inability of a brute to foil the superior cunning of man is an additional argument for treating it with tenderness. It is doubly a crime to hurt the innocent and defenceless ; a breach of generosity and of humanity. True magnanimity is never tinged with cruelty, nor can be found in company with it. The most generous and noble-spirited commander is ever the most compassionate to the yielding foe.

Cruelty is an atrocious crime ; as (to speak comprehensively) it is the basis of all crimes. The breast that is untinged with cruelty is prepared for every virtue : and the heart that cherishes it is a seat for every vice. There is no violation greater, because there is no injury that is not reducible to it. All that is desirable in life, and worthy our thoughts, is virtue and pleasure ; and all we have to shun is vice and pain. To inflict pain is consequently to thwart the business of life, and to defeat the end of existence.

What has been advanced will to some, whose minds are moulded by custom, not refined by sentiment, be regarded as the idle declamation of a school : but every word is registered in the court of Reason. Custom is variable, and has authorized the most flagitious crimes : Reason is uniform and ever the same ; the patron of substantial virtue, and unmasker of fantastic form.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

*The soul, that feels for others woe,
From heaven its origin doth shew.* ANON.

HE that doth good to his fellow creatures, according to the means with which he is enabled, is a good man, and practices active religion and virtue ; but the man, how-
ever

ever scrupulous and tenacious he may appear of maintaining the exterior forms of virtue, that doth not share, amongst his fellow-creatures in distress, the bounties of heaven dispensed to him, is fit only for the unsocial limits of a monastery.

The occasions of making ourselves happy, by relieving others, are numberless, and seem particularly adapted to diffuse happiness more generally amongst mankind. If affluence and independence could universally exist, the benevolent would not experience the inexpressible pleasure of relieving the needy, neither could there exist that grateful satisfaction which modest indigence ever feels from well-timed succour.

In this city, however, there is no probability that these causes of mutual pleasure will ever be removed; but, on the other hand, the affluence of some rises in proportion to the distress of others, whose wants silently petition for the assistance of the former. These wants not only vary in degree and permanence, but the means of relief likewise, with respect to immediate or permanent aid; a little pittance, timely bestowed, saves many a modest object; but that aid, which tends to the future as well as the present support of life, seems also best calculated to promote happiness more universally amongst the poor. With this numerous class of the community, bread is literally the staff of life, and by whatever medium this can be handed to these at a less expence, must be equally laudable in the design, and beneficial in the effects; as thereby the savings in this article may be employed in procuring other necessaries of life, contributing at once to the health and happiness of such individuals, and ultimately to the whole community, by enabling the manufacturer to undersell foreign rivals at foreign markets.

The branches that spread from one flourishing root are numerous, and every year produces new shoots, and in this radical article of bread, could it be brought easier to the hands of the poor, would extend to the production of other benefits in a gradual and happy progression.

A little good, properly directed, is often great in its increase; the widow's mite produced its effect, and no person should withhold his hand upon the reflection that a trifle can produce no benefit; but rather be animated to do good by observing that great effects have sprung from trifling causes, as the smallest spring is the source of a mighty river that waters numerous provinces; the loftiest oak germinates from an acorn, and the drop, that seems lost in the ocean, may become a pearl of inestimable value.

But I leave the digression in order to observe, that wholesome bread may be procured at a price inferior to any hitherto suggested

suggested by the legislature, by mixing the fine flour of Indian corn with that of wheat in equal proportions, which if rightly managed, the colour will be about the same as the standard wheaten bread, and about two-pence in the quartern loaf cheaper than the fine wheaten when that may be at eight-pence per quartern.

No substance, used as aliment, has been more fully and satisfactorily proved to be nutritious than this corn, which has of late been exported in considerable quantities from our North-American colonies, where it forms a large share of the diet of both the rich and the poor; it is light, and easy of digestion, and at the same time affords much nourishment, as those most addicted to it endure exercise and labour with superior ease; and it has likewise been particularly remarked that horses, fed with it, will travel farther, and bear the fatigues of a long journey, much better than when fed with any other food whatever. About the metropolis, some hundred quarters of this corn have been brought for the feeding hogs particularly, and it has rendered their flesh whiter, sweeter, and better flavoured, than when fed with any thing else hitherto used; and, for black cattle, deer, and poultry, there is no food superior to this grain.

Were it used more universally for these purposes, as well as at the table, part of the land now employed here for oats or wheat might be turned to pasture, or other uses conducive to lower the price of provisions, and to the benefit of the poor in general.

The people of North-America dress the flour into various forms, which it is as well calculated for as that of wheat: in the West-Indies, it constitutes the principal food of the Negroes, who, perhaps, undergo as much hardship and labour as most of the sons of men; nevertheless, by this diet, they enjoy health, look robust, and live to very advanced ages.

The flour of this corn possesses, to most, an agreeable sweet flavour, so that some persons, who have accustomed themselves to eat the bread made of it, find a difficulty in returning to the use of any other; and I have known individuals so fond of it, as to import it on their own accounts: some indeed do not so easily reconcile themselves to it, which often arises from the mismanagement in grinding the corn or baking the bread. The bakers, who are not yet familiarized into the best method of mixing and preparing it with wheat flour, do not always make the bread as it should be, and thereby some, who form their judgement from tasting loaves of one baking only, are disappointed and misled.

There

There should be no less care in grinding the corn, as a part of the interior edge of the grain is composed of a ligneous spongy substance, the middle of which is of a dark brown colour, and of a bitter taste, which, if ground into the flour, produces a disagreeable taste; to avoid which, the mill-stones should be set so wide as but just to burst the thick or farinaceous part of the grain, which should be passed through a sieve, in order to separate the above-mentioned bitterish substance; the grain should then be ground with the stones set to render it sufficiently fine; by this precaution the flour is as white as that of the finest wheat, and full as pleasant to eat; it possesses the peculiar quality of preserving the bread, made from a mixture of it, in a moist state for many days, which at least in warm weather, is no inconsiderable advantage.

In a political view, the introduction of this useful substance in diet is very important; for, while it tends to lower the price of bread, and consequently of provisions in general, it encourages the growth of an article in our American colonies, which enjoy a climate similar to ours, and thereby employs their lands which otherwise might be turned to the culture of wheat, and other kinds of corn, which interfere with our exports; to preserve therefore a mutual interchange of benefits and good offices between the mother country and the colonies*, is one of the first principles of true government, and ultimately tends to a compact founded upon interest, and which, amongst nations, is the most amicable as well as the most durable.

APYREXIA.

P. S. This corn and flour, I am informed, may be heard of at Foster's, (No. 183.) Bishopsgate-Street; where particulars of its use may be learned, and a sample of the corn and flour procured.

* Vide *for Josiah Child on trade; and political Essays on the present State of the British Empire.*

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

AS the useful instruction and entertainment of the British youth was not the least object in the formation of the plan of this little monthly compilement, we shall to that end insert, from time to time, some of the most interesting descriptions from geographical writers; among which, we apprehend, an account of the situation, extent, manners, and customs, of

of the principal cities of the known world, will not be the least acceptable: and, though the plan of this work may not allow us to be so particular in each instance as to give intire satisfaction to every one of our readers, we hope to be sufficiently explicit to afford, at least, general information. As the order in which we shall proceed will be nearly alphabetical, we shall, in the first place, present our readers with an account of the cities of Aix la Chapelle and Aleppo.

AIX la Chapelle is a fine city of Germany, in the circle of Westphalia and duchy of Juliers. It is situated 36 miles from Liege, and 30 from Cologne; longitude $5^{\circ} 48'$ E. latitude $51^{\circ} 55'$ N. Authors are pretty much agreed about its antiquity, it being mentioned in Cæsar's Commentaries and the Annals of Tacitus; the Romans had colonies and fortresses there, when they were at war with the Germans; but the mineral waters and the hot bath so increased its fame, that, in process of time, it was advanced to the privileges of a city, by the name of *Aquægranii*, that is, the waters of Granius; that, which it has now, of Aix la Chapelle, was given it by the French, to distinguish it from other towns of the same name. It is so called, on account of a chapel built by Charlemagne, in honour of the holy virgin: he having repaired, beautified, and enlarged, the city, that was destroyed by the Huns, in the reign of Attila. In 451, he made it the most common place of his residence. There being a great number of reliques in the church of Notre Dame, it is greatly frequented by pilgrims on that account.

The town is seated in a valley furrounded with mountains and woods, and yet the air is very wholesome. It may be divided into the inward and outward city; the inward is encompassed with a wall, about three quarters of a league in circumference, having ten gates: and the outward wall is about a league and a half in circumference, in which there are eleven gates. There are rivulets which run through the town, and keep it very clean, turning several mills; besides twenty public fountains, and many private ones. They have stone quarries in the neighbourhood, which furnish the inhabitants with proper materials for their magnificent buildings; of which the stadthouse and cathedral are the chief. There are likewise thirty parochial or collegiate churches.

The market-place is very spacious, and the houses round it very stately. In the middle, before the stadthouse, is a fountain of blue stones, which throws out water from six pipes into a marble basin placed beneath, thirty feet in circumference. On the top of this fountain is placed the statue of

Charlemagne, of brass, gilt, holding a sceptre in his right-hand and a globe in his left. The stadthouse is adorned with the statues of all the emperors since Charlemagne. This fabric has three stories, the upper of which is one entire room, of one hundred and sixty-two feet in length, and sixty in breadth. In this, the new-elected emperor formerly entertained all the electors of the empire. On each side there is a tower raised pretty high, and ornamented with sculptures and figures. Aix la Chapelle is a free imperial city, and changes its magistracy every year, on the eve of St. John Baptist. The mayor is in the nomination of the elector palatine, in the quality of the duke Juliers, as a protector of the city. This place is famous for several councils and treaties of peace concluded here, particularly those between France and Spain in 1668, and between Great Britain and France in 1748. The baths have been frequented for several centuries, of which some are hot, and some are warm; the principal are called the Emperor's Bath, the Bath of St. Cornille, the Bath of Roses, the Bath of St. Quirin, the Little Bath, and the Bath of the Poor, besides several others. The Emperor's Bath has the name of Charlemagne, who repaired it, and bathed very often in its waters; it is the finest and most commodious. The Little Bath receives its waters from the Emperor's Bath, and contains three bathing places. That of St. Quirin has particular springs, but its virtues are the same as the former. The Bath of St. Cornille is so called from the sign of the house where it is seated; it is only warm, and is divided into five different baths. The Bath of Roses is so called from a citizen named John Rosen, who built it. The Poor's Bath is free for every one, and is frequented by crowds of poor people. The men bathe in distinct baths from the women, and even private baths are to be had for money.

There are two springs in the lower part of the city, over one of which there is the statue of the virgin Mary, and, over the other, that of Charlemagne. These are for drinking; and there are two pumps to raise up the water. There are several galleries, or piazzas, under which they walk during the time of drinking, to make them pass more freely. It is but a hundred years since these waters were first taken inwardly, and this was owing to a French physician, who wrote a treatise on their virtues.

About a quarter of a league from Aix, stands the abbey of Borzet, or Burscheit, which is a very magnificent pile of building. It was formerly a monastery, but serves for a nunnery, whose abbess is a princess of the empire and a lady of Borzet.

Borzet. The baths here are much hotter than at Aix la Chapelle; and some of them are so hot that they will boil eggs, which is frequently done by poor people; and, if you throw in a dog, he will be killed in an instant. Therefore here, as at Aix, the water must stand till it is of a proper coolness. You may bathe here at fourteen different houses; and there is likewise one open bath, where the poor may bathe gratis. Near this place are several mines of lead, coal, vitriol, and lapis calaminaris.

The time of drinking the waters, in the first season, is, from the beginning of May to the middle of June; and, in the latter season, from the middle of August to the latter end of September. They are said to be efficacious in almost all tedious chronic diseases, whether internal or of the skin; particularly in all disorders of the nerves, or in all cold diseases, and inward decays.

We need not to mention, that there are all kinds of amusements common to other places of public resort; but the sharpers appear more splendid here than elsewhere, assuming titles, with an equipage suitable to them.

Dictionary of the World now publishing.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Paternal Instructions from a Parent to his Son, on his going to the University; and to his Daughter.

[From a work lately published.]

YOU are now leaving us, my son, to make your entrance into the world; for though, from the pale of a college, the bustle of ambition, the plodding of business, and the tinsel of gaiety, are supposed to be excluded, yet, as it is the place where the persons that are to perform in those several characters often put on the dresses of each, there will not be wanting, even there, those qualities that distinguish in all. I will not shock your imagination with the picture which some men, retired from its influence, have drawn of the world; nor warn you against enormities, into which, I should equally affront your understanding and your feelings, did I suppose you capable of falling. Neither would I arm you with that suspicious caution which young men are sometimes advised to put on. They who always suspect will often be deceived, and never be happy. Yet there is a wide distinction between the confidence that becomes a man, and the simplicity that disgraces a simpleton. He, who never trusts, is a niggard of his soul, who

starves himself, and by whom no other is enriched; but he, who gives every one his confidence and every one his praise, squanders the fund that should serve for the encouragement of integrity and the reward of excellence.

In the circles of the world, your notice may be equally attracted by objects glaring, not useful; and your attachment won to characters whose surfaces are showy, without intrinsic value: in such circumstances, do not always impute knowledge to the appearance of acuteness, or give credit to opinions according to the confidence with which they are urged. In the more important articles of belief and conviction, let not the flow of ridicule be mistaken for the force of argument. Nothing is so easy as to excite a laugh, at that time of life, when seriousness is held to be an incapacity of enjoying it; and no wit so futile, or so dangerous, as that which is drawn from the perverted attitudes of what is in itself momentous. There are, in most societies, a set of self-important young men, who borrow consequence from singularity, and take precedence in wisdom from the unfeeling use of the ludicrous: this is at best a shallow quality; in objects of eternal moment, it is poisonous to society. I will not now, nor could you then, stand forth, armed at all points, to repel the attacks which they may make on the great principles of your belief; but let one suggestion suffice, exclusive of all internal evidence, or extrinsic proof of revelation: He, that would undermine those foundations, upon which the fabric of our future hope is erected, seeks to beat down that column which supports the feebleness of humanity; let him but think a moment, and his heart will arrest the cruelty of his purpose: would he pluck its little treasure from the bosom of poverty? would he wrest its crutch from the hand of age, and remove from the eye of affliction the only solace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged at best; we tread it, however, lighter by the prospect of that *better country* to which we trust it will lead: tell us not that it will end in the gulph of eternal dissolution, or break off in some wild which fancy may fill up as she pleases, but which reason is not able to delineate: quench not that beam which, amidst the night of this evil world, has cheered the dispendency of ill-requited worth and illumined the darkness of suffering virtue.

The two great movements of the soul, which the Moulder of our frames has placed in them for the incitement of virtue and the prevention of vice, are the desire of honour and the fear of shame: But the perversion of these qualities, which the refinement of society is peculiarly unhappy in making, has
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drawn their influence, from the standard of morality, to the banners of its opposite: into the first step on which a young man ventures, in those paths which the cautions of wisdom have warned him to avoid, he is commonly pushed by that ridicule which he has seen levelled at simplicity, and the desire of that applause which the spirit of the profligate has enabled him to acquire.

Pleasure is in truth subservient to virtue: when the first is pursued without those restraints which the latter would impose, every infringement we make on them lessens the enjoyment we mean to attain; and nature is thus wise in our construction, that, when we would be blessed beyond the pale of reason, we are blessed imperfectly. It is not by the roar of riot, or the shout of the bacchanal, that we are to measure the degree of pleasure what he feels; the grossness of the sense he gratifies is equally insusceptible of the enjoyments, as it is deaf to the voice, of reason; and, obdurate by the repetition of debauch, is incapable of that delight which the finer sensations produce, which thrills in the bosom of delicacy and virtue.——

Libertines have said, my daughter, that the smiles of your sex attend them; and that the pride of conquest, where conquest is difficult, overcomes the fear of disgrace and defeat. I hope there is less truth in this remark than is generally imagined; let it be my daughter's belief that it cannot be true, for the honour of her sex: let it be her care that, for her own honour, it may be false to her. Look on these men, my child, even in their most alluring garb, as creatures dangerous to the peace, and destructive to the welfare, of society; look on them as you would on a beautiful serpent, whose mischief we may not forget while we admire the beauties of its skin.

I marvel, indeed, how the pride of the fair can allow them to shew a partiality to him, who regards them as beings merely subservient to his pleasure, in whose opinion they have lost all that dignity which excites reverence, and that excellence which creates esteem.

Be accustomed, my daughter, to think respectfully of yourself; it is the error of the gay world to place your sex in a station somewhat unworthy of a reasonable creature; and the individuals of ours, who address themselves to you, think it a necessary ingredient in their discourse, that it should want every solid property with which sense and understanding would invest it. The character of a female pedant is undoubtedly disgusting; but it is much less common than that of a trifling or ignorant woman. The intercourse of the sexes is, in this respect, advantageous; that each has a desire to please, mingled with

with a certain deference for the other; let not this purpose be lost on one side by its being supposed that, to please yours, we must speak something in which fashion has sanctified folly, and ease lent her garb to insignificance. In general it should never be forgotten, that, though life has its venial trifles, yet they cease to be innocent when they incroach upon its important concerns: the mind, that is often employed about little things, will be rendered unfit for any serious exertion; and, though temporary relaxations may recruit its strength, habitual vacancy will destroy it.

As the mind may be weakened by the pursuit of trivial matters, so its strength may be misled in deeper investigations.

It is a capital error in the pursuit of knowledge, to suppose that we are never to believe what we cannot account for. There is no reason why we should not *attempt* to understand every thing; but to own, in many instances, our limited knowledge, is a piece of modesty in which lies the truest wisdom. Let it be our care that our effort, in its tendency, is *useful*, and our effort need not be repressed; for he that attempts the *impossible* will often *at*cheive the *extremely difficult*: but the pride of knowledge often labours to gain what, if gained, would be useless, and wastes exertion upon objects that have been left unattained from their futility.——

Men, possessed of this desire, you may perhaps find, my son, in the seat of science whither you are going; but remember, that what claims our wonder does not always merit our regard.——Vanity of our knowledge is generally found in the first stages of its acquirement, because we are then looking back to that rank we have left, of such as know nothing at all. Greater advances cure us of this, by pointing our view to those *above* us; and, when we reach the summit, we begin to discover that human knowledge is so imperfect, as not to warrant any vanity upon it. In particular arts, beware of that affectation of speaking *technically*, by which ignorance is often disguised and knowledge disgraced. Those, who are really skilful in the principles of science, will acquire the veneration of only shallow minds, by talking scientifically; for, to simplify expression, is always the effect of the deepest knowledge and of the clearest discernment.——The ostentation of learning is indeed always disgusting in the intercourse of society; for even the benefit of instruction received cannot allay the consciousness of inferiority; and remarkable parts more frequently attract admiration than procure esteem. To bring forth knowledge agreeably, as well as usefully, is perhaps very difficult for those who have attained it in the secluded walks

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of study and speculation ; and is an art seldom found but in men who have likewise acquired some knowledge of the world. There is a certain learned rust which *men* as well as metals acquire ; it is, simply speaking, a blemish in both : the social feelings grow callous from disuse, and lose that pliancy of little affection which sweetens the cup of life as we drink it. Even the ceremonial of the world, shallow as it may appear, is not wholly without its use ; it may, indeed, take from the warmth of friendship, but it covers the coldness of indifference ; and, if it has repressed the genuine overflowings of kindness, it has smothered the turbulence of passion and animosity.

Politeness, taught as an art, is ridiculous ; as the expression of liberal sentiment and courteous manners, it is truly valuable. There is a politeness of the heart which is confined to no rank and dependant upon no education.

The desire of obliging, which a man possessed of this quality will universally shew, seldom fails of pleasing, though his style may differ from that of modern refinement.—The falsehood of politeness is often pleaded for, as unavoidable in the commerce of mankind ; yet I would have it as little indulged as possible. There is a frankness without rusticity, an openness of manner, prompted by good humour, but guided by delicacy, which some are happy enough to possess, that engages every worthy man, and gives not offence even to those whose good opinion, though of but little estimation, it is the business of prudence not wantonly to lose.—True good breeding is the sister of philanthropy, with feelings perhaps not so serious or tender, but equally inspired by a fineness of soul, and open to the impressions of social affection.

As politeness is the rule of the world's manners, so it has erected *honour* the standard of its morality ; but its dictates too frequently depart from wisdom with respect to ourselves, from justice and humanity with respect to others. Genuine honour is undoubtedly the offspring of both ; but there has arisen a counterfeit, who, as he is more boastful and showy, has more attracted the notice of gaiety and grandeur. Generosity and courage are the virtues he boasts of possessing ; but his generosity is a fool, and his courage a murderer.—You will probably hear, my son, very frequent applauses bestowed on men of nice and jealous honour, who suffer not the smallest affront to pass unquestioned and unrevenged ; but do not imagine that the character, which is most sacredly guarded, is always the most unsullied in reality, nor allow yourself to envy a reputation for that sort of value which supports it.

Think how uneasy that man must pass his time, who sits, like a spider in the midst of his feeling web, ready to catch
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the minuteſt occaſion for quarrel and reſentment. There is often more real puſillanimity in the mind that ſtarts into oppoſition where none is neceſſary, than in him who overlooks the wanderings of ſome unguarded act or expreſſion, as not of conſequence enough to challenge indignation or revenge. I am aware that the young and high-ſpirited will ſay, that men can only judge of actions, and that they will hold as cowardice the blindneſs I would recommend to affront or provocation; but there is a ſteady coolneſs and poſſeſſion of one's ſelf, which this principle will commonly beſtow, equally remote from the weakneſs of fear and the diſcompoſure of anger, which gives to its poſſeſſor a ſtation that ſeldom fails of commanding reſpect, even from the ferocious votaries of ſanguinary honour. But ſome principle is required to draw a line of action above the mere precepts of moral equity, "*beyond the fixt and ſettled rules*;" and for this purpoſe is inſtituted the motive of honour: there is another at hand which the ſubſtitution of this phantom too often deſtroys—it is conſcience—whole voice, were it not ſtified, (ſometimes by this very falſe and ſpurious honour,) would lead directly to that liberal conſtruction of the rules of morality which is here contended for. Let my children never ſuffer this monitor to ſpeak unheeded, nor drown its whiſpers amidſt the din of pleaſure or the buſtle of life. Conſider it as the repreſentative of that Power who ſpake the ſoul into being, and in whole diſpoſal exiſtence is! To liſten therefore to his *unwritten law*, which he promulgates by its voice, has every ſanction which his authority can give. It were enough to ſay that we are mortal; but the argument is irrefiſtible when we remember our immortality.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

A Correspondent, in the ſeventh number of the Monthly Ledger, juſt come into my hands, wiſhes to be informed of the cauſe of wheat's bearing ſo much a higher price ſince the year 1764, from which time no exportation has been allowed, than in the preceeding years, when ſo large a quantity was ſent out of the kingdom. I have neither leiſure, nor inclination, for a thorough investigation of the ſubject; but ſeveral cauſes appear to me to operate jointly towards producing the effect; which I ſhall endeavour, in as few words as poſſible, to caſt before you; *viz.* from,

1ſt, The crops for ſeveral years, though they cannot be ſaid to have failed, having been ſcanty.

2dly, The increaſing population of the kingdom.

3dly,

3dly, The shameful luxury of the higher and middle ranks of people.

4thly, The horses kept for machines, post-chaifes, &c. which have incredibly increased since that time, and which are almost entirely fed upon oats, of which, though many are imported, I conceive a great addition has been made to the quantity grown at home, which have necessarily occupied land that would otherwise have produced wheat.

5thly, The introduction of wheat-bread into many parts of the kingdom, where rye and oat-bread only were known formerly amongst the lower people.

6thly, The practice introduced of late years amongst the labouring poor, in other parts of the nation, of eating only flour-bread, from the erroneous notion, adopted and countenanced by many writers, that it will go farther and afford more nourishment. The ill consequences of this must instantly appear; the bran and pollard alone (which are used to feed horses and pigs) being separated from the meal (that is, the whole corn ground down together) makes a difference of one fifth in the quantity that would be otherwise applied to the use of man, without reckoning the many subdivisions into finer flour, from most of which some bran or pollard is separated.

7thly, The great influx of wealth into the nation during the time of, and since, the last war, and the enormous extent of fictitious credit, which, for a time, operates as so much specie: this last seems to me to be the principal cause from which the high price, not only of wheat, but all other provisions, springs; for money must be considered as a commodity at market, and, in proportion to the greater or lesser quantity of it, like all other commodities, must rise or fall in value; that is, must buy more or less of other articles: and this will be evident, if we look back two or three centuries, and observe the amazing low prices provisions bore at that period, which was owing to the comparative poverty of the nation, and the small portion of circulating specie. While therefore we continue to possess so much greater wealth, there is, to me, no prospect of our having provisions at the same rate they were twenty years since: the variation, in the produce of different years, may, in some small degree, assist us, but they *must* be on an average much higher. The only means, then, in human power to relieve the industrious poor, is to advance their wages; and, however this may alarm, it is what must be the consequence, if the balance of trade continues in our favour; if such advance injures our manufactures, and obstructs their sale, the wealth, that has poured in upon us through the channel

of commerce, will, by the same channel, return back again: money will become scarce—provisions will be cheaper.

Your correspondent, I presume, has mistaken the effect for the cause; when he supposes the advance of farms produces the advance of provisions: it is the advanced prices of provisions has made the farmers rich; the landlord sees it, and makes his advantage of it by insisting on more rent: it is not all the endeavours of the farmer (let him be skrewed up ever so high) can advance the price of provisions beyond the natural standard and due proportion to the value of money, and therefore the popular clamours against him are groundless.

But the field is so large, and presents so many considerations to the view, that I must restrain myself: though I may, perhaps, when more at leisure, give you my farther thoughts on the subject; at present I ought to apologize for the incorrect arrangement of these observations.

ZENO.

Norfolk, March 5, 1774.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On Gratitude, particularly as it respects the Deity.

GRATITUDE is a sensation, naturally arising in sensible and pious minds, to the author or cause of any benefit received: but there is little reason to think any man will be influenced to make grateful returns for benefits, conferred upon him by a fellow-creature, who is insensible to the manifold mercies and blessings which the munificent hand of almighty goodness showers down upon him. To be truly grateful to men, we must first be grateful to that Being who formed us, and preserves us by his providence from the innumerable dangers that surround us.

Were it not for that perverseness and want of suitable reflection so obvious in human beings, we should imagine it impossible for men, who think at all, to be deficient in a duty which every motive of reason, of religion, and of interest, recommends; a duty to which the blessings we hourly receive so powerfully excite us.

Were human beings independent; had they given existence to themselves; did either the continuance of that existence, their comforts in it, or their felicity in a future state, depend on their own powers, they might then, with some propriety, assert their own sufficiency, and to forget God would be no

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mark of ingratitude. But how different is the case with us ! and in that view how shameful it is to be ungrateful !

Ingratitude to an eternal and almighty power, who, willing to communicate that happiness which he enjoyed in full perfection, spoke the creating word, and brought into being a race of creatures, capacitated for much present, and reserved for far greater, felicity, is indeed heinous and shocking. God has placed us in a world replete with numerous blessings ; and, to awaken the strongest sensations of love and gratitude, has promised the rewards of a glorious immortality in the world and life that are to come. Surely it must be impossible for any man to employ his thoughts on this supreme Benefactor, without feeling that secret glow of gratitude which his multiplied mercies so justly claim, so forcibly extort, from every feeling heart. Can any man reflect that, to this adorable Being he owes his existence, the foundation of all other enjoyments ; that it was the effect of his free beneficence that he fills such a station in life, and enjoys the peculiar advantages of that station ; can he reflect, that every capacity to enjoy delight, of body and mind, is the consequence of his preserving care ; and, at the same time, withhold from his creator, his benefactor, and best friend, the language of sincere love and adoration ?

Wherever we turn our eyes ; whether we contemplate our own marvellous and exquisitely contrived frame, or consider the faculties and amazing comprehension of our own soul ; whether we view the earth beneath us, with its innumerable wonders and blessings, or contemplate the azure expanse above with all its glorious furniture of sun, moon, and stars ; whether we estimate the high advantages we receive from well-formed society and government, or the nearer and more affecting joys of friendship and domestic union ; in every view, in every object, we may read, in legible and glowing characters, *God, the benefactor and friend of man*. Happy would it be if every heart was the corresponding reverse of this seal, and bore upon it in endless characters, *thanksgiving, love, and gratitude, to the adorable Source of every blessing !*

If what I have thus briefly suggested be sufficient to awaken in every soul the most grateful sentiments to God, when only considered as our *Creator and Lord*, what ought to be the case when we consider the riches of his love in *redemption* ? Under a humiliating sense of this unspeakable blessing, the language of our minds will be, "*What owest thou to my Lord ?*" Indeed, what do we not owe ? what ought we not to feel for him, who, to redeem us from misery, and to advance our fallen state, left the realms of immortal light, and enshrouded the brightness of his glorious majesty under a mortal veil ? He did not disdain

to inhabit our frame; he took our infirmities upon him, and conversed familiarly with men, to bring them into a perfect reconciliation with God, and union with himself. Yet more; he tasted for us the bitter and disgraceful cup of death; and, in his expiring agonies, manifested the greatness of his love, even to his worst enemies; "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!*" The noble end, nature, and extent, of his beneficence, ought to be a source of adoring wonder to man. He was not obliged by our merits, wearied by our importunities, flattered with promise of recompence, or bribed by the expectation of emoluments, to undertake this great work for us; but, being all-sufficient, and incapable of admitting any accession to his bliss, most freely, out of pure bounty and goodness, became our Benefactor, Friend, and Saviour. He prevented, not only our desires, but our knowledge; surpassing not only our deserts, but our wishes; yea, even our conceptions in the dispensations of his inestimable benefits. He had no other aim in conferring them, than our present good and everlasting well-being. What must not the contemplative mind feel for such a divine, such a disinterested, benefactor; a benefactor, who not lately began or suddenly will cease, who is neither uncertain nor mutable in his intentions; but, with designs from everlasting, will, if we do not resist him, persevere immutably in his kind resolutions towards us, to all eternity? He is a benefactor, whom the ingratitude and rebellious disobedience of mankind could not divert from his glorious purpose of restoring them to divine favour. He extends his watchful eye, exerts his powerful arm, is always mindful, and willing to do us good. He guards us when we sleep, remembers us when we forget ourselves and him, and, as a tender and compassionate father, pitieth our infirmities. Thus with infinite condescension he bendeth the heavens, and looks down upon us; stretching forth his providential hand to preserve us from dangers to which we are blind. "*Though he dwelleth on high,*" says the sacred penman, "*he humbleth himself to behold the things which are on earth.*" When we consider his greatness and glory, and the extent of his mercy to us, who are but dust and ashes before him, every thing conspires to awaken the most lively emotions of love and gratitude to so gracious and kind a Father; and, to be insensible thereof, is at once a striking proof of impiety and inconsideration.

MENTOR.

Per

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THE wisdom and virtue of the ancient Romans have been celebrated from age to age, with a kind of superstitious veneration, by men fond of pomp, and dazzled with the false glitter of imaginary glory. Others have implicitly adopted their sentiments without inquiring in what that wisdom and virtue consisted. Those, who suspend their judgements till this examination has taken place, will find occasion to be more moderate in their praise, and think less highly of actions which have gained an improper plaudit from mankind. A thirst for universal empire was the leading principle of action in this warlike people; and the blood of millions could not satiate it. Their boasted love of liberty was confined within the circle of their own empire; and it was their unremitting endeavour, for many ages, to destroy it in all the nations around, by subjecting them to their laws and government. To promote this, they broke through the sacred obligations of humanity, and spread horror and desolation around them. Notwithstanding their skill in the art of government, and observance of some moral duties, many of their customs were repugnant to reason and the maxims of sound policy. Pride and cruelty seem to have had a large share in forming their characters; and superstition was the basis of their religion. Their exposing prisoners to wild beasts, the combats of their gladiators, their rigorous execution of penal laws, and the cruelty and ostentation of their triumphs, are all proofs of the truth of this assertion.

Probably many of your readers may not have a clear idea of what a Roman triumph was, or in what manner it was conducted. To such I apprehend the following account will be acceptable, if it should obtain a place in your useful Miscellany.

A triumph was a public procession in honour of some general who had won a great and signal victory, attended by the spoils he had taken, and even by the captive princes and their families.

None were deemed worthy this honour but dictators, consuls, and prætors, though history affords some exceptions to this general rule.

In order to give a distinct idea of these pompous solemnities, I shall here subjoin Plutarch's account of the triumph of Paulus Emilius, on his taking king Perseus prisoner, and putting a final period to the Macedonian empire; the ceremony

mony of which, he tells us, was performed in the following manner.

"Scaffolds were erected by the people in the Forum and Circus, and the other parts of the city, where they could best behold the magnificent cavalcade. The spectators were dressed in white garments; the temples were open and dressed with garlands, and rendered fragrant with perfumes; the streets were cleared, and the people kept from pressing too near. The triumph lasted three days. On the first day were seen the pictures and statues of an extraordinary size, taken from the enemy, which were drawn in seven hundred and fifty chariots. On the second, was carried in many carriages, the richest of the Macedonian armour, both of brass and steel, newly furnished, which was piled up with great art, though seemingly thrown together with the greatest negligence, and which were fastened in such a manner, that the several pieces, striking against each other as they were drawn along, made a harsh and terrible clangor, so that the very spoils of the conquered filled the spectators with dread. After these came three thousand men, with the silver specie, in seven hundred and fifty vessels, each of which weighed three talents, and was carried by four men. Others brought large silver bowls, goblets, and cups, disposed in such order as to make the best appearance. Early in the morning, on the third day, came the trumpeters, who sounded the charge used to animate the soldiers to fight on the day of battle. Next followed the young men, girt about with girdles curiously wrought, leading to the sacrifice a hundred and twenty bulls, with their horns gilt, and their heads adorned with ribbands and garlands, and with these were boys carrying plates of gold and silver.

"Then was brought the gold coin, divided into twenty seven vessels, that weighed three talents each, like those which contained the silver. Next was carried the consecrated bowl, made by Emilius's order, which weighed ten talents, and was adorned with precious stones. Then were exposed to view the cups of Antigonus and Seleucus, and all the gold plate used at Perseus's table. Next came Perseus's chariot, which contained that prince's armour, on the top of which was his diadem; and, after a little intermission, the king's children were led captive, with a train of governors, masters, and nurses, who all wept, and, stretching forth their hands to the spectators, taught the little infants to beg and intreat their compassion. There were two sons and a daughter, whose tender age rendered them insensible of their misery; and this insensibility seemed to render their state the more deplorable;

so that pity fixed the eyes of the Romans upon them; many of whom could not forbear shedding tears. After his children and their attendants, came Perseus himself, clothed in black, and looking like one astonished and deprived of reason through the greatness of his misfortunes. Next followed a great company of his ird and favourites, whose countenances were disfigured with grief, and who shewed, by their tears and their continual looking at Perseus, that they lamented his misfortune, but were regardless of *their own*. After them were carried four hundred crowns, all of pure gold, and sent from the cities by their respective ambassadors to Emilius, as a reward for his valour. Then Emilius himself came, seated in a magnificent chariot, clothed in a garment of purple, interwoven with stars of gold, and holding in his right-hand an olive branch. All the army, with boughs of laurel in their hands, followed the chariot of their commander, some singing odes (according to the usual custom) mingled with railery, and others songs of triumph in praise of Emilius."

EUSEBIUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

An Account of the Manners, Customs, Kings, and Government, of the ancient Egyptians; extracted from a learned Author.

EGYPT was ever considered, by all the ancients, as the most renowned school for wisdom and politics, and the source from whence most arts and sciences were derived. This kingdom bestowed its noblest labours and finest arts, on the improving mankind; and Greece was so sensible of this, that its most illustrious men, Homer, Pythagoras, Plato, even its great legislators, Lycurgus and Solon, with many more whom it is needless to mention, travelled into Egypt to complete their studies, and draw from that fountain whatever was most rare and valuable in every kind of learning. God himself has given this kingdom a glorious testimony, when, praising Moses, he says of him, that he was *learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians*.

The Egyptians were the first people who rightly understood the rules of government. A nation, so grave and serious, immediately perceived, that the true end of politics is to make life easy and a people happy.

The kingdom was hereditary; but, according to Diodorus, the Egyptian princes conducted themselves in a different manner from what is usually seen in other monarchies, where the prince

prince acknowledges no other rule of his actions, but his arbitrary will and pleasure.

But here kings were under greater restraint from the laws, than their subjects. They had some particular ones, digested by a former monarch, that composed part of those books which the Egyptians called sacred. Thus, every thing being settled by ancient custom, they never sought to live in a different way from their ancestors.

No slave, or foreigner, was admitted into the immediate service of the prince; such a post was too important to be intrusted to any person, except those who were the most distinguished by their birth, and had received the most excellent education; to the end that, as they had the liberty of approaching the king's person day and night, he might, from men so qualified, hear nothing which was unbecoming to the royal majesty, or have any sentiments instilled into him but such as were of a noble and generous kind. For, adds Diodorus, it is very rarely seen that kings fly out into any vicious excess, unless those who approach them approve their irregularities or serve as instruments to their passions.

The kings of Egypt freely permitted, not only the quality and proportion of their eatables and liquids to be prescribed them, (a thing customary in Egypt, the inhabitants of which were sober, and whose air inspired frugality,) but even that all their hours, and almost every action, should be under the regulation of the laws.

In the morning, at day-break, when the head is clearest, and the thoughts most unperplexed, they read the several letters they received, to form a more just and distinct idea of the affairs which were to come under their consideration that day.

As soon as they were dressed, they went to the daily sacrifice performed in the temple; where, surrounded with their whole court, and the victims placed before the altar, they assisted at the prayer pronounced aloud by the high-priest, in which he asked, of the gods, health and all other blessings for the king, because he governed his people with clemency and justice, and made the laws of his kingdom the rule and standard of his actions. The high-priest entered into a long detail of his virtues; observing that he was religious to the gods, affable to men, moderate, just, magnanimous, sincere; an enemy to falsehood; liberal, master of his passions, punishing crimes with the utmost lenity, but boundless in rewarding merit. He next spoke of the faults which kings might be guilty of; but supposing, at the same time, that they never committed

committed any, except by surprize or ignorance; and loaded with imprecations such of their ministers as gave them ill counsel, and suppressed or disguised the truth. Such were the methods of conveying instruction to their kings. It was thought that reproaches only would sour their tempers; and that the most effectual method to inspire them with virtue, would be to point out to them their duty in praises, conformable to the sense of the laws, and pronounced in a solemn manner before the gods. After the prayers and sacrifices were ended, the counsels and actions of great men were read to the king out of the sacred book, in order that he might govern his dominions according to their maxims, and maintain the laws which had made his predecessors and their subjects happy.

I have already observed, that the quantity, like the quality, of both eatables and liquids, was prescribed, by the laws, to the king. His table was covered with the most common meats; because eating, in Egypt, was designed, not to tickle the palate, but to satisfy the cravings of nature. One would have concluded (observes the historian) that these rules had been laid down by some able physician, who was attentive only to the health of the prince, rather than by a legislator. The same simplicity was seen in all other things; and we read in Plutarch, of a temple in Thebes, which had one of its pillars inscribed with imprecations against that king, who first introduced profusion and luxury into Egypt.

The principal duty of kings, and their essential function, is the administering justice to their subjects. Accordingly, the kings of Egypt cultivated more immediately this duty; convinced that on this depended, not only the peace and comfort of the several individuals, but the happiness of the state, which would be a herd of robbers rather than a kingdom, should the weak be unprotected, and the powerful inabled, by their riches and credit, to commit crimes with impunity.

Thirty judges were selected out of the principal cities, to form a body or assembly for judging the whole kingdom. The princes, in filling the vacancies, chose such as were most renowned for their honesty; and put at their head him, who was most distinguished for his knowledge and love of the laws, and was held in the most universal esteem. By his bounty they had revenues assigned them, to the end that, being freed from domestic cares, they might devote their whole time to the execution of the laws. Thus honourably subsisted by the generosity of the prince, they administered justice gratuitously to the people, who have a natural right to it; among whom it ought to have a free circulation, and, in some sense, among the poor more than the rich, because the latter find a support

within themselves; whereas the very condition of the former exposes them more to injuries, and therefore calls louder for the protection of the laws. To guard against surprize, affairs were transacted by writing in the assemblies of these judges. That species of eloquence (a false kind) was dreaded, which dazzles the mind and moves the passions. Truth could not be expressed with too much plainness, as it was to have the only sway in judgements; because in that alone the rich and poor, the powerful and weak, the learned and ignorant, were to find relief and security. The president of this senate wore a collar of gold, set with precious stones, at which hung a figure, represented blind, this being called the emblem of truth. When the president put this collar on, it was understood as a signal to enter upon business. He touched the party with it who was to gain his cause, and this was the form of passing sentence.

The most excellent circumstance in the laws of the Egyptians was, that every individual, from his infancy, was nurtured in the strictest observance of them. A new custom in Egypt was a kind of miracle. All things there ran in the old channel; and the exactness, with which little matters were adhered to, preserved those of more importance; and indeed no nation ever preserved their laws and customs longer than the Egyptians.

Wilful murder was punished with death, whatever might be the condition of the murdered person, whether he was free-born or otherwise. In this the humanity and equity of the Egyptians was superior to that of the Romans, who gave the master an absolute power, as to life and death, over his slave. The emperor Adrian, indeed, abolished this law, from an opinion, that an abuse of this nature ought to be reformed, let its antiquity or authority be ever so great.

Perjury was also punished with death, because that crime attacks both the gods, whose majesty is trampled upon by invoking their name to a false oath, and men, in breaking the strongest tie of human society, viz. sincerity and honesty.

The false accuser was condemned to undergo the punishment, which the person accused was to have suffered, had the accusation been proved.

He who had neglected or refused to save a man's life when attacked, if it was in his power to assist him, was punished as rigorously as the assassin: but, if the unfortunate person could not be succoured, the offender was at least to be impeached, and penalties were decreed for any neglect of this kind. Thus the subjects were a guard and protection to one another; and
the

the whole body of the community united against the designs of the bad.

No man was allowed to be useless to the state; but every man was obliged to enter his name and place of abode in a public register, that remained in the hands of the magistrate, and to annex his profession, and in what manner he lived. If such a one gave a false account of himself, he was immediately put to death.

To prevent borrowing money, the parent of sloth, frauds, and chicane, king Asychis made a very judicious law. The wisest and best regulated states, as Athens and Rome, ever found insuperable difficulties in contriving a just medium to restrain, on one hand, the cruelty of the creditor in the exaction of his loan, and, on the other, the knavery of the debtor, who refused or neglected to pay his debts. Egypt took a wise course on this occasion; and, without doing any injury to the personal liberty of its inhabitants, or ruining their families, pursued the debtor with incessant fears of infamy from his dishonesty. No man was permitted to borrow money without pawning to the creditor the body of his father, which every Egyptian embalmed, with great care, and kept reverentially in his house, and therefore might be easily moved from one place to another. But it was equally impious and infamous not to redeem soon so precious a pledge; and he, who died without having discharged this duty, was deprived of the customary honours paid to the dead.

Diodorus remarks an error committed by some of the Grecian legislators. They forbid, for instance, the taking away (to satisfy debts) the horses, ploughs, and other implements of husbandry, employed by peasants; judging it inhuman to reduce, by this security, these poor men to an impossibility of discharging their debts and getting their bread: but at the same time they permitted the creditor to imprison the peasants themselves, who only were capable of *using* these implements, which exposed them to the same inconveniences, and at the same time deprived the government of subjects who belonged and are necessary to it, who labour for the public emolument, and over whose persons no individual has any right.

Polygamy was allowed in Egypt, except to priests, who could marry but one woman. Whatever was the condition of the woman, whether she was free or a slave, her children were deemed free and legitimate.

One custom, that was practised in Egypt, shewed the profound darkness into which such nations as were most celebrated for wisdom have been plunged; and this was the marriage of brother and sister, which was not only authorized by the laws,

but even, in some measure, was a part of their religion, from the example and practice of those gods, who had been the most anciently and universally adored in Egypt, viz. *Osiris* and *Isis*.

A very great respect was there paid to old age. The young were obliged to rise up for the old, and, on every occasion, to resign to them the most honourable seat. The Spartans borrowed this law from the Egyptians. The virtue in the highest esteem, among the Egyptians, was gratitude.

The glory which has been given them, of being the most grateful of all men, shews that they were the best formed of any nation for social life. Benefits are the band of concord, both public and private. He, who acknowledges favours, loves to do good to others; and, in banishing ingratitude, the pleasure of doing good remains so pure and engaging, that it is impossible for a man to be insensible of it: but no kinds of gratitude gave the Egyptians a more pleasing satisfaction than that which was paid to their kings. Princes, whilst living, were by them honoured as so many representations of the deity; and, after their death, were mourned as the fathers of their country. These sentiments of respect and tenderness proceeded from a strong persuasion, that the divinity himself had placed them upon the throne, as he distinguished them so greatly from all other mortals; and that kings bore the most noble characteristics of the supreme Being, as the power and will of doing good to others were united in their persons.

X.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

The Character of Martin Luther; from Dr. Robertson's History of Charles V.

WHILE appearances of danger daily increased, and the tempest, which had been so long gathering, was ready to break forth with all its violence against the protestant church; Luther was saved, by a seasonable death, from feeling or beholding its destructive rage. Having gone, through a declining state of health and during a rigorous season, to his native city of Eisleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a dissention among the counts of Mansfield, he was seized with a violent inflammation in his stomach, which, in a few days, put an end to his life, in the sixty-third year of his age. As he was raised up by providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there

there is not any person, perhaps, whose character has been drawn with such opposite colours.

In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned every thing which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him, not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a dæmon. The other, warmed with admiration and gratitude which they thought he merited, as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which should be paid only to those who are guided by the immediate inspiration of heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure or the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, which ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain it, abilities both natural and acquired to defend it, and unwearied industry to propagate it, are virtues which shone so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in a very eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity, and even austerity of manners, as became one who assumed the character of a reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered; and such perfect disinterestedness, as affords no slight conviction of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegances of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his disciples, remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor of the town of Wittenburg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty and human passions. These, however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence, or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feeble spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praise-worthy actions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence, that his own opinions were well-founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his

firmness

firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in confuting his adversaries, to rage and scurrility. Accustomed himself to consider every thing as subordinate to truth, he expected the same deference for it from other men; and, without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth against those who disappointed him, in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardless of any distinction of rank or character, when his doctrines were attacked, he chastised all his adversaries, indiscriminately, with the same rough hand; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII. nor the eminent learning and ability of Erasmus, screened them from the same abuse with which he treated Teizel or Eccius.

But these indecencies, of which Luther was guilty, must not be attributed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged, in part, on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with those maxims, which, by putting continual restraint on the passions of individuals, have polished society and rendered it agreeable, disputes of every kind were managed with heat, and strong emotions were uttered in their natural language, without reserve or delicacy. At the same time the works of learned men were all composed in Latin; and they were not only authorized, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to use their antagonists with the most illiberal scurrility; but, in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear less shocking than in a living language, whose idioms and phrases seem gross, because they are familiar.

In passing judgement on the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another. For, although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which to us appear most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even by some of those qualities, which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work he undertook.

To rouse mankind, when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry, armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal, and a temper daring to excess. A gentle call would neither have reached, nor have excited, those to whom it was addressed. A spirit more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's, would have shrunk back from the dangers which he braved and surmounted. Towards the close of Luther's life, though without any perceptible declension of his zeal or abilities, the infirmities of his temper increased

creased upon him, so that he grew daily more peevish, irascible, and more impatient of contradiction. Having lived to be a witness of his own amazing success, to see a great part of Europe embrace his doctrines, and to shake the foundation of the papal throne, before which the mightiest monarchs had trembled, he discovered, on some occasions, symptoms of vanity and self-applause. He must have been, indeed, more than man, if, on contemplating all that he actually accomplished, he had never felt any sentiment of this kind rising in his breast.

Sometime before his death, he felt his strength declining; his constitution being worn out by a prodigious multiplicity of business, added to the labour of discharging his ministerial function with unremitting diligence, to the fatigue of constant study, besides the composition of works as voluminous as if he had enjoyed uninterrupted leisure and retirement. His natural intrepidity did not forsake him at the approach of death; his last conversation with his friends was concerning the happiness reserved for good men in a future world, of which he spoke with the fervour and delight natural to one who expected and wished to enter soon upon the enjoyment of it. The account of his death filled the Roman-Catholic party with excessive, as well as indecent, joy, and damped the spirits of all his followers; neither party sufficiently considered that his doctrines were now so firmly rooted as to be in a condition to flourish independent of the hand which had first planted them.

His funeral was celebrated by order of the elector of Saxony with extraordinary pomp. He left several children, by his wife Catharine Bore, who survived him; towards the end of the last century, there were, in Saxony, some of his descendants in decent and honourable stations.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Account of a Voyage, undertaken by Order of his present Majesty, for making Discoveries towards the North Pole, by the hon. Commodore Phipps, and Captain Lutwidge. Concluded.

Sunday, August 1, proved a day of trial. Lying-to among the close ice, with the loose ice driving fast to shore, the commodore was desirous of surveying the westernmost of the seven islands, which appeared the highest, in order to judge, from the prospect on the hills, of the possibility of proceeding farther on the discovery. With this view they carried out their ice-anchors, and made both ships fast to the main body;
a practice

a practice very common with the fishing-ships that annually frequent those seas. Of the reconnoitring party, were the captains, the second lieutenants, one of the mathematicians, the pilots, and some chosen sailors, selected from both ships. They set out about two in the morning, and sometimes sailing, sometimes drawing their boats over the ice, they with difficulty reached the shore, where the first objects they saw were a herd of deer, so very tame, that they seemed as curious to gaze at the strangers, as the strangers were pleased to see them; for they came five or six together so near, that they might have been killed with the thrust of a bayonet; a proof that animals are not naturally afraid of man, till, by the fate of their associates, they are taught the danger of approaching them; a proof too, that animals are not destitute of reflection, otherwise how should they conclude, that what has befallen their fellow animals will certainly happen to them if they run the like risque? The gentlemen, however, suffered only one of these fearless innocents to be fired at, and that was done by a sailor when they were absent on observation.

On this island they gathered some scurvy-grass, and in many places they could perceive the sides of the hills covered with the verdure on which these deer undoubtedly fed.

After having ascended the highest hills on the sea-coast, and taken a view of the country and the ocean all round, the gentlemen descended, and about five in the afternoon embarked again on their return to the ships, at which they arrived safe about ten, after an absence of twenty hours. They were greatly disappointed by the haziness of the weather on the tops of the mountains, which confined the prospect, and prevented their taking an observation with the instruments they had carried with them for that purpose.

Their situation now began to be serious, and it was discovered too late, that, by grappling to the ice, as practised by the Greenlandmen, they had endangered the loss of the ships, the loose ice closing so fast about them, that they found it absolutely impossible to get them disengaged; and there was, besides, great reason to fear, that one or both would soon be crushed to-pieces. Great minds are ever most distinguished by their expedients on the most alarming occasions. The commodore set all hands to work to form a dock in the solid ice, large enough to moor both ships; and, by the alacrity with which that service was performed, the ships were preserved from the danger of immediate destruction.

The ships being thus far secured, the officers, pilots, and masters, were all summoned on-board the commodore, to consult

sult on what farther was to be done in their present unpromising situation; when it was unanimously agreed, that their deliverance was hopeless; and that they must either provide to winter upon the adjacent islands, or attempt to launch their boats into the open sea, which was already at a considerable distance; for the loose ice had poured into the bay in which they were at anchor with so much rapidity, and in such astonishing quantities, that the open sea was already far out of sight. Before any thing farther was undertaken, the men were ordered to their quarters, that they might refresh themselves with sleep.

While the commanders preserve their fortitude, the sailors never lose their courage. They rose in the morning with as much alacrity and unconcern as if they had been sailing with a fine breeze in the British Channel.

August 2. It was now thought advisable to make one desperate attempt to extricate the ships, by cutting a channel to the westward into the open sea. The scooping out the dock with so much expedition, by a party only of one ship, raised high expectations of what might be performed by the united labours of both the crews. No body of men ever undertook a work of such difficulty with so much cheerfulness, and confidence of success, as the sailors observed on this occasion. Their ice-saws, axes, sledges, poles, and the whole group of sea-tools, were in an instant all employed in facilitating the work; but, after cutting through blocks of solid ice from eight to fifteen feet deep, and coming to others of many fathoms, that exceeded the powers of man to separate, that was laid aside as a hopeless project; and another, more promising, though not less laborious, adopted in its room.

On the 3d of August, after the men had again refreshed themselves with sleep, it was resolved to fit up the boats belonging to both the ships with such coverings as were most easy to be accommodated and of lightest conveyance; and, by skating them over the ice, endeavour to launch them in the open sea. Could this be effected, they hoped, that, by sailing and rowing to the northernmost harbour of Spitzbergen, they might arrive at that island, before the departure of the last ships, belonging to the fishery, for Europe.

While the boats were getting ready for this expedition, a second party were dispatched to the island, with orders to take the distance as exact as it was possible to the nearest open sea. As all the people belonging to the ships were not to be engaged in these services, those who were unemployed diverted themselves in hunting and killing the bears, that now, attracted perhaps by the savory smell of the provisions dressed on-board

the ships, came every day over the ice to repeat their visits. Several of these were killed occasionally, and this day they fought a sea-horse, in which engagement the second lieutenant of the *Carcase* signalized his courage in a most desperate encounter, in which, however, he succeeded, though his life was in imminent danger.

On the 4th, the carpenters, &c. were still employed in fitting up the boats. The pilots, who the day before had been sent to make observations on the islands already mentioned, made their report, that the nearest water they had seen was about ten leagues to the westward.

On the 5th they had gentle breezes; but about four in the morning small fleet. The ice still surrounding them, and appearing to grow more and more solid and fixed, those, who had till now retained hopes that the south-east wind would again disunite its substance and open a passage for their deliverance, began to despair, as the wind had blown for twenty-four hours from that quarter, from which alone they could have relief, and not the least alteration was perceived. The men, however, were as joyous as ever, and shewed not the least concern about the danger of their situation.

Early in the morning, the man at the mast-head of the *Carcase* gave notice, that three bears were making their way very fast over the ice, and that they were directing their course towards the ship. They had, without question, been invited by the scent of the blubber of the sea-horse killed a few days before, which the men had set on fire, and which was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse that remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew from the ship, by way of diversion, threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse, which they had still left, out upon the ice, which the old bear fetched away singly, laid each lump before her cubs as she brought it, and, dividing it, gave each a share, reserving but a small portion to herself. As she was fetching away the last piece they had to bestow, they levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and, in her retreat, they also wounded the dam, but not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity, from any but unfeeling minds, to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast, in the dying moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away.

away, as she had done the others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it down before them; and, when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up. All this while it was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them, she went off; and, when she had got at some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned, and, smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time, as before, and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still, her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and, with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round one and round the other, pawing them, and moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and, like Calaban in the tempest, growled a curse upon the murderers, which they returned with a volley of rasket-balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds. If what is related by a voyager of credit in the last century be true, the filial fondness of these animals is no less remarkable than the maternal. The young ones, says he, keep constantly close to the old ones. We observed that two young ones and an old one would not leave one another, for, if one ran away, it turned back again immediately, as soon as it did hear the others in danger, as if it would come to help them. The old one ran to the young one, and the young one to the old one; and, rather than they would leave one another, they would suffer themselves to be all killed.

Friday the 6th, the weather was calm, but foggy, and the winds variable; they discovered that the drift of the ship, with the whole body of ice, inclined fast to the eastward; and that they were already embayed in the very middle of the seven islands. They therefore sent off the pilots of both ships, with a party of sailors, to the northermost island, to see what discoveries could be made from the promontories there. They returned at night, after a fatiguing journey, with a dismal account, that nothing was to be seen from thence but a vast continent of ice, of which there was no end; and that the thought of wintering in such a situation was more dreadful than that of perishing by instant death.

Saturday 7, the wind set in north-north-east, veered to the north; to the north-east and east, piercing cold. This day the boats were all brought in readiness on the ice, fitted with weather-cloaths about thirteen inches above the gunnels, in order to keep off the cold as much as possible, if by good fortune they should be enabled to launch them in an open sea.

This day was employed chiefly in boiling provisions to put in the boats for the intended voyage, in delivering out bags to the men to carry their bread, and in packing up such necessaries as every one could take along with him; for now every man was to be his own porter, the necessary provisions and liquors being found load enough for the boats, and twenty-five days bread load enough for each man. This being adjusted, when night approached they were all ordered on-board to sleep.

Thursday 8, at six in the morning all hands were ordered to turn out, and a detachment of fifty men from each ship, headed by their respective officers, were appointed to begin the hard task of hawling the launches along the ice. The bravest and gallantest actions performed in war do not so strikingly mark the true character of a sea commander, as the readiness and alacrity with which his orders are obeyed in time of imminent danger. Every one now strove who should have the honour to be lifted in the band of hawlers, of whom the commodore took the direction, leaving captain Lutwidge to take care of both the ships, that, if any favourable turn should happen in the disposition of the ice, he might make use of the remaining part of both the crews to improve it. Upon a general consultation of officers, previous to this undertaking, it had been agreed, and an order issued accordingly, that no person on-board, of whatever rank, should encumber himself with more cloaths than what he wore upon his back. Upon this occasion, therefore, the officers dressed themselves in flannels, and the common men put on the cloaths which the officers had thrown off.

In six hours, with the utmost efforts of human labour, they had only proceeded a single mile; and now it was time for them to dine, and recruit their almost-exhausted spirits.

They had just begun to renew their labour, when word was brought that the whole body of ice had changed its situation, and was moving to the westward; that the ships were both a-float; and that the ice was parting. The joy which this news diffused through the two companies of hawlers is easier to conceive than express. They instantly shook off their harness, ran to assist in working the ships, and once more to resume their proper employments. When they arrived at the ships, captain Lutwidge, who was no less beloved by his men than the commodore, had by his example and his judicious directions done wonders. Both ships were not only a-float, with their sails set, but actually cut and warped through the ice near half a mile. This ray of hope, however, was soon darkened; the body of ice suddenly assumed its former direc-

tion

tion to the eastward, and closed upon them again as fast as ever. While the ships remained in the ice-dock, they were lashed together for their greater security, but now being launched and a-float, the ice pressed upon them with such weight, that it was every moment expected that the hawser would break that held them together; orders were therefore given, that the hawser should be slackened, and the ships released.

For the remainder of the evening, and till two in the morning, the drift continued eastward, and all that while the ships were in danger of being crushed by the closing of the channel in which they rode. They had now drifted two miles to the eastward; the men were now worn out with fatigue in defending the ships with their ice-poles from being engulfed; and now nothing but scenes of horror and perdition appeared before their eyes. But the Omnipotent, in the very moment, when every hope of deliverance from their own united endeavours had relinquished them, interposed in their favour, and caused the winds to blow, and the ice to part in an astonishing manner, rending and cracking with a tremendous noise, surpassing that of the loudest thunder. At this very instant, the whole continent of ice, which before was extended beyond the reach of sight from the highest mountains, moved together in various directions, splitting and dividing into vast bodies, and forming hills and plains of various figures and dimensions. All hearts were now again revived, and the prospect of being once more released from the frozen chains of the north inspired the men with fresh vigour. Every officer and every idler on-board laboured now for life. The sails were all spread, that the ships might have the full advantage of the breeze to force them through the channels that were already opened, and to help them, like wedges, to rend the clefts that were but just cracking. Having cleared the ice, they made for Spitsbergen, and then returned home; and arrived at Deptford, September 30, 1773.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Reply to the Defence of Inoculation.

THE following remarks, on your correspondent's defence of inoculation, are the result of the candid and liberal manner in which he has treated the subject. Controversy, thus managed, becomes divested of its acid and corrosive qualities. It is no longer a mean and narrow contest for victory, but (to borrow

borrow an allusion from Dr. Young) is a friendly conflict of sentiments, from which the latent spark of truth may perhaps be struck out.

The writer of the letter, which occasioned his ingenious essay, had no system to support, no speculative tenets to introduce. He simply stated a fact which occurred to him, and which he thought merited some attention. A few inferences, which seemed naturally to arise, were drawn. These, it is true, militated, in some degree, against a theory pretty generally received, but he apprehends it to be the real interest of all just science to encourage the proposal of such difficulties as are founded on the solid testimony of fact, and embarras a fair enquiry after truth: A doctrine which indeed every school-boy is taught:

"Is qui nil dubitat, nil capit inde boni."

The objection is rightly understood to be confined to this ground: "That more persons having died of the small-pox in London since the introduction of inoculation than before; and in apparent progression with the increase of that practice; it is inferred that the practice itself, under its present mode, is injurious to society."

Whatever weight may be due to the argument derived from authorities, it must, according to your correspondent's own account, be pretty equally divided: for if on the one hand we find the respectable names of Tissot and De la Condamine, there are, on the other, the names perhaps no less respectable of Van Swieten, Astruc, and De Haen.

Your correspondent refers to the measles as a disorder; the fatality of which "hath increased progressively without inoculation;" and speaks of "authentic calculations which have rendered futile all attacks on that practice." It will be time enough to consider the increasing mortality of the measles; when the fact is well and circumstantially ascertained. And the calculations alluded to, I suppose, are founded on a comparison of the deaths, under inoculation, with those under the natural disease. These were, however, excepted against in the first instance, as incompetent evidence, operating only *ex parte*, and not reaching the question in its present general point of view. Dr. Jurin is cited, but the calculation, which he recommended as the proper foundation for an estimate of the value of inoculation, hath been produced in evidence against it.

It is alledged, that the progressive increase of burials depends rather on "the innovation introduced into the treatment of the natural small-pox, of exposing the patients to the open
air,

air, and a less reserved intercourse amongst the community, than on inoculation." And this learned advocate proceeds to draw a very nice line of discrimination between the different modes of treating the natural and artificial disorder in these respects. It were indeed to be wished, that restrictions of this kind were more closely attended to in both these situations. But at present, if such a distinction really subsists in favour of inoculation, the attempt to define it, I fear, is something like an attempt to define contiguous shades of the same colour in a picture, which are so intimately blended, that it is impossible for the nicest eye to determine accurately the point which separates them. Granting that the acknowledged improvements in the treatment of the small-pox brings with them the inconvenience of spreading the contagion, it must yet be allowed that the artificial extension of the disorder increases that inconvenience, and the question recurs, whether it increases it to a greater degree than the improved mode of treatment alleviates it? A question which can only, I think, be answered by an appeal to the bills of mortality, till some authentic evidence, on a larger scale, can be found.

But "inoculation," it is said, "is little practised in London." How far it may be comparatively practised in London, I cannot pretend to say: but it should be remembered, that the extensive and populous villages of Islington, Hackney, Newington, Stepney, Lambeth, and Bethnal-green, are included in the bills of mortality, as well as the Small-pox Hospital. And of those who fly farther into the country, it is reasonable to suppose that some who have caught the infection in London die there, and consequently lessen the number properly belonging to the bills. The continual accession of persons from the country furnishes your correspondent with another article of defence. The fact is admitted, but not as peculiar to the present times. The disease too is so much diffused through the country, that many more of those who come from thence may be presumed to have undergone it than formerly.

It is farther urged, that the late improvements in medicine, in the management of lying-in women, and of children, and in the healthiness of London, operate towards the increase of inhabitants in the metropolis, and, augmenting the number of those who receive the disorder, add to its victims. But, were it true that the inhabitants of this city were actually increased, it cannot affect an argument, not drawn from any consideration of the number of people, but of the proportion between the aggregate number of deaths, and those by one particular

particular disease. A proportion which does not seem to be essentially altered by any of the circumstances mentioned; because that particular disease confessedly partakes, with others, of the benefit arising both from improvements in the practice of physic and those which contribute to a more free circulation of air. If the deaths of lying-in women and infants were materially reduced, as your correspondent seems to intimate, some traces of such decrease would surely be found in the yearly bills.

But the increase of population in this country, or even in this city, can by no means be admitted as a fact. To the opinions of Noorthouck, and of the authors of the Monthly Review, I will oppose those of Dr. Price, and even of Noorthouck himself. Dr. Price says, (*Observations on reverfionary payments, &c.* p. 188.) "Dr. Brakenridge observed, that the number of inhabitants, at the time he calculated them, (about 1756,) was 127000 less than it had been. The bills have lately advanced a little, but still they are much below what they were from 1717 to 1743. The medium of the annual births for twenty years, from 1716 to 1736, was 18000; and of burials, 26529; and, by calculating from hence on all the same suppositions with those that made 651580 to be the present number of inhabitants in London, it will be found that the number then was 735840, or 84260 greater than the number at present. London, therefore, for the last thirty years, has been *decreasing*; and, though now it is increasing again, yet there is reason to think that the additions, lately made to the number of buildings round it, are chiefly owing to the increase of luxury, and the inhabitants requiring more room to live upon." Noorthouck, it is true, in the passage quoted by your correspondent, attributes the *increase* of people to inoculation; but, in another part of the same work, (*Hist. of London*, p. 579,) he thinks the *decrease* of people may be owing to the marriage-act. Thus we see this ingenious writer hath his causes ready prepared for either effect. The circumstance, however, plainly indicates, that his judgement, respecting that effect, had not been clearly and decisively formed.

It is urged, by another writer, that inoculation, in London, is almost confined to the rich; that an increase of mortality among them, from this cause, could hardly escape unobserved; and that, between the rich and the poor, there is not a sufficient intercourse to spread the contagion generally from one to the other. On this assumption he ingeniously infers, that such increase of mortality must be sought for among the poor, whose poverty or prejudices will not suffer them to be inoculated.

Now

Now the two leading objects, which attract the rich to this metropolis, are business and pleasure. To both these pursuits the lower classes of people are too essential; and in great towns the opportunities of communication between the various parts are too frequent for any such line of separation to exist between the different ranks of society. This writer, however, acknowledges, that inoculation is practised in London in a double or treble proportion since the Suttonian method took place in 1764; yet, according to his own calculation, (which is however erroneous,) the diminution of deaths is only 4 in 6000. His calculation is erroneous, because the principle on which it is founded is not just. The average of the proportions of different years will not give the true average of those years. In the first six years, which he states, the whole number of deaths is 121112, and by the small-pox, 12948; that is 106 in 1000. In the next six years, the whole number is 143875, of which the small-pox claims 15064; that is, 104 in 1000. And, in the last six, the aggregate is 138365, and the proportion due to this particular disease is 14822; that is 107 in 1000. So that, instead of a diminution in the last six years, there is a real increase of 1 in 1000 above the first 6. Little dependance is however to be placed on the average of so small a number of years in a disease of so fluctuating a nature as the small-pox. In the last year, for instance, 1773, the amount of the burials is 21656, of which only 1039 are due to the small-pox; that is 48 in 1000: a decrease in one year which the most sanguine advocates for the practice will hardly attribute to inoculation. Yet this, added to the average of 40 years, will only diminish it 1 in 1000; and, added to the average of the last 10 years, will but lessen it 5 in 1000: so that the general state of the argument remains unaffected.

On the whole, I cannot help retaining the opinion that sufficient *data* are yet wanting to prove the success of inoculation, considered as a great national benefit. The observations, arising from particular partial districts in the country, are opposed by those deduced from the bills of mortality in London; which, as comprehending a much more populous circle, must perhaps a little incline the balance. And the conclusion probably will be, that inoculation, viewed in a general light, as far as yet appears, hath rather extended, than diminished, the ravages of the small-pox.

S.

P O E T R Y.

PICTURE of a MALE COQUET.

BEWARE, ye nymphs, Flitillo's
near,

Guard well your tender hearts :
Heedful, avoid the wily snare
He spreads with num'rous arts,

Each fair alike his eager aim,
Of love he talks with ease :
Untouch'd his heart with any flame
But boundless wish to please.

His eyes can plead, his sighs can move,
His eloquence persuade :
Yet, with his mighty store of love,
Unblest when most repaid.

No wonder, since a maid too kind
Might all his pleasures blast :
To her request, a day resign'd,
He prodigal might waste.

Could Venus' self, with all her charms,
The deep-felt loss atone ?
For, while she clasps him in her arms,
No newer conquest's won.

To vain coquets, ye prudent fair,
Then leave Flitillo's heart :
Let them divide the trifling share,
Where each may claim a part.

Unnotic'd let him still pursue
His baffling, airy scheme :
To him, your scorn is justly due,
Whole love's a fleeting dream.

*On seeing a Picture of the once celebrated
MAY DRUMMOND, (a Preacher among
the Quakers,) in the Character of
WINTER.*

O Thou, whose image, here pour-
tray'd,
Wakes and inspires the plaintive muse,
Attend ! behold the tribute paid !
Nor long nor tear can she refuse.

Full justly has the artist plann'd
In WINTER's guise thy furrow'd brow ;
And justly rais'd thy feeble hand
Above the elemental glow.

I gaze upon that well-known face,
But ah ! beneath December's frost
Lies buried all its vernal grace,
And every trait of May is lost.

Nor merely on thy trembling frame,
Thy wrinkled cheek, and deafen'd ear,
But on thy fortunes and thy fame,
Relentless WINTER frowns severe.

Ah ! where is now the numerous croud
That once with fond attention hung
On every truth divine that flow'd,
Improv'd, from thy persuasive tongue.

'Tis gone !—it seeks a different road ;
Life's social joys to thee are o'er ;
Untrod the path to that abode
Where hapless penury keeps the door.

Drummond, thine audience yet recall,
Recall the young, the gay, the vain ;
And, ere thy tottering fabric fall,
Sound forth the deeply-moral strain.

For never, sure, could bard or sage,
Howe'er inspir'd, more clearly show,
That all, upon this transient stage,
Is folly, vanity, or woe.

Bid them at once be warn'd and taught ;
Ah ! no !—suppress th' ungrateful tales
O'er every frailty, every fault,
Oblivion, draw thy friendly veil !

Tell rather what transcendent joy
Awaits them on th' immortal shore
If well they summer's strength employ,
And well distribute autumn's store.

Tell them, if virtue crown'd their bloom,
Time shall the happy period bring,
When the dark WINTER of the tomb
Shall yield to everlasting spring.

CLEMENE.

The Cell of Contemplation, a Vision.

AT Eve's approach, with toils of busi-
ness tir'd,
I left the croud, and secretly retir'd,
Far from the scenes where folly sits in-
shrin'd,
And dulness reigns—to heav'n-sought sci-
ence blind ;

To

To where Favonius, with a freshning gale,
Fann'd the gay bosom of a painted vale.

To taste retirement's sweets, this place
I sought,

The haunt of solitude, and pensive thought.

Here, on a flow'ry bank reclin'd I lay,

Till gentle slumbers snatch'd my sense
away :

But fancy still employ'd her mimic pow'rs ;

And sweetly pass'd the visionary hours.

Methought I enter'd Cam's * delight-
ful grove,

Sacred to peace, to poetry, and love.

With branches thick intwin'd, the tow'r-
ing trees

Wav'd high in air, and sported with the
breeze.

There peace, with downy pinions hover'd
round,

And Flora's offspring deck'd th' enamel'd
ground.

The birds sat warbling in the sylvan
bow'rs ;

The bees, delighted, suck'd the fragrant
flow'rs.

With joy serene, beneath th' embow'ring
shade,

Along the moss-fring'd path I pensive
stray'd ;

Calm and compos'd, to serious thought
inclin'd,

And those exalted scenes which elevate
the mind.

At length, the plummy songsters ceas'd to
sing ;

Mute was each tongue, and folded every
wing :

A pleasing, solemn, silence reign'd around,
No voice, the air, no footsteps shook the
ground ;

The winds were hush'd, and scarce a
fanning breeze

Dimpled the stream, or whisper'd through
the trees :

All nature, now, with silent awe appear'd,
As though some presant deity the fear'd.

Onward I rov'd, till, near the winding
way,

A broad expanse of purest water lay ;

As chrystal clear its silver surface shone ;

Its bank a grotto bore of shining stone.

No Doric columns swell'd to meet the eye,

Or skirting wings their gaudy pomp supply ;

But plain and artless rose the humble pile,
Nor deck'd with cost, nor labour'd o'er
with toil.

Eager the unknown mansion to explore,
With cautious step, I soft approach'd the
door ;

The door, obedient to my hand, gave way ;
Within a glorious scene in prospect lay.

Twelve marble pillars, beauteous to
behold,

Richly emboss'd with emblematic gold,

The roof support ; while, round their
shafts, entwine

The creeping tendrils of a mimic vine.

Through the green foliage purple clusters
glow,

In pendant pride, and grace each column's
brow.

On these sustain'd, the ample roof appears
An azure sky adorn'd with silver stars :

Full in the center, Cynthia sheds her rays ;
To right and left the golden planets
blaze :

Two sanguine comets in their track ap-
pear,

Eccentric move, and shake their burning
hair ;

Compell'd th' extremes of heat and cold
to trace

Through boundless regions of unmeasur'd
space.

Around the walls, (of shining jasper
fram'd,

And each fair stone that sacred writ† has
nam'd,)

Around the walls, CREATION was dis-
play'd,

A wond'rous scene ! compos'd of light
and shade—

A wond'rous scene ! the work of hands
divine,

Where pow'r unbounded, art immortal,
shine !

Here rolls old Chaos in the womb of
night ;

There, at divine commandment, springs
the light.

The sacred light illumines the region round ;
Retiring waters leave the rising ground.

High heave the hills, deep sink the vales
below,

Capacious beds where rapid rivers flow.

From hence, beneath the ground, in cir-
cuit wide,

Slowly meand'ring creeps the parent tide,
And forms new springs, which, bursting
from her veins,

Refresh and fructify the thirsty plains.

Here the vast sea its congregated waves
Majestic rolls, and spacious islands laves !

There, from the hills, the woods spon-
taneous rise

The tow'ring eagle there his pinions
tries.

I i i z

From

* A delightful grove on the banks of the river at Cambridge.

† Rev. xxi. 19.

From earth's green surface sprout the infant flow'rs,
 Warm'd by the sun, and suckled by the show'rs,
 Thick trees spring up, with varied blossoms crown'd,
 And rip'ning fruits, low bending to the ground.
 Round the tall elm sweet caprifoliums * twine,
 And roses deck the fragrant eglantine.
 Through the sweet shades the stately lion stalks,
 And with the lamb in social friendship walks.
 There, with the grey-bound, trips the tim'rous hare,
 With him it plays, a stranger yet to fear.
 Here rose each bird that cleaves the yielding skies,
 Or through the groves with feeble pinions flies;
 And shining swarms of insects brisk and gay.
 That bask and wanton in the blaze of day.
 In one distinguish'd part, in tints divine,
 The hills, the vales, the groves of Eden shine.
 These to describe, O sacred muse, inspire!
 And grant one spark of true poetic fire;
 That fire which burns in Milton's deathless page,
 Or glow'd superior in the royal sage †!
 Come bright Urania, sweetest of the train,
 Plume my young pinions, elevate my strain.
 Within the confines of the sacred mound,
 Groves, lawns, and hills, diversify the ground.
 Here lengthen'd vistas shed a pleasing gloom,
 Where mingling fruits and flow'rs promiscuous bloom.
 There wood-crown'd hills in tow'ring grandeur rise,
 And the scoop'd vale in Flora's vesture lies.
 There Pison's pure transparent current glides,
 And flow'rs immortal deck its verdant sides:
 In solemn state, the swan, with downy breast,
 And oary feet, and elevated crest,
 Like some majestic galley slowly moves,
 Or basks, delighted, in the reedy groves.

Through the clear waves the stately nations play,
 Flounce in the stream, or dart the pathless way.

On the green margin of the chrysalis flood,

A form erect, with grace superior stood;
 Adorn his name;—to heav'n his eyes were turn'd,

Where the bright sun with beamy splendor burn'd;

With wonder struck, and pleasing transport fir'd,

He gaz'd around, and worship'd, and admir'd,

With joy along the blissful shades he roves,

With joy he hears the music of the groves:
 With joy he sees the new creation shine,

And feels the fervent glow of extasy divine.

At distance small, within a fragrant bow'r,

Fresh from the hand of heav'n's creating pow'r,

A form still more enrapturing rose to view,
 Which e'en from angels admiration drew:

With beauty deck'd, a soft attractive grace,

Enchanting sweetness dwelt upon her face.

Spotless and fair, with charms celestial crown'd,

Breathing of heav'n, she trod th' enamell'd ground.

In her fair cheeks young health immortal glows,

"There, blended, bloom the lily and the rose."
 Thus beauteously adorn'd, the fair one stood,

The last, the noblest, workmanship of God.

Full in the center of the garden grew
 A stately tree, all beauteous to her view:

Its pendent branches gently court the hand;

Its fruits acceptance silently demand.
 Fair to behold; temptation dire it stood,

The test of man's obedience to his God.
 Not far remote, upon the verdant ground,

The serpent rolls his spiry volumes round:
 With undulating wreaths he glides along,

With artful wiles induced, and fraudulent tongue.

Still as he moves, his burnish'd scales unfold

The blended shades of azure, green, and gold:

Bright

* The honey-suckle.

† David.

Bright as a ruby rose his flaming crest,
And Iris' bow shone radiant on his breast.
These wondrous scenes the artist had
portray'd,
With peerless skill, in tints that never
fade.

High over all, a lamp illustrious sends
Its vivid beams, and a bright lustre lends.
Foll in its blaze upon a shining throne,
Of ivory form'd, and every precious stone,
Sat CONTEMPLATION

A lucid texture did her limbs unfold;
Bright was the veil, adorn'd with gems
and gold.

High o'er her head a crown resplendent
burn'd,
Blaz'd as the fat, and lighten'd when she
turn'd.

On me, at length, she fix'd her piercing
eye,
Bright as the star that gilds the evening
sky;

And, while benignant smiles her aspect
grac'd,
In words like these, the virgin me ad-
dress'd.

"Whoe'er thou art that seek'st this
blest retreat,
(Of me, and happiness, the constant seat,)
Safe may'st thou dwell in this retir'd
abode,

And here admire the glorious works of
God.

The mind, depress'd with care, here finds
relief,

And joy shall here resume the seat of grief.
Sorrow no more shall croud the smiling
skies;

But leaving earth, th' inextric'd soul shall
rise,

To scenes more glorious, where celestial
day

Shines forth refulgent with eternal ray.

"Here peace resides; here joy fresh
praises brings;

And pure devotion prunes her heaven-
born wings.

With these bright visions rising in her
view,

Ancient as time, but as the morning new;
Here the free soul prepares for sacred
flight

To purer regions of immortal light.

Each opening prospect shall the mind
employ,

Till calm reflection ripens into joy.

In this fair mansion virtue makes abode,
And holds a sweet communion with her
God.

Here these his works delighted I explore,
And the eternal Architect adore:—

Still let me rise to eloquence divine,

Till all my soul, *thou Source of all*, be
thine!

"These scenes sublime, by gracious
heav'n design'd

The best employ for an immortal mind,
Will cause all tumult in the soul to
cease,

And tune discordant passions into peace;
A sweet compofure in the breast will
reign.

And all the joys of Eden bloom again.
"Come then, and taste the bliss re-
tirement brings;

Leave the gay world, and all terrestrial
things:

No lasting comfort man in these can gain;
For soon the pleasure sickens into pain.

Gay fleeting fancies dance before his
fight,

And charms, illusive charms, his soul
delight:

Lull'd by imagination's magic pow'r,
H—, as the present, hopes the future hour;

But soon, ah! soon! the faithless visions
fly;

For nought is permanent beneath the sky.
"O youth, belov'd by heav'n, my
words attend!

And learn instruction from a faithful
friend.

When pleasure's sirens tune th' harmo-
nious lay,

And tempt thy soul from virtue's path to
stray;

To their enchanting voice refuse to yield,
And shun the dangers of that flow'ry field,

Where op'ning rose-buds crown the
mantling bowl.

And each soft passion captivates the soul.
Though fair the region seems, and cloud-
less skies

Smile chearful round, death still in am-
bush lies:

In the luxurious banquet he resides,
And for himself a new repast provides.

"Avoid the mis'ries which from folly
spring;

Beware of guilty pleasure's hidden sting;
Let reason reign triumphant in thy soul,

And every passion own her just controul;
To her superior law obedience yield,

And guard thy breast with virtue's sacred
shield.

Let wisdom's bays around thy temples
twine,

And deck thy mind with every grace di-
vine.

In this retreat, with me for ever dwell,
Here, here, in peace, erect thy humble
cell.

We'll hold sweet converse with the
ancient dead,
From Plato, through the line illustrious,
led;—
Think as they thought, and catch their
sacred fire;
Rise on their wings, and, as we rise, ad-
mire!
Then shall succeeding years thy bliss im-
prove,
And bloom with fruits of happiness and
love,
Till time shall end, and, mournful at thy
bier,
Friendship shall silent stand, and drop the
tender tear:
And, when from these terrestrial regions
fled;—
When laid in dust, and number'd with
the dead;—
In those bright mansions where celestial
day,
Unceasing, beams a pure immortal ray,
Shall thy free soul, exalted, and refin'd,
For ever contemplate th' eternal mind."

This said, she ceas'd, and fix'd her
starry eyes
On all the glories of the op'ning skies!
In sweet suspension chain'd, my ravisht
ear
Attended still—still seem'd her voice to
hear;
When, lo! a distant lute's harmonious
strains,
With melting music, fill th' ethereal
plains:
Floating on air the notes divine resound;
Loud, and more loud, the chorus swells
around;
Till now—O strange to tell! the won-
d'rous pile
Instinctive moves, and quits the verdant
soil!
Rising majestic through the blue serene,
Illustrious shines the visionary scene:
High in the gold-fring'd clouds the man-
sion flies,
And marks a radiant circle in the skies.

EUSEBIUS.

* * The letters signed *Eusebius*, *Cato*, *Caricature*, *A. K. Chip*, with *A. T.*'s fa-
vours, a Meditation, History of the Bible, and several anonymous pieces in prose
and verse, are received.

Zeno's essay on the high price of corn had been sent to the press before. *Answerer's*
on the same subject came to hand.

The author of the Essay on wits, signed *Mentor*, in the last number, was not the
writer of the letter sent with a *Hare* and signed *Mentor* in the same number; which
was a mistake of the Editor's, there being no signature to the letter.

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The

The PRICE of WHEAT per Quarter, at the Corn-Market, Mark-Lane.

	Feb. 25.		Mar. 1.		4th		8th		11th		15th		18th	
	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.
Wheat, Red	44a48		44a48		44a48		44a48		44a48		44a50		44a50	
Ditto White	44a48		44a48		44a48		44a48		44a48		44a50		44a50	
Rye, —	24a25		24a25		24a25		24a25		24a25		25a26		25a26	
Barley, —	24a29		24a29		24a29		24a29		24a29		24a30		24a30	
Oats, —	14a18		14a18		14a18		14a18		14a18		15a18		15a18	
Mar. 22.	Red and White Wheat, 46a51s. Rye, 25a26s. Barley, 26a30s. Oats, 15a18s.													

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
For February, 1774.

	Wind	Bar.	Therm.		Weather
			lo.	hi.	
1 N.W.	fresh	28 ¹ / ₁₀	36	38	Frosty, and much snow.
2 N.	little	30	32	33	Frost.
3 N.	little	30	33	36	Rain.
4 N.	little	30 ² / ₁₀	36	39 ¹ / ₂	Foggy.
5 N.E.	fresh	30 ³ / ₁₀	38	40	Frosty.
6 N.W.	little	30 ⁴ / ₁₀	35 ¹ / ₂	38 ¹ / ₂	Frosty brilliant day.
7 W.	strong	30	36	41	Fair day and thaw, evening rain.
8 N.W.	strong	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	36 ¹ / ₂	40 ¹ / ₂	Morning snow, severe frost.
9 N.W. var.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	34	38	Severe frost, bright day.
10 W.	fresh	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	36	44	Almost constant rain.
11 S.W.	fresh	29 ⁴ / ₁₀	44	46	Slight showers.
12 W.	little	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	44	45	Slight rain, intervals sun-shine.
13 S.W.	fresh	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	47	49	Foggy.
14 S.	strong	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	48	50	Fair day, evening rain.
15 S.	strong	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	48	49	Slight showers.
16 S.W.&N.	stormy	29 ¹ / ₁₀	46	48	Heavy showers.
17 N.	strong	29 ¹ / ₂	45	46	Slight showers, intervals fair.
18 N.W.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	43	44	Sunshiny day.
19 S.W.	strong	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	43	44 ¹ / ₂	Heavy rain.
20 N.W.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	45	48	Brilliant day.
21 S.&S.W.	strong	29 ¹ / ₁₀	44	44 ¹ / ₂	Heavy rain, moon-light night.
22 S.	strong	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	43 ¹ / ₂	47	Ditto.
23 S.W.	violent	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	47	47 ¹ / ₂	Slight showers.
24 S.W.	stormy	29	43	44 ¹ / ₂	A hurricane with some showers.
25 S.	strong	29 ² / ₁₀	44	44 ¹ / ₂	Almost constant rain.
26 W.	fresh	29 ² / ₁₀	41 ¹ / ₂	43 ¹ / ₂	Fair brilliant day.
27 S.W.	fresh	29 ² / ₁₀	42	44	Frosty and fair.
28 S.W.	strong	29 ¹ / ₁₀	44	46	Forenoon rain, afternoon sun-shine.



T H E
MONTHLY LEDGER,
O R
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.



HE infinite importance of properly improving our time is more frequently inculcated, by the inspired writers, than perhaps any other admonition the sacred pages contain. To enforce the necessity of this consideration, the Scriptures have likewise represented the shortness and uncertainty of our continuance in this life by similitudes the most fleeting and transitory that can possibly be imagined: but, alas! how few, very few, are there in the world who consider this matter with that attention its importance deserves! How many thousands of intelligent beings are there who scarcely know the end of their existence or the purpose for which they were created; who live, year after year, without considering of futurity, or bestowing a single thought about the vast concerns of an eternal state! Daily experience confirms this observation for a fact, and the most superficial survey of the different characters and circumstances of mankind in general will more fully demonstrate the truth of what I have here asserted.

The poor and the indigent, who live by the sweat of their brow, have many difficulties to encounter, and are surrounded with

Vol. I.

K k k

poverty

poverty and distress on every side; all their toil and labour are scarcely sufficient to provide for the wants and necessities of the present life, and therefore they have neither time nor opportunity to consider of a future. Let us next take a view of the man, immersed in secular affairs and engaged in the hurry and bustle of business, who rises up early, late takes rest, and who eats the bread of carefulness: we shall find all his time and attention employed in the pursuit of riches and the toils of industry; wholly taken up with the numerous concerns of the world, he neglects the one, the supreme thing, needful; anxious and indefatigable to acquire a competency for this precarious and uncertain life, he is careless and indifferent about the momentous concerns of a never-ending hereafter. But let us carry our observations a little farther, and take a survey of those who are styled the favourites of fortune, who revel in the lap of pleasure, and possess all the advantages which riches and honour can bestow; who, from their elevated situation in life, and the few cares with which they are surrounded, one should naturally imagine, had both leisure and opportunity to improve their time, like rational creatures, to the most exalted purposes: but is this really the case? or does experience convince us of the truth of it? Alas! no: the pursuits of pleasure, the gay amusements and fashionable diversions of a depraved licentious age engross all their time, engage all their attention, and divert the mind from nobler objects. Little do these sons of vanity and dissipation think that a period will most certainly arrive, when neither the treasures of the Indies, the mines of Peru, nor even the wealth of the universe itself, will be able to purchase a few moments of that precious time they now so foolishly, so lavishly, throw away.

Men of genius and literature are employed in the curious researches of antiquity and in investigating the works of nature: all their study and ambition is to acquire fame and reputation, and to obtain the empty applause of their fellow mortals. Thus, in every state and condition of life, there is something or another to engage the attention and drive the thought of eternity from the human breast. I was led into this train of reflections by a scene of the most awful distress, which the kind hand of Providence accidentally brought me lately to be a spectator of; it was the exit of the gay, the gallant, the much-admired, Lothario. At the death of his father he became heir to a very considerable estate, in the county of W——, besides a large fortune in the public funds; but, alas! his heart was exceedingly depraved, his principles were abandoned, and he was a libertine in the most comprehensive meaning of the word: gaming and debauchery had almost ruined his constitution, and,

in

in some measure, impaired his fortune. In the more juvenile part of my life we had been intimate acquaintance, but I was obliged to drop the intimacy, lest his fortune and connexions, which were, in every respect, superior to mine, should have influenced my conduct, and have caused me to deviate from the paths of rectitude and sobriety. The death of a near relation, which happened the latter end of the summer, occasioned my taking a journey within a few miles of his country residence: as I was so near, I could not return home without going to see a man for whom I had formerly a friendship and regard. I accordingly went, met with a very cordial reception, and was entertained with politeness and hospitality. It so fell out, that, during my abode at his house, he was seized with a pleuritic fever, the first symptoms of which threatened the most fatal and dangerous consequences: the violence of his disorder daily increased, and baffled all the efforts of his physicians, who were men of distinguished abilities, the most eminent that could be procured; and, in a few days, they pronounced his case to be desperate, and past all hopes of recovery. But oh! what tongue can express, or imagination conceive, the agonies of despair which took possession of his soul, upon being informed he must soon bid adieu to this world and all sublunary enjoyments! During his last moments, in which I stood by his bed-side, he uttered such pathetic exclamations as no condition of life, or length of time, will ever be able to erase from my memory. "Oh that the merciful Almighty (cried he) would graciously be pleased to save a wretch like me from going down to the pit of destruction; the remainder of my days should be dedicated to the service of my Creator, and the cause of that holy religion which I have always neglected and despised! My time, my health, my fortune, every thing I possess, should be engaged to promote the cause of virtue and godliness! Oh that I might hope but for a short reprieve, to expiate the offences of my former life by a future conduct which should be, in every respect, blameless and irreproachable: the gifts of providence, hitherto so lavishly prostituted to the vilest and most abandoned purposes, should then be employed in acts of charity and benevolence, should wipe away the tears from the eyes of the orphan and the fatherless, and should cause the widow's heart to sing for joy! Oh that God" — Here he was going on with his vain and fruitless wishes but could proceed no farther; the silver cords of life were almost broken, and the feeble glimmering lamp of existence just extinguished. He lay speechless about half an hour and then expired. Oh that the votaries of mirth, that the silken sons of pleasure, had been present at the solemnities of this dying chamber! it would have suspended their thoughtless and

giddy career ; it would have taught them the true, the inestimable, value of time possessed, and the infinite importance of properly improving it.

A death-bed's a detector of the heart,
A lecture silent, but of sov'reign pow'r ;
To vice confusion, and to virtue peace.

I confess, to me, who am of a serious contemplative turn of mind, it was the most solemn and affecting scene I ever beheld. In this school of wisdom I was more benefited than I possibly could have been in attending the profoundest lectures of divinity and philosophy, although accompanied with all the powers of eloquence and rhetoric. Its silent, but instructive, lessons have thoroughly weaned my affections from the trifling objects of time and sense, and made me think more seriously than ever about the vast concern of that awful, eternal, and unchangeable, state, to which all mankind are advancing upon the swift wings of time ; they have taught me to look down upon the riches, the honour, and grandeur, of this world with indifference and disdain, convinced, that, when they are not made subservient to the cause of religion and virtue, they will only render the life of the person full of anxiety and vexation, and, at last, plant his dying pillow with thorns. Great Possessor and Dispenser of all things, said I, lifting up my eyes to heaven with resignation and gratitude, I desire neither abundance nor poverty ; grant me a competence ; attended by thy blessing, bestow upon me but the smallest portion of this world's goods, accompanied with that peace of mind which arises from the testimony of a good conscience. Give me that solid, substantial, heartfelt, enjoyment, which this world cannot give, nor the vicissitudes of fortune destroy, and I ask no more.

Caverham-Grove.

TANCRED.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

IN the reign of the second Charles, the lord-treasurer Danby was impeached, by the commons of England, of high-treason and other crimes and misdemeanors. The principal points, in charge brought against him, were, That he had traiterously encroached on the regal power, by treating privately, in matters of peace and war, with foreign princes and ambassadors. — That he had endeavoured to subvert the ancient and well-established form of government, and, instead thereof, to introduce a government arbitrary and tyrannical. — That he had endeavoured to alienate the affections of the king's subjects from his

his royal person and government, and to hinder the customary meetings of parliament. — That he was popishly affected; and had traiterously endeavoured to conceal the late horrid and bloody conspiracy, contrived against the king's person and government by the papists. — That he had wasted large quantities of the king's treasure, by unnecessary pensions and gifts for secret services. — And, lastly, that he had, by indirect means, procured to himself divers gifts and grants of inheritances, of the ancient revenue of the crown, even directly contrary to acts of parliament, &c.

These, though mostly in the common style of state impeachments, were charges of a dark complexion, strenuously urged by the commons, and powerfully supported by the anti-ministerial faction in the house of lords. At the head of this faction, and bent on the destruction of Danby, stood the celebrated George Villiers, duke of Buckingham.

Previous to the examination of the earl, at the bar of the upper house, Buckingham had cajoled several peers who were in the treasurer's interest; and, among the rest, had assailed, on his weak side, the Welch earl of Carnarvon. On the day of the trial, the duke invited the last-mentioned nobleman to a sumptuous banquet; and, having half intoxicated him with wine, easily persuaded him to go to the house and speak on behalf of Danby; thereby hoping to render his cause ridiculous. Carnarvon, who had never made a speech in parliament before, hasted to the house, with a full resolution to display his talents in such an important affair. The business was no sooner opened than he stood up, and made the following harangue.

“ My lords,

I understand but a little of Latin, but a good deal of English, and not a little of the English history; from which I have learnt the mischiefs of such kind of prosecutions as these, and the ill fate of the prosecutors. I could bring many instances, and those very ancient; but, my lords, I shall go no farther back than the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign: at which time the earl of Essex was run down by sir Walter Rawleigh, and your lordships very well know what became of sir Walter Rawleigh. My lord Bacon, he ran down sir Walter Rawleigh, and your lordships know what became of my lord Bacon. The duke of Buckingham, he ran down my lord Bacon, and your lordships know what happened to the duke of Buckingham. Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards earl of Strafford, ran down the duke of Buckingham, and you all know what became of him. Sir Harry Vane, he ran down the earl of Strafford, and your lordships know what became of sir Harry Vane. Chancellor Hyde, he ran down sir Harry Vane, and your lordships
know

know what became of the chancellor. Sir Thomas Osbourn, now earl of Danby, ran down chancellor Hyde; what will become of the earl of Danby your lordships best can tell: but let me see that man that dare run the earl of Danby down, and we shall soon see what will become of him."

This being pronounced with a remarkably droll tone, the duke of Buckingham, both surprized and disappointed, exclaimed aloud, "The man is inspired, and claret has done the business." This stroke of humour, however, could not take off the impression which the orator had made on the house: such a train of executions, unexpectedly thrown before them at that critical juncture, produced such a change in the treasurer's favour, that, though he was expected to be sent to the Tower the same evening, he was permitted to return home and sleep quietly in his bed; the king granted him a full pardon, and the storm soon subsided.

X.

A brief Account of the Misfortunes and tragical Death of Mary de Rossan, Marchioness de Gange.

THIS unfortunate lady was the daughter of the sieur de Rossan, and was born in 1637. She had riches, beauty, and virtue; but these were the sources of her misfortunes and terrible death. At the decease of her father, she had a fortune of 50000 livres, and, when thirteen years old, married the marquis de Castellane, grandson of the duke of Villars. They were both at the summit of happiness. The beauty of the marchioness was only equalled by the sweetness of her temper and the solidity of her judgement. She was soon after brought to court, where she became universally admired, and was called the fair Provençale. The queen of Sweden declared that she had never seen so fine a figure in all her travels.

At nineteen years of age she unhappily became a widow, when she retired to madame d'Ampus, her mother-in-law; and, some little time after, to avoid the importunity of her admirers, returned to Avignon, the place of her birth, where she shut herself up in a convent. The sieur de Lanide, marquis de Gange, and governor of St. André, who was esteemed the handsomest man at court, followed her, and was so happy as to give her a dislike to the cloister. She was pleased with him at the first interview, and her marriage was celebrated in 1658. He now soon discovered his real character, which soon broke out into jealousy; the most innocent praises of his lady filling him with rage and fury. This was the least of the marchioness's misfortunes. The abbé, and the chevalier de Gange, her brothers-in-law, became in love with her.

The

The first, who was of a violent and subtle disposition, governed intirely the mind of the chevalier, and even that of the marquis. His first care was to remove his jealousy, by extolling the virtues of his wife, on which the marquis treated her with tenderness. The abbé delayed not to make a merit with her on this change; but all his eloquence, in order to corrupt her, was ineffectual. "If you have learnt to love me, (said the marchioness,) you ought to esteem me: nothing can determine me to forfeit that: and, were I capable of such weakness, you would be the last man that should induce me to do it." The chevalier, who appeared of a milder disposition, on explaining himself, received an answer to the same import. These two lovers, seeing themselves thus repulsed, proceeded from love to a violent declared hatred. The abbé treated the marchioness's virtue as hypocrisy, and invented a thousand stories to her dishonour; while the marquis, being disposed to think ill of his lady, believed all he said against her. Meanwhile the abbé represented to the marchioness that he had her reputation in his hands, and that it was in his power to restore and re-establish it, on her compliance with his passion. But, far from succeeding, he appeared a monster in her eyes, and she did not disguise the horror with which he filled her. The furious abbé, bent on revenge, then put *arsenic*, instead of *sugar*, into some cream she was going to eat; but, the cream blunting the particles of the poison, she was only slightly disordered. The public were, however, informed of this accident, but reasoned variously upon it, nobody suspecting the real author.

The marchioness kept this event to herself; and her grandfather, dying, left her a very considerable estate, which, for some time, restored her to the favour of her husband.

The marquis now proposed to spend the autumn at Gange, to which the unhappy lady consented; but, as if foreseeing her dreadful fate, she made her will, appointing her mother her heiress, on condition that her wealth should return to her own children; and, at the same time, made a declaration, before the magistrates of Avignon, that she disowned every will that might be made after it. These two acts were not long kept secret; but the marquis, dissembling his resentment, trusted the abbé with the task of revenge. On her arrival at Gange, the first days were spent in feasting, and all subjects of discontent seemed to be forgotten; but the abbé, under a smiling countenance, concealed the most horrid design. The marquis, not chusing to be a witness of it, retired to Avignon: and the abbé, being left absolute master of the house, compelled her to make a new will in favour of her husband; but she did not revoke the protestation made before the magistrates.

On the 17th of May, 1667, the marchioness resolving to take physic, the abbé himself prepared the medicine, but she found it so thick and black that she ordered it to be thrown away, and took some pills she had by her. The abbé, surprised that the medicine had produced a salutary effect, in a rage, steeped arsenic and sublimate in aquafortis, and came to the marchioness with this horrid mixture in one hand and a pistol in the other, and the chevalier entered, at the same time, with his drawn sword. The abbé, giving her a furious look, cried, "Madam, you must die: make your choice; here is steel, fire, and poison." In vain had the lovely innocent recourse to prayers and tears. "Do you, (said she to the chevalier,) whom I believe less barbarous, demand my death?" "It is done, (replied he,) you must choose, or we will choose for you." They then put the pistol to her breast, when she, lifting up her eyes to heaven, swallowed the poison; but the chevalier, observing that the substance had subsided to the bottom, made it up into a paste, and obliged her to take it, but she left it in her mouth, and, sinking on the bed, put it out again without being perceived: she then persuaded them to have pity on her soul and send her a confessor: on which the two wretches retired, and, locking the door, went for a priest with whom they had been long acquainted, and who was as barbarous as themselves. Scarcely were they gone, when the marchioness went to a window which opened into the court of the castle, from which it was 22 feet high. While she prepared cloaths to facilitate her escape the priest arrived, but the lady slipped out of the window and fell on her feet. The priest, seeing she had escaped, threw out a large vessel of water, in order to beat out her brains. The marchioness was seated under the window, provoking herself to vomit, by thrusting the beautiful tresses of her hair down her throat. The vessel fell at her feet, and the fright it gave her, with the shock of the fall, made her throw up the greatest part of the poison, which a hog swallowing, died. The marchioness, on recovering herself, saw a groom, told him she was poisoned, and desired him to let her into the stable. The groom took her in: meanwhile the chevalier and abbé sought for her on all sides, which she hearing fled; but they came up with her at about 300 paces from the castle, near a house belonging to the sieur Duprat: the chevalier pulled her in, and, as people thronged about the door, the abbé stayed without, with a pistol in his hand, threatening to blow out the brains of the first that came near; pretending that his sister had lost her senses, and he would not have her exposed. The sieur Duprat was not at home, and his wife was terrified; but a lady was there who had a box of orvietan, a counter-poison, of which the marchioness

ness ate several pieces, without being perceived, while the chevalier was walking about the room. She called out for water, but the chevalier broke the glass, crying out, that he was able to take care of his sister. The company retired. Her beauty, innocence, and tears, could not soften the chevalier, who then gave her two stabs in the breast; upon which, falling, she crawled to the door, and, with a faint voice, cried out for help. His rage then redoubled, and, giving her five wounds, he left a piece of his sword in her shoulder; but the women, in a neighbouring room, rushing in, fell upon him, and obliged him to fly. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood were alarmed, and pursued the villains; but they were got on-board a vessel near Agde.

The marquis was astonished, when he heard in how public a manner they had acted to free him from his wife; and, blaming them, retired to Gange. The marchioness, none of whose wounds were mortal, received him with affectionate tenderness, imputing all that had passed to his absence. But the marquis undeceived her, by desiring her to revoke the protestation she had made at Avignon, because the vice-legate had refused to register her last will. This at once opened her eyes, and she resolutely answered, that her present situation demanded other cares. The physicians and surgeons, deceived by her colour and plumpness, thought only of curing her wounds; meanwhile, the poison working secretly within, she died on the 5th of June, 1667, nineteen days after she had taken it, in the 30th year of her age. In this interval the parliament of Toulouse took cognisance of this horrible affair; but, being only able to produce strong suspicions against the marquis, he was degraded from his nobility, stripped of his estate, and banished for ever; the abbé and chevalier were condemned to be broken alive upon the wheel, and the priest was sent to the galleys for life.

To the EDITOR *of the* MONTHLY LEDGER.

READING, two or three months ago, in your Ledger, an essay on "abstracted metaphysics," it brought to my mind the following vision, written by an ingenious gentleman, who only suffered a few copies to be printed and given away among his friends, as it contains a just satire on a set of people who love refined speculations and abstracted reasonings better than solid truth and plain matters of fact. It is imagined it will be entertaining to those of your readers who have not seen it; and it is hoped the worthy author himself, should he come to the knowledge of it in this publication, will not be offended.

The Academy of Abstraction, a Vision.

COMING home earlier than usual, the other night, I set myself down in my elbow-chair, and fell into a most profound contemplation on the many advantages which have accrued to science from the study of metaphysics, in the different ages of the world. This not only prepared me, in the most agreeable manner, for my repose, but, when sleep had taken me from a world which we all enjoy in common, I presently found myself in a new world of my own; and the following dream, or vision, presented itself to my imagination.

A genius, methought, descended suddenly from above, and, calling me by my name, "Come, said he, and I will shew thee the *Academy of Abstraction*." The words were no sooner uttered, but I felt myself transported away, I knew not how nor whither. I saw before my eyes an edifice of so singular a construction, that I can describe it no otherwise than negatively, by saying that it was *not* built upon the ground. I applied myself to my conductor, desiring to be informed where I was. He told me, that, as the temple of the Delphic Apollo was formerly said to be placed in the middle of the habitable globe, the Academy, which I now had in view, was situated exactly in the center of infinite extension: "But give me thy hand, said he, and let us survey the apartments of the several artists."

The first artist I saw was a man, far advanced in years, who put me in mind of the person somewhere described by Spenser—

All were his earthly eyne both blunt and bad,
And, through great age, had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wond'rous quick and pierceant was his spright.

He had converted his imagination into a sort of anatomical knife, and with it he was, at that time, employed in dissecting an atom. "Atoms, sir, (said he to me, seeing me a little surprized,) were formerly looked upon as the first principles of things; and, when philosophers had worked downward to them, it was taken for granted they could go no farther. But this notion prevailed no longer than the times of darkness and ignorance lasted; for it hath lately been demonstrated, that matter is divisible *in infinitum*." I ventured to express my astonishment at the unexpected connexion thus formed between finite and infinite ideas, which I was always accustomed to keep distinct. He replied, very courteously, that, to persons not conversant in abstracted speculations, the notion, to be sure, would, at first, seem a little extraordinary, as they, perhaps, might apprehend there was only one kind of infinite, whereas,
nothing

nothing could be more certain, than that there were not only various, but infinite, sorts and degrees of infinities; and that one infinite might be infinitely different from another infinite. I bowed, and turned to look at the young students that were placed round the room; who, not being qualified to perform so nice an operation by hand, were set, in the mean time, to do it mechanically, with an engine, as some persons with us make their pens and cut their cucumbers.

In the same apartment with this artist resided another, who was exactly the counterpart of him; for, as fast as an infinitely divided atom fell from one, the other forthwith applied a tube to it, after the manner of workmen in a glass-house, and presently inflated it so that it filled infinite space. These two great men always went hand in hand; and the last-mentioned gentleman told me, that, as soon as they had finished the atoms, they had a design upon a moment, which they intended to serve in the same manner; not doubting but that it might, by dividing, be lengthened out into eternity.

Hearing these operators talking so very familiarly of infinities, I begged my attendant genius to let me know where they picked up so many of them. I will explain that matter to you, said he, immediately. He then carried me to the master of a large warehouse, in which was deposited, in proper order, an infinite quantity of infinities, of all sorts and sizes, all of his own making, which he dealt out to the Academy at a very reasonable rate. As he was the first inventor and had the patent, he sold only by wholesale; but there were inferior merchants, who bought of him, and retailed by the yard. Whenever, therefore, a point came under consideration, which required an infinite, (as indeed most points did with them, for it was the least thing they would take up with,) the students, upon communicating their case, were sure to be fitted with a proper infinite. The warehouse-keeper assured me he had, at length, happily attained to so great perfection in the manufacture, and always kept so good a stock by him, that he could appropriate an infinite to any thing, almost at sight; and he protested, upon his honour, he had never met with any thing that failed him but once, and that, was the Arabic language, which cost him a week's fruitless search, and at last he was obliged to split a main-brace, with three of his largest infinities, for that purpose.

In another apartment lived a professor who did every thing by twilight. If he lectured his pupils at noon-day, he would darken his windows, and make an artificial twilight. He could prove, by metaphysics, that twilight is the only true, pure, genuine, uncorrupted, original, light: the sun, he would

say, is, at best, but an auxiliary to it, and often does more harm than good, as the world would soon be convinced, if superstition were but once got the better of.

Going on a little farther to the left, I was shewn a student, sitting with his arms folded, and all the marks of intense thought in his countenance. He had sat in that posture, it seems, for seven weeks, except when he refreshed or eased nature; for so long had he been labouring to acquire an idea of *ens qua ens*, or existence in the abstract. It was the opinion, I found, of the best judges in the academy, that this student, in the end, would miscarry, as several others had done before him; in which case, the half-formed embryo idea would be preserved in spirits, and join a numerous company of little brothers and sisters, in a place set apart for them.

Passing by the door of a room, which happened to be open, I discovered a miserable object, fettered and handcuffed, and tied neck and heels. I supposed him guilty of some grievous and unpardonable crime; and I was astonished to hear that he had his choice of going like other people; but that he looked upon those, who made use of their limbs, to be slavish thinkers, and had procured himself to be bound in that manner to shew he was a free agent.

I had some conversation with the president of the academy himself, who had projected a plan to demonstrate that there was no such thing as positive existence, but that the universe was only one vast negation. He argued in this manner: Creation is a production out of nothing; nothing, therefore, existed prior to something; and, consequently, is the only positive existence: for creating is only taking away so many degrees of non-existence. *Q. E. D.* The president observed to me, that, upon his scheme only, the grand question, which had puzzled the metaphysicians of so many ages, was to be satisfactorily solved, *viz.* From whence is the origin of evil? For, says he, since nothing enters so far into the composition of every thing, every thing must, in its nature, partake of, or borrow something from, nothing; and what it borrows from nothing must evidently be imperfect: and, therefore, it is indebted, for the perfections of which it is possessed, to the degrees of existence, acquired (as before) by the degrees of non-existence being taken away; as the imperfections, which fall to its share, are owing to that original nothingness, out of which it was formed, and of which it must always, in some measure, participate. To speak clearly, it can never have all the degrees of its non-entirely annihilated; and consequently must be so far imperfect.

Q. E. D.

It

It was now their time of dinner, and the good president most obligingly requested me to eat a commons with them in their great hall; an invitation which I readily accepted, partly, I must confess, out of curiosity, upon hearing that the dinner was dressed *abstractedly*. It consisted, among other particulars, of a calf's-head, hashed *secundum quid*; a shoulder of mutton, roasted, without spit or jack, by centripetal and centrifugal forces; and some potatoes, boiled in a vacuum. But, unfortunately for me, the dinner-bell, just then beginning to ring out, put an end to my dream; the academy disappeared, and the next moment I found myself, to my sorrow, again immersed over head and ears in matter.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

I make my abode in the center of an inexplicable labyrinth, where the reason of the wise and of the foolish, of the learned and of the idiot, wander together.

Monfieur BERGYRAC.

I Date my existence from that æra when Adam's happiness was soon to be completed by the society of that fair help-mate who was the secondary cause both of the perfection of his short-lived blifs and long-lamented disobedience. I held him in a soft captivity while the partner of his joys and sorrows was formed; and then released him to contemplate, to admire, to love, the most finished of his Creator's works. Such is the extent of my power, that every class of sensitive beings willingly submit to bend beneath it.

The greatest heroes of ancient and modern times, men, whom no persuasion can influence or force terrify, whose ambitious views "strong walls of brass, nor bolts of adamant," inhospitable deserts, nor unnavigable oceans could bound, court the exertion of my power, and willingly resign themselves to my authority.

Nor am I less acceptable to the peasant: he finds in me that repose which gives him new vigour; and I enable him to return to labour with the rising day. My subjects have, indeed, no reason to complain of any undue exertion of my authority. I lull their sorrows, take off the burden of their cares, and not only render them insensible of real misery, but open in their view prospects of ideal happiness. I frequently entertain them with scenes which lie beyond the limits of their faculties to contemplate without my assistance: I recal to memory transactions in which they have most delighted, realise past events, antici-

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pate the future, and, by an incomprehensible kind of magic, transport them "beyond the visible diurnal sphere." I bring departed friends to their view, and renew the long dissolved bands of endearing friendship. While under my government, the minds of the galley-slave and the grand signior are equally free and susceptible of happiness, although the *former* finds more delight in my embraces than the latter.

But, although the means of banishing sorrow and contributing largely to human felicity, yet, like all other blessings, I am frequently abused, and then become productive of much inconvenience.

By intemperate indulgence, I become detrimental to the interests of society, and have often betrayed not only individuals, but armies, cities, and kingdoms, into ruin and destruction. Till luxury enervated man and debilitated his powers I was seldom seen in the face of day: but in this degenerate age numbers (and ladies of fashion in particular) retain me in their service till the sun blushes upon them from an elevated station in the hemisphere. I cannot, however, reproach them with encroaching on my time; for they generally keep me at a distance till the proper season for admitting me is more than half over. I delight most in solitude and darkness; and am rarely seen in a crowd, unless at *church*, where my appearance is very disgraceful to those whose duty it is to refuse me admittance. At balls, routs, masquerades, the opera-house, or theatres, I never appear; knowing such an attempt would inevitably fail of success. The majority of both sexes may, with truth, declare, that the hours they spend in my service are the most innocent, and frequently the most happy, of any they enjoy. Hence I am sought after and beloved by all mankind. But, although I visit the whole race of sensitive beings, I am accused of being partial to those who enjoy the greatest share of felicity. I admit the charge; but my conduct results from necessity. I have a secret, but unconquerable, aversion to scenes of affliction and the hurry of human cares. The man of sorrows, whom sickness, misfortunes, or adversity, cause to "water his couch with his tears," often seeks me with unavailing solicitude. I have been termed, and not without propriety, the image of a conqueror still more potent than myself; and I might add much more concerning the similarity of our power; but I will not tire the patience of my readers, lest they yield to the embraces of

S L E E P.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

A brief Account of the Island of Juan Fernandez.

THIS island, according to Dampier, is situated about 84 Degrees of West longitude, and in 34 deg. 45 min. of South latitude, and took its name from Juan Fernando, who discovered it in a voyage he made from Lima to Baldivia. It is about 110 leagues from the continent of Chili. Travellers vary in their accounts of its extent; but, according to Dampier and Anson, it is about 12 leagues round. Governor Pullen says, the soil of this island is but indifferent on the hills, which are overgrown with thick woods; but its vallies are fine, fruitful, and pleasant, interspersed with savannahs, or natural meadows, which are capable of producing every thing agreeable to the climate.

Commodore Anson was very industrious in causing the roads and coasts of this island to be surveyed, and in making other observations; knowing that these materials might prove of great consequence to future travellers in those seas.

It was on the 9th of June, 1741, that the people on-board the Centurion first saw this island, at about 12 leagues distance. It appeared to be very mountainous, and almost covered with rugged, irregular, and misshapen rocks: but, when they came in with the shore, they discovered that the broken craggy precipices, which, at a distance, wore such a horrid aspect, were far from being barren: in most places they were covered with stately woods; and between them were interspersed the finest vallies, clothed with a most beautiful verdure, and watered with numerous streams and cascades, which, spouting from the rocks, conveyed fertility to the vales and meadows. In the northern part of the island are most hills, many of which are inaccessible, though generally covered with trees; but the soil is so loose and hollow that many very large trees are overturned by the winds, for want of sufficient rooting. In some places there are hills of a peculiar sort of red earth, exceeding in colour the finest vermilion.

The southern part of the island is very different; being stony, dry, and destitute of trees. It is surrounded by a steep shore, and, having little fresh water, is seldom visited by ships.

The trees, of which the woods on the northern side of the island are composed, are of many different sorts, but mostly aromatics. None of them grow large enough to yield timber, except the myrtles, which are the largest on the island. Exclusive of a great number of plants, not usually known to mariners, most

most of the vegetables are found here which are esteemed effectual in curing scorbutic disorders.

The excellence of the climate and kindly nature of the soil render this place extremely proper for all kinds of vegetation. There are great quantities of water-creffes, purslain, excellent wild sorrel, turnips, and Sicilian radishes. Many acres of ground are covered with oats and clover. When commodore Anson was here he sowed lettuces, carrots, and other garden-plants, for the accommodation of such travellers as should touch here after him. He also set, in the woods, a large quantity of plumb, apricot, and peach, stones, the last of which thrive to a very remarkable degree.

In the North part of the Island the face of the country is so extremely singular as to merit a particular consideration. The woods, which cover most of the steepest hills, are free from all bushes and underwood, affording an easy passage through every part of them; and the irregularity of the hills and precipices trace out, by their various combinations, a great number of romantic valleys; most of which have a stream of the clearest water running through them, that tumbles, in cascades, from rock to rock, as the bottom of the valley, by the course of the adjacent hills, is, at times, broken into a sudden sharp descent. There are some particular spots, in these valleys, where the shade and fragrance of the contiguous woods, the loftiness and sublimity of the over-hanging rocks, and the transparency and frequent falls of the neighbouring streams, unitedly present such scenes of dignity and elegance as, perhaps, cannot be rivalled in any other part of the globe. Here it is that the simple productions of unassisted nature may be said to excel all the fictitious of the most animated imagination.

Seals are found here in the greatest plenty; and their skins are very valuable, on account of the extraordinary fineness of the fur: their fat makes very good train-oil. The sea-lion is also found on this coast. It bears some resemblance to the seal, but is much larger: when grown to their full size, they are from 12 to 20 feet in length, and from 8 to 15 feet in circumference: Their skin is about an inch thick, beneath which there are 12 inches of fat, before you come at either lean, flesh, or bone. A large sea-lion will yield a but of oil. They are so full of blood, that, if they are deeply wounded in a dozen places, there will instantly gush out as many streams of blood, spouting to a considerable distance; and some have been known to bleed two hogheads full. Their skins are covered with short hair, of a light dun colour; but their tails and their fins (which serve them for feet on-shore) are almost black. Their fins, or feet, are divided at the ends like fingers, and each of these fingers is furnished

furnished with a nail. The males have a large snout, or trunk, hanging down five or six inches below the extremity of the upper jaw, which the females have not, neither are they so large. These animals continue at sea all the summer; but, when winter sets in, come on shore. Here they ingender and bring forth their young, generally two at a birth, which are suckled with the milk of the dam. When on shore, they feed on the grass and verdure which grow near the banks of the fresh-water streams; and, when not feeding, sleep, in herds, in the most miry places they can find. Anson's people killed many of them for food, particularly for their hearts and tongues, which are esteemed preferable to those of bullocks. Here are few birds, and those chiefly hawks, blackbirds, owls, and humming-birds. The whole bay is well stored with variety of fish; having large cod, bream, cavallies, gropers, silver-fish, maids, congers of a peculiar kind, and a black fish, which the sailors call a chimney-sweeper, like a carp in shape, and very delicious in taste.

The cray-fish lie in great abundance near the water's edge, weighing generally 8 or 9 pounds each, and are of an excellent flavour.

When Juan Fernando first discovered this island, he was so well pleased with its situation, soil, and climate, that he resolved to settle it; imagining that its produce might very well support 500 families. On his return to Lima, he endeavoured to get a patent for that purpose, but was not able to gain it, so that this island has continued uninhabited ever since.

EUSEBIUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

A Description of the Caput Medusæ, or Sea-Spider, from Keysser's Travels.

THIS creature is mostly found in the straits of Waigate and near Spitsberg. It is caught alive on floating pieces of wood, on which it crawls about in the sea. The body, or *centrum*, is broad and thick, branching out, on all sides, into a great number of limbs; which limbs branch out again, and terminate in minute jointed filaments as small as horse-hairs. When this creature dies, its limbs, or branches, contract themselves inwardly towards the center of the body; but, while living, they are the instruments of its local motion in swimming: It at once draws in their ends, and then, as an oar, strikes them out again.

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Any number of these creatures being together, is reckoned, by seamen, a sure sign of a whale's being near; these greedily preying on their flesh, and following them for that purpose.

One of these *capita Medusæ* was sent, by Peter the great, as a present, to Augustus king of Poland, and is still to be seen in the gallery of natural curiosities in Dresden; but Dr. Kifner, at Franckfort, has a finer.

In the valuable collection of petrifications, belonging to Mr. Sprekelson, the licentiate, at Hamburgh, I have met with a remarkable piece of this kind, the body of which, in its thickest part, consisted of orbicular raised *concamerationes*, resembling the *alveoli belemnitarum*. This and several other beautiful petrifications were found near Granville, in Normandy.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THE Omniscient Power, that formed man, intended he should not be a solitary, but a social, creature; and therefore implanted in him a natural tendency and inclination to the society of his fellow-creatures. He has also fixed another latent quality in his heart, the effects whereof are visible every moment, although the cause is sometimes disallowed, which universally pleads for the participation of his joys, and will not suffer him to enjoy any thing truly and fully till a friend is made glad with the knowledge of it.

It is on this first principle that community is founded. Man finds not his happiness complete till he shares with others those joys which he meets with from private occurrences. Intimacy succeeds to a mutual confidence of this kind; and a constant reciprocation of benefits ripens this intimacy into friendship. Such is the first association among men; and from the multiplication of these associations, mutually inclined to extend the bounds of the relation, rises community.

What gave origin to the general union still keeps, however, its pristine rank and dignity. Friendship allows social benevolence a high place in the list of the good and useful effects to which it gives birth; but it keeps itself at an awful distance above. It would deem the man guilty of high-treason to its nature who attempted to confound it with the other, or to raise so humble an imitation to its level.

On so natural, so necessary, so amiable, a basis is friendship founded; so just are its pretensions to our private acknowledgements and to the esteem of the world. So desirable, indeed, is it, in its nature, that it is scarcely possible to live without it. So intimately and essentially is it connected with our happiness,

in every kind, that he, whose surly soul denies it a place, is deceived, when he supposes himself capable of enjoying true satisfaction.

That man may make a happy friendship with man is hourly evident; and that such friendships may continue inviolate is possible: but it is with that sex only, which was created to cheer the gloom of life and sweeten society, that we are formed for carrying this amiable association to its utmost height; with woman alone nature has ordained the completion of its perfection and duration.

Men have a variety of pursuits in view, which frequently interfere with each other and destroy the social harmony: a thousand schemes are formed for effecting both equally, and for engaging the wishes, the interests, the very passions, of either; and, where these clash, what is to become of friendship? The success of *one*, where *both* are interested, instead of giving to the other that joy which friendship requires, often separates them for ever: — a common mistress will cause them to draw their swords against each other.

Whoever understands the least part of the inestimable value of a true and sincere friendship would wish it to last for ever. Whoever knows the least of human nature will see, that a duration of this, in such an intimacy, is not to be expected: but, where the same kind of union is commenced with the fair-sex, and founded on the solid basis of wedded love and affection, there is no one, of all these causes, to threaten its dissolution: there are no views that can interfere, no pursuits that can create animosity or rivalry; the thoughts are equally united with the inclinations; and *interests*, as well as *hearts*, are equally connected.

Reason dictates to us to seek the perpetuity of that in which we have delight; and the same reason tells us that the sum, source, and essence, of all delight is friendship. Hence it evidently prompts us to engage our hearts where a mutual warmth is most sure to meet them; and where, so long as virtue influences our actions, no accident, nothing but death itself, can dissolve the union. Reason, therefore, as well as inclination, points out to us the wisdom of taking to our bosom one select acquaintance, and to engage our hearts, in ties of the tenderest kind, with that sex who have the power to lighten the pressure of human cares, and sweeten the cup of life, by the endearing joys of their society.

Nature, who, in an amazing manner, keeps up the proportion between the sexes, in the human species, proclaims, by that lasting miracle, that this is *her* intent, in providing one of each sex to bless the other: she forms the tender union between

consenting hearts; and human policy, conscious of the frailties incident to the best of individuals, adds a tie which makes the bands indissoluble.

Such is the origin, such the intent, and such the effects, of marriage; an institution under which every woman (unless vice and folly prevent) becomes the supreme happiness of him who possesses her, as certainly as, under the unrestrained licentiousness of the libertine, she is the ruin of him by whom she herself was undone. There is not a more unhappy mistake, in the whole circle of human opinions, than that general notion of the dissolute, that the pleasure, derived from woman, is in variety. That which constitutes love, in its most exalted form, in the friendship I have been recommending, degenerates, under these circumstances, into a passion which we pay the brutes an ill compliment when we suppose we enjoy it in common with them. It is "only the brute of reason who has it," and he scarcely ever fails to meet from it his destruction.

Pleasure is, unquestionably, the end we have in view in all pursuits of this kind; and it is rational and laudable that it should be so; but nothing is more certain than that those, who set out in search of it on these wild principles, can never find it. I defy the most successful libertine, that ever exulted in the spoils of innocence and beauty, to tell me, that he ever once thought the purchase, in the morning, worth the price or the pains it had cost him over night; or that he ever esteemed the face, he had deified the day before, other than distasteful, and even contemptible, on the morrow. This is the natural, the necessary, effect of taking the *person* without the *inclination*; of rushing on love unconnected with friendship. On the other hand, I am apt to believe that he, who first won the heart of the object of his affection, has seldom failed to find that additional charm, converting joy into rapture; ennobling friendship with what is truly, properly, and only, love.

Of this supreme felicity the libertine and the unprofitable stale old bachelor have no idea: the one is hunting after gratifications unworthy of a man, the other seems to have no idea of that bliss which constitutes the perfection of human joy. If there is any class of mankind which at once excites our pity and our contempt, it certainly is composed of those who are so insensible of female charms as to look upon them with indifference, and neglect that duty which posterity has a right to expect they should accomplish; for, amongst all God's creatures, an old bachelor is most properly the object of satirical chastisement.

I am your constant reader,

NESTOR.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

IT is with pleasure that I see you seldom lose sight of the excellent maxim I have taken for my motto. Yet, in so great a variety as you present us with, it would be strange if no deviation from it appeared; for it must be acknowledged that you are under no small difficulty, with respect to the productions of your correspondents, which you must either admit as you receive them or not at all: no wonder, then, if we sometimes meet a sentiment or expression which you would not have offered to the public as your own. Of this number I cannot but reckon what the entertaining author of the "scattered remarks" has observed, on the novels of Smollett and Fielding. This ingenious gentleman seems, in this point, to have quite forgotten the *utile*; for neither the "history nor the ethics" of the first appear to me calculated either "to enlarge the ideas or refine the mind," if, by this, real improvement is to be understood. Although he was a man of sense and humour, the moroseness of his temper made him look on the worst side of every thing; and he has represented human nature accordingly. But, though he has painted vice in strong, and even glaring, colours, it does not seem to be done with a view to condemn it; for he nowhere forms the necessary contrast, by giving us virtuous examples to follow; without which the most entertaining novel cannot improve, and will only serve to familiarize the mind of the reader with folly and vice. If to these considerations be added the excessive profanity of this author's novels, I think we may fairly pronounce them absolutely unfit for the perusal of youth, or even of mature age without the greatest caution.

The works of Fielding, who had more and better wit than any author I have read, have much more to recommend them. The examples of Alworthy, Adams, Amelia, and others, are truly excellent. This writer, though not religious himself, seems to have well understood the beauty and necessity of religion; and has admirably shewn the miseries to which the best natural characters may be exposed without its assistance. The absurdity of a vain philosophy, in Square, of a bigotted zeal, in Thwackum, the insignificance of a boisterous fox-hunter, in Western, and the villainy of a designing hypocrite, in Blifil, are most exquisitely described: indeed, all his characters are strongly marked and well kept up, and nature strictly adhered to throughout. Yet, with all these advantages, my own experience urges me to dissuade the recommendation of them. There is a concealed danger in reading them: for, while virtue is enforced

enforced and vice ridiculed, we insensibly lose that abhorrence for *sin* which every virtuous mind should feel. Tom Jones, the most agreeable character that ever was drawn, with every good quality nature can give, sins so often, and with so very good a grace, that we not only forgive him, but, by degrees, deem, as venial, sins of the most dreadful consequence both here and hereafter. Sin is, indeed, too serious a subject for ridicule, which should be confined to its proper object, absurdity. With respect to Le Sage, I recollect no objection that can lie against his *Gil Blas*, except its being a fiction, if that can be an objection. Vicious characters are so well contrasted by virtuous ones, real life is so admirably painted, and the artifices of designing men, and the distresses of the unwary, are so well described, that they deserve the perusal of all who would see the dangers of life without being exposed to them: the purity of the style is an additional recommendation to those who wish to cultivate the knowledge of the French Language.

CAUTION.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Meditations in a Church-Yard.

I Am just come from indulging a pleasing melancholy in a church-yard, and paying a respectful visit to the dead, of which I am one day to increase the number. As the solemnity and awfulness of the place instantly affect the beholder, the solitude and silence of it equally dispose him to attention and meditation; so that we no where find a more useful and improving retirement. Every monument has its instruction, and every hillock has its lesson of morality.

I have, by this means, in a short space of time, read the history of the whole village, and could tell the names of its principal inhabitants for the last thirty or forty years. I might, perhaps, go a little higher; but here, by the injury of time and weather, the register begins to be interrupted, and the letters are so defaced, that, if an inscription can be made out, it is not without difficulty and conjecture.

It is not, however, without great compassion, I see the kind endeavour of the survivor, to preserve the memory of a departed friend, so soon frustrated and disappointed. To continue the remembrance of the deceased, though by a mound of earth, a turf of grass, or a rail of wood, is an instance of affection and humanity equal to the most costly monuments of brass and marble in every thing but expence and duration; and yet how perishable

perishable are even these! how fruitless is the expence! and how short the duration!

The church-yard I look on as the rendezvous of the whole parish, to which people of all ages and conditions resort. It is the common dormitory, where, after the labours of life are over, they all lie down and repose themselves together in the dust. The little cares and concerns they had, when living, are here entirely forgotten; nor comes there hither any uneasiness or enmity to disquiet or interrupt their rest. The jealousies and fears, the discontents and suspicions, the animosities and misunderstandings, which imbitter men one against another, are all determined: here end all resentments and contentions.

We have this satisfaction, withal, in death, that it is a state of perfect equality. The rich and the poor, the young and the aged, the wise and the foolish, all lie down together and are blended in the dust. Here it is that no one is greater or less than another; for rottenness admits of no distinction, and corruption has no superiority: the fairest shall be a stench, and the most beautiful shall be loathsome. Rejoice thou, then, that art despised, and be comforted that thou art lightly esteemed; for the time cometh when the haughtiest shall be made low, and the meanness of the great be as thine; the despitefulness of the proud and the loftiness of the scornful shall be humbled together, and the foot of the beggar shall trample on them.

I will allow that the pomp of a great man may adorn his funeral, and flattery may attend it with coronets, pedigrees, and banners; whatever is beyond is nuisance only and abhorrence. The sepulchre, too, may be painted without, but within is full of filthiness and uncleanness; and the corpse may be wrapped in velvet and fine linen, yet in velvet and fine linen it shall rot. The leaden coffin and the arched vault may separate it from vulgar dust; but even here shall the worm find it, nor shall his hunger be satisfied till he strips it to the bones. In the meanwhile, the laboured epitaph is mocking it with titles and belying it with praises; the passenger must be staid to lament its loss, and the reader is called upon to weep, that a person, illustriously descended, should be so like his fellow-creatures — as to die.

The procession may be long, and set off with all the finery that pride can invent or money can purchase, inasmuch that women shall stand amazed, and children shall hold up their hands with astonishment; yet all this midnight-shew, which has raised the curiosity of multitudes, and, with purposed delays, has increased it into impatience, can go no farther with him than to the grave; here must all state leave him, and the honours are his no longer.

Having

Having thus amused myself in contemplating the vanity of human greatness, what is it, said I, that can make us start and shrink at the thoughts of death? The mighty and the rich of the world may tremble, but what is the sting of death to those whose lives have been altogether misery? or what power has the grave over the unhappy? Is it not rather a refuge from violence and oppression, and a retreat from insolence and contempt? Is it not a protection to the defenceless, and a security to him who has no place to fly unto? Surely in death there is safety, and in the grave there is peace; this wipes off the sweat of the poor labouring man, and takes the load from the bended back of the weary traveller: this dries up the tears of the disconsolate and makes the heart of the sorrowful to forget its throbbings: it is this eases the agonies of the diseased and gives a medicine to the hopeless incurable; this discharges the naked and hungry insolvent, and releases him from his confinement, who must not otherwise have come thence till he had paid the uttermost farthing: it is this that rescues the slave from his heavy taskmaster, and frees the prisoner from the cruelties of him that cannot pity: this silences the clamours of the defamer, and hushes the virulence of the whisperer.

The infirmities of age, the unwarinesses of youth, the blemishes of the deformed, the phrensies of the lunatic, and the weaknesses of the idiot, are here all buried together; and who shall see them? Let the men of gaiety and laughter be terrified with the scenes of their departure, because their pleasure is no more; but let the sons of wretchedness and affliction smile and be comforted, for their deliverance draweth nigh and their pain ceaseth.

Yorkshire.

AGRESTIS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

— “Alas! where shall we find
Some spot to real happiness confin’d?”

GOLDSMITH’S Traveller.

THIS pensive enquiry has not been confined to the breast of the ingenious Dr. Goldsmith; but, in the hours of adversity and disappointment, it has been the language of all the progeny of Adam. It has often sprung from *real*, sometimes from *imaginary*, infelicity; which is frequently increased, and often wholly proceeds, from our making a false estimation of human happiness. We are apt to place a higher value on every blessing, not in our possession, than on those we enjoy. The prospect

prospect of every *distant* good is embellished with charms, which lose their lustre on a nearer approach, or pall with familiarity.

It is not unusual with us to imagine the condition of others preferable to our own : we change our situation, but therein find not the happiness we expected, and yet remain unconvinced of our folly. We pursue, vainly pursue, the fleeting phantoms which enfeebled hope raises in the distempered imagination, although disappointment attends every step and mocks every endeavour. We either find the objects of our wishes recede, in proportion to our advances, or, if possessed, that they prove inadequate to our sanguine expectations.

One of the most deceitful bubbles, that ever danced before the eye of human vanity, is *wealth*. It glitters at a distance, and appears replete with every requisite essential to terrestrial felicity. It attracts the attention of numbers from every other object, and kindles, in the breasts of its candidates, an inextinguishable ardor to acquire it. By weak minds it is considered as the *summum bonum* of sublunary good ; and therefore to attain it is to exclude every want, to possess every satisfaction.

But, alas ! wealth often flies the pursuer, and, in the end, leaves him tired, languid, and disappointed, with the fruitless chace. To some, indeed, she grants her favours with peculiar liberality, and admits them to rise her treasury. But are these in “ *a spot to real happiness confined* ? ” No, surely : they find, by unprofitable experience, that the possession of riches falls far short of their fond expectations.

Riches are not able to confer that happiness they promise, or to avert those evils which they are supposed capable of preventing. They are unable to limit the licentiousness of desire, to fill the grasp of avarice, to guard the avenues through which afflictions enter, or to afford that happiness which is expected from them. The possession of wealth introduces wants not less numerous, not less importunate, than those we complain of in a state of poverty. They are, indeed, different in kind, but not less destructive of that felicity we vainly seek after in this imperfect state. We are very apt to conclude that those are exempt from unhappiness on whom prosperity beams her radiance, and whose dwellings are circumfused with affluence. In the erring estimation of short-sighted mortals, “ their lines are cast in pleasant places ; ” but a little reflection will convince us that they are “ *incompassed with many sorrows* . ” View the men who have free access to the temple of riches, and you will not find them happier than others : they have still numerous *wants*, which increase with their acquisitions ; and still *more* numerous *fears*, arising from their very possessions, to which those in hum-

bler stations are strangers. Some find their desires strengthened by the increase of their riches, and, the more they inherit, the more unbounded is their grasp. Were it possible for such to accumulate all the treasures of the earth they would still be unsatisfied, and, like Alexander, *weep* because there was no other world within their reach to plunder. Others, whose desires are more circumscribed, and who appear contented with their present possessions, are not less unhappy. Men cannot *essentially* possess more than they enjoy; the rest, like a cypher on the left-hand of a figure, is of no value; unprofitable as to any useful purpose: it is only a barren splendor, which, like the glare of a comet, although it shines at a distance, yet affords no warmth to invigorate him who gazes upon it: he may contemplate it with barren admiration, but cannot render it subservient to any of the most valuable purposes of life. Such, therefore, as possess more wealth than is sufficient to furnish the reasonable wants of humanity, are generally employed in a laborious search, after pleasures yet untasted, in which they hope to find unmixed happiness. There is, indeed, one source of pleasure, which the enjoyment of wealth opens to a rational mind, but few there are who find it. The extension of help to the helpless, of relief to misery, and of comfort to those who dwell in the regions of adversity, are employments attended with the purest satisfaction. To awaken joy, in countenances overspread with the gloom of sorrow, is attended with sensations of the most refined delight, and tunes the soul to harmony. This is the noblest use to which wealth can be applied; the essential end for which heaven has dispensed it. But, alas! how few are there, amongst the great and opulent, who exercise themselves in such benevolent, such god-like, actions! How few whose minds are refined enough to relish the satisfaction arising from such praise-worthy conduct!

The generality of the rich spend their time and substance in a course of falsely-estimated pleasure, which, whilst it affords a momentary gratification to *some* desires, creates *others*, more difficult to be satisfied. Every indulgence of the passions, beyond the boundaries of reason and temperance, either increases the appetite for more extensive enjoyment, or cloyes with a languid satiety. These are effects equally destructive of true happiness. In this dilemma the mind is perpetually tost, like a vessel without a rudder on the boisterous ocean.

It is still hurried on, by the gales of passion, in pursuit of something, yet untried, which is supposed more capable of conferring happiness: but *this*, when obtained, leaves us equally unsatisfied, and at an equal distance from the object of our wishes.

Thus

Thus men pursue, with unremitting ardor, that happiness, which, for want of a better-regulated judgement, constantly eludes their grasp, till, tired with reiterated disappointment, they quit the stage of life and their fruitless search together.

It would be a mark of wisdom in us, to consider the numerous examples of this kind as proper objects of instruction. Viewed in this light they may be useful warnings, and teach us to avoid the folly exhibited in their conduct: let their mistaken assiduity and consequent failure of obtaining the grand end of life, *here*, excite others to pursue a different plan; a plan more likely to be attended with success.

Complete substantial happiness is not the produce of a terrestrial soil. Whilst we are encompassed with the walls of flesh and human frailty, the avenues, through which happiness visits the soul, will not admit such a degree of it as will satisfy and fill up our intellectual capacities: but still such a portion of it is within our reach as will render this state of existence easy and tranquil. The sovereign Lord and Governor of universal nature has wisely ordained, that, amidst the highest gratifications of time and sense, some alloy should be experienced. By these means we are led to aspire after the attainment of that more perfect state, which, in the wise determination of his counsel, we were formed to inherit when time, and all its deceptive scenes, shall terminate for ever.

The terms, on which this *complete happiness* is declared by sacred wisdom to be attainable, are such, as, if complied with, will also tend to the increase of our present felicity: "Godliness is profitable to all things; having the promise of the life that now is, and also of that which is to come." The more we withdraw our affections from perishing delights, and endeavour to fix them on celestial objects, the more pure, refined, and acute, will be our sense of present pleasures: they will not be pursued to satiety; but will only lead the mind to the contemplation of those enjoyments which are divine, permanent, and eternal. The joys, which the visible creation affords, will not then be *centered in* as a substantial lasting good, but will rather be considered as the lower steps of that ladder by which we may ascend to the superior joys of a glorious immortality. By the good "things that are seen," and which we enjoy here, we shall be excited to seek after "those which are invisible," in that state where the aspirations of hope will end in certainty, and the panting bosom of desire will repose in complete fruition.

It is undoubtedly a proof of wisdom in us to seek that happiness, which is attainable in this life, agreeably to the dictates of reason and prudence. Our passions are ever calling for fresh gratification; they are clamorous, and not easily silenced; but

we know, that, if they were indulged without restraint, they would soon precipitate us into ruin irretrievable: it is, therefore, the province of reason to regulate them, to curb the ravings of the will, and to point out the boundaries which it ought never to pass. This reason is capable of doing; and thereby of securing us from numerous inconveniences that arise from giving the reins to ungoverned passions and free scope to a licentious imagination. Whenever we thus restrain our wishes and actions, the effects recompence our labour; the commotions in our breasts cease, and a calm overspreads the mind: our desires are circumscribed; and, instead of murmuring at our lot, we are convinced the blessings we receive are infinitely beyond our deserts. This sense produces gratitude and humility in our minds; and thence spring true contentment and lasting peace. We are satisfied with those blessings which the munificent Author of our being has showered upon us, and are most solicitous to make suitable returns for his unmerited bounty. In this situation of mind the purest happiness is found; and herein we are best capable of becoming proper objects for the enjoyment of that superior felicity, which awaits the wise and virtuous, in the realms of immortality and eternal life.

Bardfield.

EUSEBIUS.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

TOLERATION in religion is so perfectly consistent with the mild and charitable spirit of Christianity, so consonant with reason, and conformable to the rules of equity and humanity, that every man, who is divested of bigotry and superstition, must feel a peculiar satisfaction in contemplating it and reflecting on the means by which it has been established. I have therefore thought that the following remarks, on its rise and progress, taken from the learned and ingenious Dr. Robertson's History of Charles V. are well worthy of a place in the Monthly Ledger, and I send them for that purpose.

“ Amongst the ancient heathens, all whose deities were local and titular, diversity of sentiments, concerning the objects or rites of religious worship, seems to have been no source of animosity; because, the acknowledging veneration to be due to one god, did not imply a denial of the existence, or the power, of any other god; nor were the modes and rites of worship, established in one country, incompatible with those which other nations approved and observed. Thus the errors in their system of

of theology were of such a nature as to be productive of concord; and, notwithstanding the amazing number of their deities, as well as the infinite variety of their ceremonies, a social and tolerating spirit subsisted, almost universally, in the pagan world.

But, when the Christian revelation declared one supreme Being to be the sole object of religious veneration, and prescribed the form of worship most acceptable to him, those, who admitted its truth, held every other mode of religion to be absurd and impious.

Hence the zeal of the first converts to the Christian faith, in propagating its doctrines, and the ardor with which they laboured to overturn every other form of worship. They employed, however, for this purpose, no methods but such as suited the nature of religion. By the force of powerful arguments they convinced the understandings of men; by the charms of superior virtue they allured and captivated their hearts. At length the *civil power* declared in favour of Christianity; and, though numbers (imitating the example of their superiors) crowded into the church, many still adhered to their ancient superstitions. Enraged at their obstinacy, the ministers of religion, whose zeal was still unabated, though their sanctity and virtue were much diminished, forgot so far the nature of their own mission, and of the arguments which they ought to have employed, that they armed the imperial power against these unhappy men; and, as they could not *persuade*, they attempted to *compel*, them to believe.

At the same time, controversies, concerning the articles of faith, multiplied, from various causes, among Christians themselves; and the same unhallowed weapons, which had first been used against the enemies of their religion, were turned against each other: every zealous disputant endeavoured to interest the civil magistrate in his cause, and each, in his turn, employed the secular arm to crush, or to exterminate, his opponents. Not long after, the bishops of Rome put in their claim to infallibility, in explaining articles of faith and deciding points in controversy; and, bold as the pretension was, they, by their artifices and perseverance, imposed on the credulity of mankind, and brought them to recognize it. To doubt, or to deny, any doctrine, to which these unerring instructors had given the sanction of their approbation, was held to be not only a resisting of truth, but an act of rebellion against their sacred authority; and the secular power, of which, by various arts, they had acquired the absolute direction, was instantly employed to avenge both.

Thus

Thus Europe had been accustomed, during many centuries, to see speculative opinions propagated or defended by force; the charity and mutual forbearance, which Christianity recommends with so much warmth, were forgotten, the sacred rights of conscience and of private judgement were unheard of, and not only the idea of toleration, but even the word itself, in the sense now affixed to it, was unknown. A right to extirpate error, by force, was universally allowed to be the prerogative of those who possessed the knowledge of truth; and, as each party of Christians believed they had got possession of this invaluable attainment, they all claimed and exercised, as far as they were able, the rights which it was supposed to convey.

The Roman-Catholics (as their system rested on the decision of an infallible judge) never doubted that truth was on their side, and openly called on the civil power to repel the impious and heretical innovators, who had risen up against it. The Protestants, no less confident that their doctrine was well founded, required, with equal ardor, the princes of their party to check such as presumed to impugn or oppose it. Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, Knox, the founders of the reformed church, in their respective countries, inflicted, as far as they had power and opportunity, the same punishments, which were denounced against their own disciples by the bishops of Rome, on such as called in question any article in their creeds. To their followers, and perhaps to their opponents, it would have appeared a symptom of diffidence, in the good reles of their cause, or an acknowledgement that it was not well founded, if they had not employed in its defence all those means which it was supposed truth had a right to employ.

It was towards the close of the 17th century before toleration, under its present form, was admitted, first into the republic of the United Provinces, and from thence introduced into England. Long experience of the calamities of mutual persecution, the influence of a free government, the light and humanity acquired by the progress of science, together with the prudence and authority of the civil magistrate, were all requisite, in order to establish a regulation so repugnant to the ideas which all the different sects had adopted, from mistaken conceptions, concerning the nature of religion and the rights of truth."

From the above pertinent remarks, one general observation may be drawn, *viz.* That the profession of Christianity, without a suitable conviction of the mild beneficent spirit it inspires, and a conduct towards one another regulated thereby, is more destructive to the harmony, peace, and happiness, of mankind, than

than even paganism itself. The principle is just, and the lamentable experience of past ages confirms its truth.

EUSEBIUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Account of the City of Alexandria, from Dr. Pococke's Travels.

ON the return of Alexander, from consulting the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, he was so pleased with the situation of Rhacotis, that he ordered a city to be built there, which, from him, was called Alexandria. This new city became the capital of the kingdom, a territory was annexed to it, and it was made a distinct province of itself. The Arabian historians say, that, when the city was taken by the Saracens, it contained 4000 palaces, as many baths, 400 squares, and 40,000 Jews who paid tribute.

The ports of Alexandria were formed by the isle of Pharos, which extended across the mouth of the bay, and, towards the West end, was joined to the continent by a causeway, and two bridges 90 paces long. On a rock, encompassed by the sea, at the East end of the island, was the famous Pharos, or light-house; which seems to be the spot on which one of the two castles is built, at the entrance of the new port; and the pillars, seen in a calm sea, within this entrance, may be the remains of that superb structure. I saw these pillars, when I went out in a boat in a calm day, and could perceive the bottom; but my making such nice observations, so near the castle, was much taken notice of, and I was told that several soldiers, who were that day on guard in the castle, were punished for suffering me to examine the port with such exactness.

[Nothing can be more beautiful than to view, from hence, the mixture of antique and modern monuments, which every where offer themselves to your view. When you have passed the smallest castle, called the Little Pharillon, you perceive a row of great towers, joined to each other by the ruins of a thick wall. A single obelisk has sufficient height to make itself remarked, where the wall is fallen down. If you turn yourself a little farther, you perceive that the towers appear again, but only in a distant view. The new Alexandria afterwards makes a figure with its minarets; and, at a distance, beyond this column, rises the column of Pompey, a most majestic monument. You likewise discover hills, that appear to consist of ashes, and some other towers: at length the view is terminated by a great square building, that serves for a magazine of powder.]

The

The old walls of the city seem to have been built on the eminence that extends from cape Lochias towards the East; the remains of a grand gate being to be seen in the road to Rosetto; and from thence the foundation of the walls may be traced to the canal. The outer walls, round the old city, are beautifully built of hewn stone, and seem to be ancient. They are defended by semi-circular towers, 20 feet in diameter, and about 130 feet asunder: at each of them are steps to ascend up to the battlements, there being a walk round, on the top of the walls, built on arches. The inner walls of the old city, which seem erected in the middle ages, are much stronger and higher than the others, and defended by large high towers.

The palace, with the suburbs belonging to it, was a fourth part of the city, within its district was the museum, or academy, and the burial-place of the kings, where was deposited the body of Alexander, in a coffin of gold; which being taken away, it was put into one of glass; in which condition it probably was when Augustus took a view of the corpse of that hero, and, scattering flowers over it, adorned it with a golden crown.

The street, which extended the whole length of the city, from the gate of Necropolis to the gate of Canopus, is said to have been 100 feet wide, and had, doubtless, many magnificent buildings, as appears from the pillars of granite, still remaining in two or three parts. Among these was the gymnasium, or public schools, to which were porticos above half a quarter of a mile in extent. These may have been where there are great ruins, to the West of that street, and several large pillars of red granite still standing. The Forum, or court of justice, was also probably another edifice in this magnificent street, and might be where some pillars remain nearer the sea.

But the most extraordinary remains of Alexandria are the cisterns, that are built under the houses, and supported by two or three arches, or columns, for receiving the water of the Nile by the canal, as they do at this day. This canal of Canopus comes to the walls, near Pompey's pillar, and has a passage under them. But the water is not only conveyed to the cisterns from the canal, where it enters the city, but also before, from several distant parts of the canal, by passages under-ground, to the higher parts of the city. The descent to these cisterns is by round walls, and the water is drawn up by windlasses. But the great lake Mareotis, which was formerly navigable, is now generally dry, and has only water in it after great rains.

[We are informed, by history, that the calish, or canal, was made to facilitate commerce, and for the conveyance of goods from Cairo to Alexandria, without exposing them to the dangers that attend the passage of the mouth of the Nile. The people
also

also reaped another advantage from it; the city of Alexandria, being destitute of fresh water, was by these means supplied. But the decay of commerce and the ruin of the country no longer permit the inhabitants to be at the expence of keeping it in repairs: hence, at present, it resembles a ditch, ill kept up, and has scarcely water enough to supply the reservoirs of New Alexandria. However, from the place where the aqueduct begins, it is lined with walls, which you may trace the whole length of the plain, quite to Alexandria: for, though this aqueduct be under-ground, its vent-holes, at certain distances, shew the way it takes to discharge itself into the reservoirs, or cisterns, which are only found in the ancient city. When that city subsisted, all the ground it occupied was made hollow for reservoirs, the greatest part of which are filled up, and no more than half a dozen remain. All the arches of these reservoirs are made of brick, and covered with the same matter, impenetrable by water, with which the walls and reservoirs are covered, that one sees at Baizæ and at Rome, in the baths of several emperors.]

The materials of the old city have been carried away to build the new; so that there are only a few houses, at the Rosetto and Bagnio gate, some mosques, and three convents, within the old walls.

A mosque, towards the gate of Necropolis, is called the *Mosque of a thousand and one pillars*. I here observed four rows of pillars to the South and West, and one row on the other sides. It is said that this was a church dedicated to St. Mark, at which the patriarch resided, it being near the gate, without which, it is said, the evangelist was martyred. The other great mosque is that of St. Athanasius, where there was, doubtless, a church of the same name. At the church of the Coptic convent, they pretend to have the head of St. Mark. The Greeks and Latins have also each a convent in the old city: but, there being always some poor Arabs encamped about within the walls, it is dangerous being abroad after sun-set, when all the company begin to retire. All over the city are seen fragments of columns of beautiful marble, the remains of its ancient grandeur and magnificence. Among the rest is an obelisk, 63 feet high, of one single piece of granite; but two of its four faces are so disfigured by time, that you can scarcely see in them the hieroglyphics with which they were anciently covered. This is still called the obelisk of Cleopatra. Near it lies another, broken.

The lofty Corinthian column, called Pompey's Pillar, is situated on a small eminence, about a quarter of a mile to the South of the walls; and, as Strabo makes no mention of it, it was probably erected after his time, perhaps in honour of Ti-

tus or Adrian. Near it are some fragments of pillars of granite marble, four feet in diameter; and it plainly appears that some magnificent building has been erected there, and that this noble pillar was placed in the area before it. Some Arabian historians say, that here was the palace of Julius Cæsar. This pillar is of granite, and, besides the foundation, consists of only three stones; the capital is judged to be eight or nine feet deep, and of the Corinthian order, the leaf seeming to be the plain laurel or bay leaf. A hole having been found on the top, it has been thought that a statue has been erected upon it. The shaft, taking in the upper torus of the base, is of one piece of granite marble, 88 feet nine inches high, and nine feet in diameter. The pedestal, with part of the base, (which are of a greyish stone, resembling flint,) are 12 feet and a half high; and the foundation, which consists of two tier of stone, is four feet nine inches; so that I found the whole height to be 114 feet.

To the West, beyond the canal of Canopus, are some catacombs, which consist of several apartments, cut in the rock, on each side of an open gallery: on both sides of these apartments are three stories of holes, big enough to deposit the bodies in.

[Upon descending the hill, you enter into a plain, covered with bushes that bear nothing but capers; and, advancing farther, you come to a forest of date-trees. Their fruitfulness shews the benefit they receive from the neighbourhood of the canal, whose waters are conveyed to them by some small channels, made by art, between the trees.]

[The borders of the great canal are covered with different sorts of trees, and peopled by flying camps of Bedouins, or wandering Arabs, who there feed their flocks, by which they maintain themselves in food; but, in other respects, live in great poverty.]

About four leagues from Alexandria is Aboukir, called by Europeans Bikiere. This town is situated on the West side of a wide bay, a chain of rocks extending from it to a small island, about half a mile long, and a furlong in breadth. In this island are the remains of some subterranean passages, and a piece of a statue we conjectured to be a sphynx. About two miles nearer Alexandria are the ruins of an ancient temple, in the water, with broken statues of sphynxes, and pieces of columns of yellow marble. Near this building are other ruins, part of which appears to have been a grand portico, there being many pieces of columns of grey and red granite. To the South of these are many pillars of red granite, and, from the order in which they lie, seem to have belonged to a round temple. Most of them are fluted, and three feet three inches in diameter.

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[Nearer the city are seen, on the shore, cavities in the rocks, used as agreeable retreats, where the people enjoyed the cool air, and, without being seen but when they chose it, saw every thing that passed in the port. Some jutting rocks furnished a delightful situation, and the natural grottos, in those rocks, gave the opportunity of forming there, by the assistance of the chissel, real places of pleasure. Entire apartments are made in this manner; and benches, contrived in the rock, afford seats where you may be secured from the wet, or bathe in the sea which covers the bottom of the grotto. On the outside they had little harbours, sheltered from all the winds. If they would enjoy the view of the port, they easily found a place, without the grottos, shaded from the heat of the sun. These agreeable retreats have no other ornaments, from art, but being, in some places, smoothed by the chissel, and the rest has the natural shape of the rock.]

[Opposite the point of the peninsula, that forms the port, is a cavern, which is commonly termed a temple. The only entrance is a little opening, through which you pass lighted by flambeaux, stooping for 20 paces, when you enter a pretty large square hall. The top of the cieling is smooth, but the bottom and sides are covered with sand, and the excrements of bats and other animals that harbour there. From hence you pass, through another alley, into a round cavern, the top of which is cut in the form of an arch. It has four gates, opposite to each other, each adorned with an architrave, a cornice, and a pediment, with a crescent on the top. One of these gates serves for an entrance; the others form each a niche, that only contains a kind of chest, saved out of the rock in hollowing it, and large enough to contain a dead body. Thus it appears that what is, in that country, esteemed a temple, must have been the tomb of some great man, or perhaps a sovereign prince. A gallery, which continues beyond this pretended temple, seems to shew, that, farther on, there are other structures of the same nature.]

[As to the new city of Alexandria, it may be justly said to be a poor orphan, who had no other inheritance but the venerable name of its father. The prodigious extent of the ancient city is, in the new, contracted to a small neck of land, which divides the two ports. The most superb temples are converted into plain mosques; the most magnificent palaces into houses of bad structure; an opulent and numerous people have given way to a few foreign traders, and to a multitude of wretches, who are the slaves of those on whom they depend. This place, once so famous for its commerce, is no longer any thing more than a place of embarking; it is not a phoenix, that revives

from its own ashes, but a reptile, sprung from the dust and corruption with which the Koran hath infected the whole country.] Yet, notwithstanding the meanness of the buildings in general, in several houses, built round courts, on porticos, they have placed a great variety of columns, mostly of granite, that were once the ornaments of the ancient city.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Description of the Olive-Tree, and the Method of making the Oil of Olives. From Keyser's Travels.

THE olive-tree is an ever-green; but the colour of its leaves is not vivid but faint, resembling a willow. It seldom grows strait, though sometimes very large, and thrives very well without any care or culture. When the fruit is near ripe, its outer rind is black, but the pulp and juice are whitish. The riper the olives are the more oil they yield; and, on this account, they are laid in great quantities upon the floors of the houses, that they may become over-ripe; but this artifice, to encrease the quantity of the oil, is a great detriment to its quality. It seems something strange, that such a very bitter fruit as the olive, even when thoroughly ripe, should yield such a sweet oily juice; and travellers are not a little surprized to see the common people, in these climates, eat these bitter berries, when they are ripe, either dry or dipped in oil, as a most palatable dainty. The birds, which eat these fruits and their kernels, are supposed to be much better tasted than those of other countries. In cold sharp weather, it is observed, that the olives are shrivelled up, but without any damage, the return of the warm weather intirely replenishing them again with juice. The time of the fruit's ripening, even on the same tree, is not always the same; some coming to perfection immediately after the vintage, in September and October; others being much slower; and some do not come to maturity till the May following: in that month the germs, or buds, which are white, and no larger than the head of a pin, make their appearance; so that often both blossoms and ripe fruit are seen together on the same tree.

The olives, being shaken off the trees, are gathered up, and laid in a kind of mill, which is set at work by water or asses, in order to be bruised. After this they are brought in frails and put in a large press, where, after having hot water poured on them, four robust fellows labour hard at the press with leavers, and a reddish juice flows from the olives into a reservoir, on the

the surface of which the oil swims. The husks are used for fuel, and, even before they are dried, give a fine clear light. The white transparent oil is reckoned the best; whereas, when it is of a deep yellow it is a certain sign of its being made of over-ripe fruit, or that it has been too long kept. The essential qualities of good oil are, to be void of all smell, rich, and of a good consistence.

L'oglio vergineo, or virgin-oil, is made both of green and ripe olives, but with this difference, that no warm water, or but very little, is used in the pressure; and thus, the fruit being less forced, the harsher crudities are left behind for a coarser sort of oil. A less quantity, indeed, in proportion to the fruit, is produced this way; but the oil is of a finer colour, more palatable, and in every respect preferable to the other. By the ancients this was termed green oil; possibly from the green colour of the unripe berries from which it was pressed. — Some commentators are of opinion that David, to express God's singular favours to him, makes use of the expression, "I am anointed with green oil," to denote the best kind of oil.

The oils of Sicily, Greece, and the Levant, are of such a viscid fatness, as renders them inferior to that of Italy; and even the latter must yield to those of Provence, of which great quantities are used for the tables of persons of rank, both at Naples and Rome. The fabulous stories of cures, performed by bathing in oil, may, in general, be no more than fictions of an idle brain; but I remember a certain eminent lady, who was known to bathe herself, twice a week, in *milk*,* by way of a *cosmetic*, and would order the milk afterwards to be distributed among the poor. This might well be called an extraordinary piece of œconomy.

* Poppea, wife to the emperor Nero, always kept 500 milkasses, for the same wise purpose of improving her complexion. Plin. lib. xi. cap. xli.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

AMONGST all the excellent papers of Mr. Addison, there is no one sentiment, of that admirable writer, more noble in itself, or which pleases me more, than this short sentence, *viz.* "Were my abilities equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world." Such a heart must contain an inexhaustible fund of benevolence, which raises the mind above the little views and desires of this world. Such noble ideas may very pertinently be revived in these times
of

of distress and misery, when so many thousands of our fellow-creatures have not the common necessities of life: while the tyrannous, the luxurious, and the inordinate, revel in the ruin of the innocent.

I therefore beg you will admit the relation of the following generous act, which, whether real or fictitious, will produce the same effect on the minds of your sensible readers.

An ecclesiastic, of great eminence and virtue, had a constant custom, twice a week, to give public audience to all his indigent neighbours, in the hall of his palace; and to relieve every one, in proportion to their necessities or the emotions of his own bounty.

One day, a poor widow, encouraged by the fame of his generosity, came into the hall of his palace, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid, about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard, the good divine, discerning the marks of an unusual modesty in the face and carriage of both mother and daughter, encouraged the former to tell him her wants freely. She, blushing, and not without tears, thus addressed him: "My lord, I owe, for the rent of my house, five crowns; and, such is my misfortune, I have no other means to pay it, save what would break my heart, since my landlord threatens to force me to it; that is, to prostitute this my only child, whom I have hitherto, with great care, educated in virtue and an abhorrence of that crime. What I beg of your lordship is, that you would please to interpose your sacred authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till, by our honest industry, we can procure the money for him."

The bishop, moved with admiration of the poor woman's virtue and innocent modesty, bade her be of good courage. Then he immediately wrote a billet, and, giving it into the widow's hands, "Go, said he to my steward with this paper, and he shall deliver you five crowns to pay your rent." The poor widow, overjoyed, and returning her generous benefactor a thousand thanks, went directly to the steward, and gave him the note; when he had read which, he told out fifty crowns. She, astonished at the meaning of it, refused to take more than five, saying, "she asked the bishop for no more, and she was sure it was some mistake." On the contrary, the steward insisted on his master's order, not daring to call it in question. But all his arguments proved insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than five crowns: wherefore, to end the controversy, he offered to go back with her to his master, and refer it to him. When they came before the munificent prelate, and he was fully informed of the business, — "It is true, said he, I made a
mistake

mistake in writing fifty crowns; give me the paper, and I will rectify it."

Thereupon he wrote again, saying to the woman, "So much candour and virtue deserve a recompence; here I have ordered you 500 crowns; what you can spare of it lay up as a dowry to give your daughter in marriage."

Every sensible mind must *feel* the moral excellence of such a behaviour.

HUMANUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Short Extracts from Saintfoix's historical Essays on Paris.

IN 1471, Lewis XI. being desirous of ornamenting his library with a copy of Dr. Rafis's works, he borrowed the original from the physicians at Paris, and, as a security for this manuscript, gave them ninety-six ounces of silver, (about 20*l.* sterling,) and a merchant's promissory note for 100 crowns. It appears extremely odd, that a sovereign prince should not only give pledges, but also city security, for a book which he borrowed within his own dominions. But from this, and other incidents, we learn how very difficult it was to come at books, and how dear they were, for many years after the art of printing was invented. That valuable art was found out at Stratf-burgh or Mentz in 1440; and there were some printers settled in Paris so early as the year 1470. In that very year, one of the first books that ever was printed was dedicated to Lewis XI. and the next year the same monarch borrowed a book, in order to obtain a manuscript copy of it. We are told that twenty thousand persons maintained themselves, in France, by the sale of books which they copied: and that, for this reason, printing was then a very unpopular employment. —

Was there ever seen a species of ignorance and impropriety equal to that of the celebrated Lewis Cigoli! This painter, in a picture of the circumcision of the holy child Jesus, drew the high-priest, Simeon, with spectacles on his nose; upon a supposition, that, in respect to his great age, that aid would be necessary to enable him to perform the operation he was then engaged in. It is, however, certain, that the ancients knew nothing of the use of spectacles, with respect to assisting the eyes, and that, of consequence, they had none. Selvino Degli Armati, a Florentine, invented that improvement of the sight about the end of the 13th, or beginning of the 14th, century.

Religious

Religious wars are never mentioned either amongst the Assyrians, Medes, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Gauls, Germans, or in the histories of any ancient nations. How is it possible that such inhumanity should have taken its rise amongst the professors of a religion which so strongly recommends benevolence and charity?

When Jesus Christ was on a Journey to Jerusalem, he sent messengers before him to take lodgings for him and his disciples in a Samaritan town. The inhabitants not only refused to receive, but even insulted, him. "Will you allow us, sir, (said his disciples,) to command fire from heaven, whereby to destroy these wicked wretches?" Our Lord, with warmth, replied, "By what spirit are ye animated? The son of man came not to *destroy*, but to *save*, mankind." He then went forwards to another town, and lodged there.

During the wars with the Albigenes, the army of the church, then called the Croisade, laid siege to Beziers, where there were many heretics but more catholics. As the besiegers marched on to scale the walls, their officers enquired, of the pope's legate, what must be done, when there was no possibility of distinguishing catholics from heretics. "Kill them all, (said the legate,) God will know his own." In consequence of this cruel direction, all the inhabitants of this unhappy town, amounting to above sixty thousand persons, were put to the sword, without distinction of age or sex. — How striking the contrast!

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

WE all complain that life is short and uncertain, and yet many consider time as an insupportable burthen. To precipitate its flight, they are hurrying from one amusement to another; and the moments, in which they are confined to their own reflections, are deemed intolerable to bear.

It would seem surprizing, to a rational spectator, that, placed, as we are, amidst the beautiful variety of nature, and indued with capacities for contemplating its scenes, we should ever be at a loss for employment. But the various artifices, used to accelerate the flight of time, (which, once past, never can be recalled,) proves this to be the case, and is a severe satire on mankind.

That some persons, of weak intellects, and whose reflecting powers are confined within narrower limits than the rest of their species, should act in this irrational manner, is not much to be wondered

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wondered at; but with what surprize must a sensible man be struck, when he sees those of more enlarged capacities descend to the lowest trifling, and sit down to spend an evening at the card-table!

Instead of exercising their faculties for mutual improvement, and enlivening the hours of life with instructive and social converse, when such persons meet, the parties are formed, the cards engross their whole attention, and the painted baubles are shuffled, cut, and dealt, with the dexterity of a Hoyle. The swift-winged hours pass unheeded away, without any improvement or rational entertainment. All conversation is suspended, except the frequent repetition of a few cant phrases, which nobody understands but those who are adepts in this important science. The mind is furnished with no new ideas; it contemplates no objects, but the different arrangement of spots on the paper; nor can the idly spent hours be recollected by any other tokens than those of gain or loss. Can the warmest advocates for cards advance one single reason, of any weight, in their favour? No: they are silent on this head from necessity.

Can it be said that card-playing is an innocent amusement? Some of these *sensible beings* will answer yes; but I deny it. No employment can be deemed *innocent* in which time is lost to every useful purpose; as it certainly is in card-playing. It tends not, in any degree, to exalt, improve, or refine, one faculty, either of body or mind. Surely it was not for a purpose so trifling that we were indued with the powers of reason and intelligence. Whenever we are engaged in this *truly-contemptible* employment, let us give up our pretension to that privilege which is the glory of our nature: till then we shall not act in character. It seems too much forgotten, that time will shortly terminate, and that the hours we lose are lost for ever. It therefore is our indispensable duty, that all our actions should be at least innocent, and have some tendency either to improve our present happiness or to fit us for that state of existence in which all our trifling will cease.

But such is the insensibility of many, from whom better things might have been expected, that they suffer their best intentions to evaporate in idea, and are idle till the time of action is past. By indulging their taste for amusements merely sensual, and the lowest trifles of a trifling age, they have vitiated their relish for rational delights, and degraded themselves from that rank they might have sustained in the scale of intelligent beings.

“Let such consider, that they have passed months and years that are now no longer in their power; that an end must, in time, be put to every thing great as to every thing little; that

to life must come its last hour, and to this system of being its last day; the hour, in which probation ceases, and repentance will be vain; the day, in which every work of the hand and imagination of the heart shall be brought to judgement, and an everlasting futurity shall be determined by the past.

Idler, last page.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY LEDGER
Cause of the high Price of Corn.

IT may be difficult, perhaps, to assign a satisfactory reason adequate to Inquisitor's apprehension, for the long-continued high prices of corn; as it has been an enquiry long, agitated, and many solutions attempted; indeed, in my opinion, disproportionate to their intention, as what I am going to assign may be to Inquisitor, which is simply this: An unequal product to the national consumption. For from what other cause can it proceed? Hath not the prohibition of exportation, or what hath amounted to the same thing, been long continued? Are not the ports open to importation? Where are, now found the engrossers and withholders of grain? Has not the improved discernment of late remarkers discovered them more in the perturbed imaginations of the indeed suffering multitude than in real existence? Has it not been too obvious, that, before the close of summer, the granaries and barns are empty; and, upon the eve of an expected plenty, the exorbitancy of price is increased, and the threshing floor is occupied, to bring wheat to market, weeks before the harvest is completed? — If lands, formerly productive of five quarters per acre, now seldom exceed two or three: — I say, if these are facts, (and they are assuredly so in diverse countries,) it is impossible, in the nature of things, corn should be otherwise than dear. Still prejudice is to be combated with; each superficial observer describes plenty on the earth; England is one fruitful garden, which produces enough of corn, in one year, for two: but let such recollect, it has not always been so; extremity much harder has been known; as our annals can witness, than what the present generation has felt. Cold and wet summers have ever been unpropitious to our country; our ancestors have transmitted it in their proverbs, such as, "Drought makes no dearth in England;" and in the following simple, but significant, rhymes:

"When the clay doth feed the land,
 It then goes well with Old England."

But

But when the sand doth feed the clay,
O then for England well-a-day."

The first implies, that rain may make a dearth; the latter has measurably been the case every year since the memorable one of 1767, when I think the bounty of Providence was signally withheld, and an abundant failure, from a fatal blight, was known almost through the land; numerous acres of wheat, in many parts, scarcely paid the expence of threshing; and, had it not been that the north-eastern continent of Europe greatly supplied this country, something like a famine must have been felt. Since when, the springs, and even summers, have generally been cold and wet, when, according to the trite adages recited, the comparatively poor and mean lands of the kingdom have yielded the best supply of wheat; and where the farms have more considerably sllen; a consequence, and not a cause, of the dearness of grain. Why cold rains should have this pernicious effect, peculiarly upon wheat in bloom, may be readily exemplified upon the Linnæan system of plants; but there wants no refinement, no systematical reasoning; the present remarks are an appeal to facts and common-sense. Though the foregoing are the primary reasons, there are, unquestionably, many secondary ones, which, I fear, will ever operate to continue the prices higher than they were when the bounty was granted: such as the superflux of wealth from India connections; the abundant fictitious currency of paper; augmented taxes, from the late, perhaps, too prosperous war; the luxury of horses, already mentioned by Inquisitor; which I deem may nearly be balanced against the new broke-up lands of the kingdom; to which may be added, that our merchants, in consequence of an impracticability of export, have sought a coast-trade; whence tens of thousands of our northern people, above and beneath the earth, in our collieries and manufactures, now principally eat wheaten bread, who before had scarcely an idea of bread-corn, but such as is now the food of horses. These reasons, and some more, collectively operate. Still, if the seasons had been as benign as they were in a long succession about, or more than, twelve years since, the accumulated wealth of individuals, the pressure of taxes, nor all the monopolizers, fore-stallers, and regraters, in the kingdom, (terrible spectres!) could ever have sustained wheat at the present high price. To conclude, when I speak of the seasons not having been so benign, and that Providence hath withheld its bounty, I would be understood in the most reverential sense, being persuaded, that, whether we want or should, we are under the superintendence of that Power who governs nature, and directs its operations for

ends ultimately kind and beneficent ; who, I have no question, will again impress nature with its wonted fertility, and diffuse the joy of harvest as before : till then it seems incumbent on the rich individuals, who abound in the nation, to feel an extended commiseration to the poorness of the state, mitigate the seeming severity of the lot of those within their observation, and justify the beneficence of that Power from whom their wealth is derived,

Norwich, March 10, 1774. ANSWERER.

N. B. If Inquisitor should think the reasons assigned inadequate, he will please to account for the scarcity of apples ; and how it is that an apple has been as valuable as an orange for some years lately ; when a boy, when we were boys, could fill his hat with this fruit for the fourth of a penny !

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Lie not one to another, but let every man speak truth to his neighbour.

BEFORE I enter into a discussion of the subject before me, I shall give a general and particular definition of the term.

First, the general Definition.

A lie is not of the truth, but contrary to it ; and comprehends every mode of speech, whether of the eye, tongue, or fingers, with every gesture or conduct, which is used or assumed to assert that which is not, has not been, or cannot be ; or to contradict or deny that which is, hath been, or can be. In this general sense of the word, all mankind are or may be, more or less, in some cases, necessarily liars, without being subjected to the charge of criminality.

Second, the particular Definition.

Lies, as well as of many other things, there are several genera, each of which has several species ; these I shall attempt to class under particular heads and tails, after the manner of Linnaeus.

Lies are either moral and sinful, or natural and innocent, according to their respective genus.

Willful, or known, lies denote the genus of sinful lies ; and Ignorant, or unknown, lies the genus of the natural and innocent ones. These several genera originated from different causes ; the former from physical, and the latter from moral, ones.

First,

First, of natural and innocent Lies.

Such is the frailty and imperfection of our bodily organs and mental faculties, that we are every moment subject to illusions of various kinds, even when we mean to find out truth, and honestly employ our faculties in searching after it. We cannot help believing that to be true which appears to us to be true, or of the truth of which we have no doubt: and in asserting any proposition for truth, which is not truth, while we verily believe it to be true, is indeed to lie, but it is an innocent lie; and this species of lies, amongst others, philosophers, divines, and historians, as well as children, often publish to the world for undoubted truth, and for which they are doubtless held blameless. As the God of truth has not thought proper to make us capable of perceiving truth from error, in all cases, or on all subjects, so he imputes not the sin of lying to any person who avows that for truth which, on the strictest examination, appears to him to be so. — So much for natural and innocent lies; for which no general prevention can be found, though sometimes remedies may, as farther discoveries throw a light upon the subjects of human investigation.

Second, of sinful Lies.

Man is not only physically subjected to natural and innocent lies, but he is morally capable of uttering sinful ones; for, though he cannot avoid asserting some falsity, yet he can avoid speaking what he believes to be true, and publish what he knows to be false: and of this genus of lies there are several species; political lies and civil lies, humorous lies and serious lies. Shops, courts, horse-fairs, and the mount of Parnassus, [the residence of the muses,] one might imagine, like the Bath-houses and free ports, are privileged places, for a satirical apology urges custom, time immemorial, for this practice; and the principal contention seems to be who shall excel in the diabolical art of lying. It is one grand mystery in many branches of commerce; and those, who are most learned in it, often succeed the best, and pass along for shrewd clever fellows; while many an honest well-meaning man, possessing a dainty conscience, sickening at a lie, can scarcely get *salt for his porridge*.

Every man professes common honesty; a virtue, indeed, which every man may possess, though few men covet it: whenever, therefore, any man wilfully imposes on another, he is a liar in fact, whether the imposition was by word or action. Actions, it is said, speak louder than words, and often stand in no need of any verbal interpretation to make them understood.

Different

Different people lie by different methods: there are silent lies as well as verbal ones; and masked lies as well as open ones. Some people can lie, by looks and gestures, to as much purpose as others do with their mouths. The eye can lie as false as the tongue; and an assumed smile or frown can convey one with equal facility, when a syllable is not spoken. Every feature may be rendered the instrument of propagating falsehood; and the adepts in this art know which to use, on every occasion, when they mean to deceive.

The art of lying principally consists in giving it the colour of truth; and, unless this is effected, it seldom attains its end; for a bare-faced lie even liars affect to condemn, by a chalked one. Draw the hag to the life, and she will find no admirers; but flatter the original in the copy, and even princes will bow down to, and worship, her, for truth itself.

Truth is stronger than all, and will, at length, prevail over and subdue error: but a lie, it must be acknowledged, is very powerful, and has performed numerous species of sham-miracles and lying wonders: it has raised and pulled down empires; set up kings and dethroned them; formed creeds and supported them; shed rivers of human blood, to maintain its dominion over truth; and, in the name of the Lord, has canonized villains and cut-throats; while meek-eyed VIRTUE has been a spectator of the tragic scene, and TRUTH was not suffered to utter a syllable, lest it should detect its machinations. It ever assumed the white robe of innocence and the seamless garment of true religion: the vulgar have ignorantly given it credit for holiness; and too many of the *professed* learned advocates for truth, who found their interest depended on its reputation, have employed their tongues and pens in carrying on and perpetuating it, with all the *deceivableness of unrighteousness*.

A lie has afforded an asylum to many a prostitute, in church and state; but the time approaches when truth shall, with the besom of destruction, sweep away the refuge of lies, and leave every impostor, speechless and self-condemned, to await the sentence due to his deeds.

There is no doubt that the DEVIL, a liar from the beginning, was the father of the first sinful lie; and by his assistance every subsequent one has been propagated among mankind. The moral evil, expressed by this monosyllable, every one pretends to detect, though every one has been, more or less, infected with it; it appears to be so interwoven into the moral habit of many people, that, like the *serofula*, though it may be skinned over by topical applications, it is not to be eradicated from the constitution by any alterative, but attends the unhappy patients till death. The seat of this evil is in the mind; there it germinates,

minates; then it puts forth its fruit upon the tongue and eyes, whence it drops, or distills, like poison, into the ears or eyes of every unwary auditor or spectator. Truth and virtue themselves cannot be affected by it, but the cause of both may be much injured by the virulent humour which issues from it in verbal effusions, which envelopes them with a cloud. Innocence often sheds its tears apart, and groans under its tyranny; and the holiest things have been perverted by its contagious influence. The incense of adulation, so soothing to the vanity of human nature, is entirely made up of it, and is accepted with gratitude by every one whose moral palate is vitiated by pride.

There is not any species of commodity more generally used than human lies; they are dealt out, wholesale and retail, throughout Christendom, and pass for current truth, on which custom has stamped her image in every nation under heaven; but less so in India and Turkey than in other more enlightened parts of the globe; inasmuch, that, in the empire of the latter, people shew their detestation of the evil, when the truth of what they say is suspected, by asking the party, *whether they call them to be Christians*. — Lying was first used by civilized nations to deceive barbarous ones, and, by the contagion of unrighteous traffic, the *lies of Peris* and lying spirit have been communicated to the poor Indians and savages, who, in their turn, deceive their very deceivers, *and mete out to them the measure which they meted to them*.

We have not yet, indeed, erected a temple to lying; but there is not any one on earth that has not been more or less profaned by it; and, though the presence of a pig is supposed to defile any synagogue in such a manner as to render a legal purification of it necessary, yet these descendants of Abraham will occasionally let a double portion of this evil spirit into their hearts, and, without suspecting defilement, *wipe their mouths, and say, Can not I lie?*

We Christians too, to whom *every creature of God is deemed good*, have but a partial zeal for the honour of God. During the times of Jewish worship, were a man to utter a profane oath, within the walls of a church, the whole congregation would be shocked at the impiety, and condign punishment would be inflicted on the offender; but it is to be feared many a lie, not less offensive to the Almighty, and not less derogatory from his honour, is uttered, in edifices dedicated to divine worship, without any concern at all: every word, used at such times, unaccompanied with solemnity, is a sin no less than sacrilege; but every one spoken at random, and which conveys a sense, according to the construction of human language, contrary to the meaning of the heart, is a lie; indeed, a very serious lie, and

and for which, if lying be a sin at all, we must seriously give account, when a lie will be unavailable. We ask forgiveness of our trespasses upon no other terms than *as we forgive the trespasses one of another*; but, if we mean what we say, it may be presumed so many heart-burnings and animosities would not prevail among reputed sober Christians, nor so many litigious suits be brought into our courts of justice, where men, for a fee, are even allowed to lie, with a seeming good grace, to maintain themselves. With the same tongue we may, indeed, *bless God and curse one another*; and if some people do not both, sometimes, in the same breath, they are belied. Were liars to merit heaven by lying, the general practice would be laudable, and need no apology; but we are told, from the best authority, that *liars are turned into hell*. Lies, therefore, are very dangerous things, and ought to be as much guarded against as the devil; unless hell is the desirable *heaven of rest, where we all would be*: if so, we are indeed pursuing the right course to obtain it.

We come into the world free from lies, but they are conceived at heart, and found in our mouths, not long after our entrance into it; and some people have been so fond of them as to go out of the world with one in their mouths.

Mankind find, by experience, that lying occasionally promotes temporary interests: it may get a man a title, a place, a pension, an estate, a customer, and blow up a little hubbub, called fame, when speaking the truth would defeat these ends: it is, therefore, not much to be wondered at that lies are so often manufactured and dealt out, by people under the influence of avarice and ambition, as they are so well adapted, in these times, to gratify the wishes of both: but with what view people utter lies before God, at the altar, who is incapable of being deceived by them, and will not bless, but curse, those who live in them, I am at a loss to determine. Can it be that any are so ignorant as to think that the unworthy means, which serve a lucrative purpose on earth, and cover their imperfections from one another, will also mislead the supreme Judgement, and draw down upon them the blessings of heaven, as well as finally lead them up to it? By fair promises, smooth pretences, and artificial juggling, the children of men cozen one another, and monopolize a few glittering toys, empty baubles, and play-things; “but it is not so above; at the altar, mere grimace, specious pretexts, sophistry, and every kind of human artifice, are unavailable, to procure God’s grace, though they serve to obtain man’s.

I mean not, by these remarks to burlesque religion, or to pass a satire on any party; the hypocrites only, of every denomination, will be affected by my censure; and those, it must be granted, highly merit it.

VERITAS.

POE.

P O E T R Y.

The CONTENTED PHILOSOPHER.

DEEP silence reign'd, and dewy night
Her silver vestment wore ;
The western gale breath'd calm delight,
And busy day was o'er.

Reliev'd from sultry noon, I rose,
(Each anxious care at rest,)
While sacred peace her pure repose
Diffus'd within my breast.

The breezy mount, the misty vale,
Alternately I stray'd ;
The Gothic spire, the moss-fring'd cell,
My roving eyes survey'd ;

Till where the trembling beams of night
O'er limpid currents play'd,
Meand'ring, pointed to my sight
A dusky rising shade.

The unambitious dome, conceal'd,
Fear'd no intrusive foes ;
Slow parting from the trees, reveal'd
The shed of calm repose.

'Twas Sophron's grove, an aged sire,
Deep-vert'd in wisdom's lore ;
And now he tun'd the breathing lyre,
To close the silent hour.

So soft the strain, it thrill'd my breast ;
I gain'd the rustic cell :
The courteous father blest'd his guest ;
Then gave the pleasing tale.

" How false the aim of erring life !
How fruitless the employ !
That treads the pompous maze of strife,
In quest of solid joy !

The plummy tribes unceasing roam ;
Each theft-ring bough survey ;
But fix, at last, their leafy home,
Where silence woos their stay :

Where no alarming binds invade ;
No fear their peace destroys ;
Remote in the sequester'd shade,
They rear their callow joys.

Thus restless nature loves to range ;
Through life's gay scenes to rove ;
Till reason prompts the happier change,
To contemplation's grove.

When fortune smil'd, and wealth was
mov'd,
How indolently gay !
The rapid stream of life I view'd
Supinely roll away.

The gay delusive dream is o'er,
When reason's thoughts arise ;
Rever'd the bliss-diffusing pow'r,
That bade me " now be wise."

The silent grove my search survey'd,
Where peace pours all her charms :
How free contentment's humble shade
From fortune's wild alarms !

Now, free from each fantastic strife,
New prospects bless my view,
That smoothes the fears of closing life ;
Give earth a glad adieu ;

And to the fading stars declare,
The eastern whisper blows ;
The hour of rosy morn is near,
And nature's calm repose."

I sigh'd, and thought it soon to part
From wisdom's ivy'd cell ;
How ill my sympathetic heart
Could bid the sage — " farewell."

For wealth, be smiling peace my share,
The joys of social love ;
And, lost to each ambitious care,
Possess the flow'ry grove.

There, studious thought would wear the
day,
In each instructive page ;
Or happier fleet the hours away
With each experienc'd sage.

Taught, by the awful voice of truth,
Life's siren-snares to fly,
By reason's care conducting youth,
And like my Sophron die.

J. C.

HYMN

HYMN to VIRTUE.

HAIL, sacred Virtue! lovely name!
 How does the found my soul inflame,
 And all my pow'rs inspire!
 In thee, in thee alone! we know
 One bliss substantial here below:
 To thy immortal charms we owe
 Each pleasure worth desire.

Thou lend'st the raptur'd soul the wings,
 On which to heav'n she soars and sings
 The grandeur of her birth:
 With thee, blest convoy! lo, she flies,
 To claim a portion in the skies;
 Nor will yon purer worlds despise
 Their kindred here on earth.

When o'er the field's embroider'd road
 We walk, and praise creation's God,
 While nature throws her sweets abroad,
 And flow'ry wonders shine!
 The conscious self-approving breast,
 Of thy extatic smiles possest,
 Is blest — is something more than blest,
 With pleasure so divine!

When the gay dawn dispels the night,
 And opes the rosy gates of light,
 The day rolls in, supremely bright,
 And glides on beams of peace:
 And, when the midnight shades are spread,
 Thou mak'st a soft and silent bed,
 While blooming olives wreath the head,
 And gentle slumbers ease.

Ye sons of riot and of mirth,
 Ye vain disturbers of the earth,
 Ye taste no joy like this:
 No heav'nly banquet e'er supplies
 Your sickly souls and languid eyes;
 Nor day, nor night, nor earth, nor skies,
 Afford one lasting bliss.

Virtue! thou everlasting friend!
 Through British realms thy pow'r extend,
 To bless, instruct, enrich, amend,
 A glorious — guilty state:
 Let courts and palaces proclaim,
 That still their crouds revere thy name,
 And in thy temple wait.

Ye beauteous fair, whose sov'reign sway
 Commands the captive heart away,
 Deign to believe an artless lay,
 That sings of virtue's charms;
 Such charms as claim superior place
 O'er ev'ry rose in Mira's face,
 And add new life to ev'ry grace
 That wins us to her arms.

Virtue! dear name! th'exhaustless spring!
 A thousand sweets without a sting!
 Earth can't an unmix'd transport bring,
 But what from thee began.
 Let gilded pomp and senseless pride
 The gay unthinking crowd divide;
 Be thou my wealth, my joy, my bride,
 And I'm the happy man.

M. LESIUS.

EPITAPH on a very lovely Boy.

BRIGHT as the gems the wealthy o-
 rient boasts,
 Sweet as the odours of their spicy coast,
 A pearly dew-drop see some flow'r adorn,
 And grace with all its pride the rising morn:
 But soon the sun emits a fiercer ray,
 And the fair fabric rushes to decay.
 Low in the dust the beauteous ruin lies,
 While the pure vapour seeks its native skies:
 A fate like this to thee, sweet youth,
 was giv'n,
 To sparkle, bloom, and be exhal'd to
 heav'n.

ELEGY on the DEATH of a FRIEND.

THE passing-bell strikes solemn on
 mine ear,
 And tells me death one conquest more
 has made:
 Alas! let affection drop the tender tear,
 O'er the cold relics of the much-lov'd
 dead.

A friend he was, "unrotten at the core;"
 Full on his soul the beams of science
 shone:
 He gain'd access to wisdom's sacred store,
 And learning, wit, and sense, were all
 his own.

Scarce thirty suns had run their annual
 race,
 Since gentle Crito first beheld the light;
 And blooming health, far smiling on his
 face:
 But death has wrap'd him in the shades
 of night.

Alas! how chang'd the scene, since late
 he spent
 With me, in converse sweet, the golden
 hours;
 Since he the kindly aids of friendship lent,
 And spread the balm of joy in gentle
 show'rs!

Then

Then with delight we trac'd each sylvan
scene,
Which nature had with curious hand
adorn'd:
Reclining peaceful on th' enamel'd green,
Ambition's toils and thorny crown we
scorn'd:

Or, rising with the lark, when Phœbus
gilds,
With beams of radiant light, the pur-
ple east,
Travers'd the groves and incense-breathing
fields,
While ev'ry sense enjoy'd a pleasing
feast:

Nor fail'd our morning orisons to pay,
In grateful tribute to that Source di-
vine,
Who spread the glories of the rising day;
Whose pow'r and wisdom through crea-
tion shine!

But when descending rains the walk pre-
vent,
Within the study's circling walls con-
fin'd,
Our time amongst th' illustrious dead we
spent,
Whose living labours ever charm the
mind.

There Tully manly eloquence inspires,
And Homer points to deeds of deathless
fame;
There Milton's pages glow with sacred
fires,
And thine, O Young, the kindling
soul inflame:

There Addison, whom ev'ry muse inspir'd,
To write with spirit, elegance, and ease,
And Pope with sweet poetic fervor fir'd,
Present a feast that will for ever please.

But now, alas! those peaceful hours are
o'er;

The social tie is now for ever broke:
The groves, the meads, the gardens,
please no more;
And friendship mourns beneath the fa-
tal stroke.

O death! relentless author of my woe!
Why was thy dart at Crito's bosom
hur'd:
He blameless liv'd; to nought but vice a
foe;
A bright example to a thoughtless world!

His gen'rous soul to virtue's bright abode,
On wings of faith and charity, aspir'd:
Kindness to man; and gratitude to God,
His thoughts directed, and his bosom
fir'd.

But cease, fond muse, his exit to lament:
Be calm; nor censure that divine de-
cease,
Which, future ills and dangers to prevent,
Call'd virtuous Crito from the world
and thee.

Though great thy loss, repine not at the
stroke
Which from this scene of trial call'd
thy friend;
For, while thy tears his honour'd name
invoke,
He triumphs in those joys that ne'er
shall end.

Cease, then, and make it thy peculiar
care
His virtuous deeds to copy and improve;
That thou a blest eternity may'st share,
With him, in realms of endless bliss
and love.

EUSEBIUS.

TO SPRING.

HAIL, beauteous spring! sweet sea-
son, kindly hail:
I greet thy mild approach! Thou, like a
coy
And tim'rous virgin, long withhold'st thy
charms
From our possession, and by slow degrees
Unveil'st thy beauteous face. O lovely
stranger,
Joyful we greet thee, with exulting voice,
And open wide our long-expecting arms,
To clasp thy tender offspring! Nature a-
wakes
At thy approach; and, from the frigid arms
Office-clad winter, starting, smiles around.
The snow-drop, herald of thy smiling
train,
Has blazon'd forth her argent standard, and
Proclaim'd that thou art near. Now
quick succeed
The golden crocus and bright daffodil.
The primrose, in whose eye the crystal
tear
Each morn stands lovely, and sky-tinctur'd
violet,
Now ushering in thy legions, scent the vale.
Thy legions, num'rous as the starry train
That decorate heav'n's azure vault, and gay

As Iris' beauteous bow, will soon adorn
 Th' enamel'd lap of nature. In vary'd
 forms,
 In vary'd hues, the sport of nature's hand,
 Pleasing to ev'ry sense, num'rous they rise
 Along the mountain's side, th' embosom'd
 vale,
 The groves, the lawns, and newly-cul-
 tur'd field.
 In this soft season, when the air breathes
 balm,
 And ev'ry breeze bears incense on its
 wings —
 When notes harmonious float on ev'ry
 gale —
 When the slow-rising lark attunes her
 song,
 And Philomela chants her varying lay,
 In notes mellifluous, echoing through the
 grove —
 Each sense is wak'd to joy, and pleasure
 reigns
 Through ev'ry part of nature. Ev'ry class
 Of sensitive existence shares that joy,
 And feels the vivifying glow that reigns
 Through all their systems. Vegetation
 feels
 Nature's propelling pow'r. Warm'd by
 the sun,
 The late stagnated sap, now rarified,
 Bursts from its inmost vessels, and pro-
 trudes
 The swelling buds, soft leaves, and preg-
 nant flow'rs.
 The same fierce ray, which paints the
 cherry's cheek
 With deep vermilion, and the tulip's cup
 And bright carnation with the rainbow's
 shades,
 Pierces the mountain's womb, and deep
 pervades
 The beds of minerals. Hence the shape-
 less ore
 Receives its firmness, and the di'mond
 gains
 Its sparkling lustre. Hence the jasper
 glows,
 And bright carbuncle flames. Beneath
 the wave,
 The coral groves shoot forth their leafless
 arms,
 And sea-shells harden into marble. There
 Myriads of beings sport, of shape and size
 Astonishing to mortals. What extent
 Of thought can comprehend thy glorious
 works,
 O Source divine! parent, protector, friend,
 Of all creation! Earth's contracted span,
 This little scene of things, a prospect
 yields

At which the mind, in deep amazement
 loft,
 Finds all her pow'rs suspended : but thy
 pow'r
 Is boundless as that theatre of space,
 Where scenes unnumber'd rise and speak
 thy praise :
 And when the intellectual eye has rang'd
 Where twice ten thousand systems blaze
 on high,
 And circling worlds, around their central
 sun,
 Roll in harmonious order, all the views
 In prospect, or in vision contemplates,
 Is but a point, an atom, when compar'd
 With the unbounded universe. —
 In this mild season, when the sighing
 gales
 Sweep softly o'er the foliage, and expand
 The tumid flow'rs, "sweet is the breath
 of morn,"
 And sweet the notes of birds in blooming
 groves :
 Thick spring the sprouting herbs ; the
 flow'ry meads
 Pour forth their beauties ; and the new-
 clad trees,
 In purest verdure dress'd, and blossoms
 gay,
 Wave with the gentlest breeze. The in-
 sect tribes,
 That people ev'ry leaf, and plant, and
 flow'r —
 That croud the mantling pool — or, with
 swift wing,
 Winnow, in noon-tide blaze, their easy
 way
 Through balmy æther — all exulting feel
 The blissful influence of returning spring.
 Allur'd by thee, at ev'ning let me range
 The fragrant fields and thought-inspiring
 shades,
 Sacred to contemplation. Here the mind
 Delighted wanders, and in converse sweet
 Communes with thy fair offspring, and
 ascends
 From means to ends ; to causes from ef-
 fects ;
 'Till, rising gradual up the scale of things,
 The intellectual eye enraptur'd soars
 Above "th'Aonian mount" and milky
 way.
 While thus exploring nature's scenes,
 the mind
 Drinks deep at pleasure's fountain, joy
 extends
 Through all her pow'rs, and grateful tri-
 bute
 Swells the rapt breast in language wing'd
 with praise

To heav'n's almighty Sire. He sits enthron'd
 Above the highest heav'n ; yet watchful
 o'er
 His whole creation, with a parent's eye—
 A more than parent's care. He still surveys
 All beings, worlds ; and, from his sacred
 stores,
 Show'rs blessings with munificence divine.
 Bardfield, March 18. EUSEBIUS.

SOLILOQUY, by a young gentleman newly married, on his bride's being suddenly taken ill of a very dangerous disorder.

O My Calista !
 Thou last best gift of heav'n ! source of
 my joys !
 Pride of my soul, and crown of all my
 wishes !
 Thy charms have smooth'd the rugged
 brow of care,
 And shorten'd years, while expectation sat
 Exulting o'er the future. Now, alas !
 Though mine by all the tender ties of love
 And holy bands of marriage, still I fear
 The direful rage of death's uplifted arm
 Will light upon thee — rend thee from
 my breast,
 And leave me wretched, hopeless, — in
 despair !
 Blest with thy love, the desert wears a
 smile,
 And, where thy "footfall" prints the barren
 sands,
 Spring the gay flow'rs, enrich'd with
 vivid dyes,
 All sweet, all fragrant. O may cruel fate
 Ne'er separate us while yon radiant sun
 Illumes the azure vault, or Cynthia's beam
 Pervades nocturnal darkness, and bedecks
 With milder light the faintly glimm'ring
 spires !
 To lose thee from my arms — to have
 thy form,
 Thy angel form, snatch'd from these
 longing eyes —
 To lose the music of that heav'n-taught
 tongue,
 Whose accents now delight my ear, and
 trill
 With sweetest rapture o'er the sense of
 hearing —
 Were death — were worse than death —
 a nameless ill,
 Which all the mournful pomp of cries
 and tears

Errata. P. 434, second column, left line but one, for *heav'n-sought* read *heav'n-taught*. P. 436, 2d col. l. 28, for *a soft attractive* read *and soft attractive*. P. 439, 2d col. l. 37, for *cloud* read *cloud the smiling skies*.

Can ne'er express ! Think not, my best
 beloved,
 This heart can e'er forsake thee ! No ;
 the pangs
 Of separation will its frame dissolve —
 Release m'adoring soul to wing its flight
 With thine to unknown regions. Of
 thee bereav'd,
 Life were a scene of horror ! These sad eyes
 Would find no charm in nature's ample
 round ;
 Pleasure would fly from ev'ry once-lov'd
 spot ;
 The flow'rs that deck the lap of spring,
 the sound
 Of tuneful warblers in the sylvan groves,
 Would cease to charm the eye, or melt
 the heart ;
 The pulse of joy would then vibrate no
 more ;
 Life's languid current then would cease
 to flow :
 In vain would nature to these mournful
 eyes
 Display new beauties : not all the race
 Of female forms that fill the walks of life
 Can chase my grief, or e'er exhibit charms
 Sufficient for one moment to engage
 My lost attention. Nought that earth
 can boast
 Can alienate my love, or gain admittance
 Into one secret corner of my soul.
 Fill'd with thy blest idea, 'tis a plenum
 Where nought but thy bright form admi-
 tance finds !
 O thou supreme, eternal, Source of life
 In all its varied forms — of ev'ry bliss
 The mind of man can feel ! regard my
 pray'r ;
 In pity hear me, and in mercy grant
 This precious boon — the life of my Ca-
 lista !
 Restore to those pale cheeks their wonted
 bloom ;
 The sparkling lustre of her eyes restore ;
 And oh ! permit the late quick-blushing
 tide
 Again to roll through all her sapphire veins,
 Till her re-animated form appears,
 Array'd in all those charms in which she
 stood
 When at the holy shrine she trembling gave
 Her lovely hand, and that more precious gift,
 Her undivided heart, and seal'd our vows
 With all the joys of pure connubial love !

AMYNTOR.

And you shall find it

This day is published,

A select COLLECTION of RELIGIOUS POEMS, EPISTLES, &c. on various Subjects, recommended to the Perusal of the serious Reader, especially to the religious Youth. By JOHN FRY. Printed and sold by MARY HIND, Number 2, in George-Yard, Lombard-street. Price Eight-pence.

••• Zeno, Chipp, A. G. X. Miso-misnomer, Cato, Diogenes, Mentor, A Speculatist, on the Death of an Infant, by Maria, and several anonymous pieces, are received;

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER.

For March, 1774.

	Wind	Bar.	Therm.		Weather.	
			lo.	hi.		
1	S.W.	fresh	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	41	43	Frosty air, brilliant day.
2	S.W.	fresh	29 $\frac{5}{10}$	41	42	Rain and snow, night frosty.
3	N.W.	fresh	29 $\frac{5}{10}$	41 $\frac{1}{2}$	43	Fair day.
4	S.E.	fresh	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	41 $\frac{1}{2}$	44	Fair day.
5	W.	fresh	29	42	45	Heavy rain.
6	S.W.	fresh	29 $\frac{2}{10}$	43	45	Heavy rain.
7	S.W.	strong	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	45	52	Heavy rain.
8	E. & var.	fresh	29 $\frac{3}{10}$	46	52 $\frac{1}{2}$	Almost constant rain.
9	N.E. & var.	viol.	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	42	43	Almost constant snow or rain.
10	N.	strong	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	40	41	Severe frost.
11	N.E.	strong	29 $\frac{8}{10}$	39	41	Frosty air.
12	N.E.	strong	29 $\frac{9}{10}$	39 $\frac{1}{2}$	41 $\frac{1}{2}$	Frosty air.
13	E.S.E.	strong	29 $\frac{9}{10}$	38	40 $\frac{1}{2}$	Brilliant day, and frosty night.
14	E.S.E.	fresh	29 $\frac{9}{10}$	38	40	Sunshiny day.
15	N.E.	fresh	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	38	40 $\frac{1}{2}$	Fine day, frosty night.
16	E.S.E.	fresh	29 $\frac{8}{10}$	39 $\frac{1}{2}$	44	Ditto.
17	E.	fresh	29 $\frac{6}{10}$	44	48	Ditto.
18	S.E.	fresh	29 $\frac{5}{10}$	47	48	Cloudy evening, light rain.
19	E.	little	29 $\frac{4}{10}$	47 $\frac{1}{2}$	48	Fair day.
20	S.E.	little	29 $\frac{6}{10}$	48	49	Sunshiny day.
21	N.	little	30	47	49	Ditto.
22	N.E.	little	30 $\frac{2}{10}$	47 $\frac{1}{2}$	49	Cloudy.
23	N.E.	little	30 $\frac{1}{10}$	48	50	Sunshiny day.
24	N.	calm	30 $\frac{1}{10}$	47	48 $\frac{1}{2}$	Ditto.
25	N.	calm	30	44	48	Ditto.
26	W.	calm	30 $\frac{1}{10}$	45	50	Ditto.
27	S.	calm	30	46	54	Brilliant day.
28	E.	fresh	30	48	56	Ditto.
29	S. & S.W.	calm	29 $\frac{9}{10}$	46	53	Cloudy.
30	W.	calm	29 $\frac{9}{10}$	48	57	Evening thunder, & a light shower.
31	N.E.	fresh	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	46	50	Fair.

AVERAGE.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN, From April 11, to April 16, 1774.

By the Standard Winchester Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	6	1	3	1	3	4	2	1	3	4

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	6	0	—	—	3	6	2	7	3	6
Surry,	6	2	3	5	3	7	2	5	4	0
Hertford,	5	11	—	—	3	9	2	5	4	0
Bedford,	6	2	4	7	3	8	2	4	3	9
Cambridge,	6	1	3	4	3	7	2	3	3	0
Huntingdon,	6	1	—	—	3	8	2	3	3	9
Northampton,	7	5	5	5	4	4	2	1	3	9
Rutland,	6	10	—	—	4	4	2	1	—	—
Leicester,	7	2	5	1	4	5	2	1	4	3
Nottingham,	6	5	4	3	4	1	2	4	3	9
Derby,	7	9	—	—	4	4	2	5	4	1
Stafford,	7	9	4	8	4	6	2	5	4	5
Salop,	6	5	5	1	4	2	2	5	5	2
Hereford,	6	8	—	—	4	3	2	2	5	0
Worcester,	7	1	4	8	4	7	2	8	4	0
Warwick,	7	2	—	—	4	0	2	6	4	1
Gloucester,	7	0	—	—	3	6	2	4	4	7
Wiltshire,	6	10	—	—	3	5	2	6	4	7
Berks,	6	7	—	—	3	5	2	6	4	0
Oxford,	6	8	—	—	3	10	2	6	4	5
Bucks,	6	6	—	—	4	0	2	6	4	1

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	5	10	3	4	3	5	2	3	3	6
Suffolk,	5	11	3	0	3	3	2	0	3	1
Norfolk,	6	4	3	4	2	11	2	4	3	7
Lincoln,	6	4	4	2	3	7	2	0	3	7
York,	6	4	4	7	3	6	2	1	3	0
Durham,	6	5	—	—	3	6	2	2	3	9
Northumberland,	5	8	4	1	3	1	2	1	3	9
Cumberland,	6	3	3	11	3	0	2	3	3	4
Westmoreland,	7	2	—	—	2	9	2	2	3	9
Lancashire,	6	0	—	—	3	3	2	3	3	2
Cheshire,	6	6	4	9	4	4	2	4	—	—
Monmouth,	6	7	—	—	3	9	1	10	4	5
Somerset,	6	8	—	—	3	7	2	2	3	9
Devon,	6	3	—	—	3	3	1	7	—	—
Cornwall,	5	6	—	—	3	3	1	6	—	—
Dorset,	6	9	—	—	3	2	2	3	4	6
Hampshire,	6	0	—	—	3	3	2	3	4	0
Suffex,	5	9	—	—	3	1	2	2	3	8
Kent,	6	0	—	—	3	10	2	3	3	1



THE
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

*Oh happiness, thy blest retreat disclose,
Admit me there, and terminate my woes.*

ANON.



F we explore the latent causes of that restlessness and anxiety with which mankind shift from one scene to another, and engage in such a variety of pursuits, they will be found to be a desire of freeing themselves from some real or imaginary inconveniences, and of increasing their happiness. It is a common and very prevalent error amongst us, to suppose that happiness is placed without us: hence it is no marvel that pursuits and expectations, formed on so false a principle, should generally terminate in disappointment. But, although thousands, from sad experience, have declared the fallacy of this position, and the vanity of such fond expectations, yet their successors, regardless of these wise monitions, and impelled by a fallacious hope of better success, have run the same giddy round of folly, and have been equally disappointed.

It indeed appears strange, to a philosophic mind, that men, free from any peculiar affliction of body, and from the persecu-

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R r r

tions

tions of adverse fortune, men, who possess faculties and powers capable of opening a thousand sources of pleasure, in the disquisition of nature's works and contemplation of the moral and intellectual worlds, should ever be remarkably unhappy. Yet we see many, thus stationed and thus endowed, as discontented with their lot, and as restless after "that something unpossessed," as those of any other rank in human life: they are constantly murmuring at their respective situations in the great system of existence, and ridiculously imagine that none are so disagreeably stationed as themselves.

The man of leisure is at a loss for employment, and sighs for the hurry of commerce; the man of business sinks under its weight, and feels a lassitude which renders it irksome; he continually laments the fatigues he undergoes, and envies the owner of each little hut he sees in his walks. On the other hand, the objects of this envy survey the inferiority of their circumstances with a sigh, and wish providence had kindly fixt them in a station where the exertion of moderate abilities might acquire an easy fortune. The ecclesiastic, struck with the splendour of military pomp and pride, would willingly exchange his sable vestments for the glittering ornaments of the soldier, and lay aside the study of classical lore for that of attacks, sieges, and martial evolutions: while the soldier, torn from his native land to scenes of desolation, horror, and death, would as gladly resign his hopes of attaining the highest martial honours for a snug cure, where, with his wife and children, he might play at cards and rest in security.

If we rise higher in the scale of life the case is the same. If we ascend to those elevated stations which are above the exercise of profession, and which the bounteous hand of providence has blest with the amplest outward means of happiness, yet we shall not find happiness there: in perpetual agitation, like the waves of a troubled sea, they are shifting from scene to scene, flying from place to place, and torturing their imaginations to find out new amusements. The nobleman, in the midst of all his pomp and splendour, is the slave of ambition and the victim of regret. In vain does a second Eden, with all its sweets and beauties, bloom around him in summer; in vain does the palace, in winter, screen him from the storm, and invite him to repose; in vain a rising progeny surround his knees and call him father; and in vain the melting voice of beauty addresses his ear with connubial affection! Lost to all these enjoyments, insensible to every domestic blessing, he pants at the shrine of ambition, languishes to guide the helm, and become the pilot of the state. Behold, his wishes are at length crowned with success; he receives the ensigns of office; numerous dependants

bow

bow at his levee for the honour of a word, a smile, or a nod; but all this affords him not the happiness he expected; on the contrary, he is more wretched than before. Traduced, misrepresented, and vilified, by party insolence and envy, his best actions are ascribed to the worst motives, and his weaknesses or mistakes exposed with the most cruel aggravations. Unable to gratify the demands of his friends, or to bear the causeless malevolence of his adversaries, he sickens for retirement, yet dreads to retire. The misery of his situation is hourly augmented, and his pre-eminence in station is purchased by pre-eminence in distress. Thus circumstanced, what must he do? To resign is to give opposition a complete triumph, and to continue in office is to suffer the greatest of all mortifications. In this dilemma he sustains a conflict of passions; his tranquility falls a martyr to his pride; he determines to resist every storm of faction, and, by a persevering magnanimity, to repel the attacks, and defeat the views, of his assiduous enemies. He endeavours, by every means, to strengthen and establish his power; till, having conquered his shame, in courting some, and his humanity, in punishing others, he becomes divested of principle and regardless of reputation. At length, by the united influence of good and bad men, he is chased from the presence of his sovereign, the clamour becomes universal, he falls before it, and buries himself in some solitude, detesting others, and detested by society.

I grant there is nothing new in the portraits I have drawn of the unhappy; moralists have frequently remarked them, and observation daily presents the originals to our view: but still there is something, in the foregoing hints, which may tend to elucidate the remaining part of this letter. It is generally supposed, that a man must be happy, who, by his situation in life and easiness of circumstances, is, on the one hand, exempted from the fatigues of business, and, on the other, defended, by the humility of his wishes, from the dangers of ambition. But, enviable as this situation may appear, we see, in numerous instances, that neither a comfortable competency nor a limited expectation is sufficient to secure to us real and permanent felicity. As a proof of this, permit me to adduce an example. Phylenor, by the death of a relation, became, at an early age, master of a good estate; and, by a natural love of prudence and frugality, his income considerably exceeded his expences. He is, nevertheless, one of the most discontented mortals breathing. Constantly lamenting that he has nothing to do, Phylenor is ever miserable, because he has no one vigorous spring of action: he gets up merely to lie down; he rides out only to ride home again; he tries a thousand ways to accelerate

lerate the lingering progress of time, unanimated by motive and uninformed by novelty. His wife is prudent, discreet, and sensible; beautiful as the houris, and chaste as Diana; but — she has been his wife these ten years. They have long since discussed every subject that could furnish matter for conversation; and, as to her personal charms, they are too familiar to him to be now perceptible. When without doors, their discourse turns chiefly on the weather; when within, the article of dinner is the principal employment of their intellectual faculties. If the sun shines intensely hot, they discover that the weather is very warm; if it be very rainy, they determine that the day is disagreeable. Books afford them no entertainment, because they have been formerly read; and company is irksome, because their guests appear to be happier than themselves. In the country, they frequently travel miles together without breaking silence; and, in town, they entertain each other with a snore, from the opposite sides of the chimney-corner, when the servant has removed the table-cloth. This life of inactivity is an insupportable drudgery, and Phylenor envies the meanest artisan who sings at his labour and performs it with alacrity. His time is not enjoyed but endured; he rather *exists* than *lives*: he sees whole days before him, which he knows not how to fill up; the prospect becomes more dreadful when he anticipates whole weeks and months, which he is utterly at a loss to render tolerable.

In the community of mankind there are many thus circumstanced; who, seeking happiness where it is not to be found, or neglecting the means to acquire it, doze away their days in a stoical apathy, or pine under the anguish of reiterated disappointments. They consider not that *true happiness is only to be found in the mind*: it depends on a disposition, contented with its station, and thankful, to the Author of all good, for the blessings it enjoys. Those, who neglect to cultivate this disposition, and seek to find happiness in the objects without them, will ever seek it in vain: riches, honours, and titles, cannot yield it: by sad experience they have been weighed in the balance, and found “lighter than vanity;” amusement becomes labour when we make a business of it; and those enjoyments, which are perpetually in our possession, cease to give us pleasure. An excellent moral use may be made of this almost general dissatisfaction: it shews, to a demonstration, that something, superior to all transitory things, is requisite to satisfy the cravings of an immortal spirit, and fill up the extent of its capacities of enjoyment. True happiness resides only in the mind; when this is reduced to a state of content, and centered on the object of its most exalted hopes, the present scene of things wears

a smile, and happiness enlivens our dwellings : but, when men place their felicity in external things, and give way to a discontented disposition, on every occurrence that is likely to cross their expectations ; when they are hunting from object to object for what is only to be found in their own minds, it is a proof that the soul has wandered from its proper center, and, like the needle, which, by some extraneous force, is diverted from the pole, is in perpetual agitation, and can never rest till it finds it.

CRITO.

*For the MONTHLY LEDGER.**On Pride.*

THERE is not, in the whole circle of human vices, one more ridiculous in itself, or more unbecoming man, than pride ; yet its influence on the mind seems to be more general than that of any other. In pride the fable of Proteus is realised ; and its effects, as pointed out by Æsop in the frog and the ox, are often conspicuous. As the genius and dispositions of men incline them to a variety of pursuits, pride obtrudes itself under innumerable forms ; in all which it is generally hid from the person who possesses it, although strikingly obvious to the rest of mankind. Hence it is we frequently hear pride condemned by those who secretly indulge it. Diogenes trampled on what he called the pride of Plato ; doubtless, under the influence of a more criminal degree of that passion.

Pride, when it only displays itself in the little external decorations of dress and furniture, is less dangerous in its nature, less injurious in its effects, than when, settling in the mind, it condemns these follies with austerity. In the first case it will excite a smile of ridicule, in the latter it deserves reproof, and excites detestation.

In the course of my observation, on men and things, I have remarked that pride to be the most deeply rooted which manifests itself under the pharisaical form of rigid censorious virtue, and the idea of having arrived at higher attainments than other men. The pride, exhibited in external dress, &c. proceeds from want of reflection, and may be cured by it ; the latter has its origin in the heart, and its language is, " Stand off ; for I am holier than thou." If a man of a dull saturnine constitution has been free from obvious immorality, and extravagance in dress and furniture, he is generally first to accuse his neighbour of pride, if he indulges a little finery in these articles : this will, in his eyes,

eyes, obscure all his neighbour's virtues, and cause him, in the spirit of bitterness, to exclaim against him, while, perhaps, he is himself destitute of many virtues which the other possesses.

Diogenes was not the only man who has affected to despise the supposed marks of pride in others, with far greater pride in himself. Many a divine, with all the grimace of a Warburton, with all the seeming sanctity of an anchorite, while shrouded in the pomp of sacerdotal formality, has exclaimed against pride, and exulted in the anticipation of the applause he should gain, by proving the desire of it to be unlawful; and, with much severity, combated the obvious excrescences of this vice, in his hearers, while he has carefully watered its root in his own bosom: such is mens blindness to their own folly, and such their aptitude to censure, in another, what they are secretly cherishing in themselves.

If we carefully examine the spring of our actions, we shall oftener find it to be pride than we are willing to allow: it is a passion that early gains ground, and is seldom totally eradicated. To this passion, more than the abstract love of virtue, we may attribute external regularity of conduct. Custom has affixed a stigma on obvious wickedness; hence it is condemned, even by the wicked, in all but themselves: and, when the prevalence of passions, rendered strong by improper indulgence, excites to actions of public injury or scandal, pride has frequently its share in preventing such inclinations from ripening into act, or, at least, in concealing them, as much as possible, from public notice. On the contrary, the love of reputation (which, in some, is but a softer name for pride) excites to actions, which public sufferance has deemed virtuous, for the sake of maintaining it. Thus sincerity is sacrificed to pride, and the mask of humility covers secret ambition.

The pride of reputation, and of religious attainments, often dazzles the eyes, and influences the conduct, of men, whom a little gaiety of dress would ferment into a false zeal against others, at least as worthy as themselves. Some are proud of their finery, others of their plainness; both are under the dominion of this passion, but with this difference, in the former it evaporates in dress, in the latter it rankles in the heart. Many, who have passed through life in affluence, without feeling one benevolent sentiment for human misery, have, when they could keep their beloved self no longer, distributed it in the most ostentatious manner at their death. Hence, many donations to public hospitals, and other gifts, which bear the false name of charity, are too often only the fruits of an uncharitable pride, which gives for its own sake, and not from motives of compassion.

Thus

Thus men have often established a reputation, at their death, which they never deserved; and the sacred name of charity has been affixed to deeds dictated by pride and ambition: verily, such have their reward.

Pride has frequently been deemed the offspring of ignorance; in general, I allow the pedigree to be just: but it sometimes springs from the acquisition of knowledge. This is evident in the characters and behaviour of some, whose lives have been devoted to study and learning: conscious that they know more than the common class of mankind, they have been excited, rather from pride, than a desire to serve the cause of truth and knowledge, to display their superior wisdom, in becoming the instructors of mankind. Hence the laboured pomp of their stile; their obvious endeavour to shine, rather than to inform; their impatience of contradiction; and warmth, in defending their opinions, when contradicted by others.

The expectation of profit or fame is the grand spring of action to authors in general; it supercedes the more noble and disinterested motive of elucidating truth and propagating useful knowledge: and, were profit and fame to be withheld, I believe the number of our publications would soon decrease.

The love of flattery has its origin in pride; and mankind are generally tinctured with it: when decently offered up, it is, to most men, an acceptable sacrifice, although they may affect to despise it.

The only means to exterminate pride from the human heart, is to study that excellent science, *the knowledge of ourselves*. When we open our eyes to our own imperfections, they will exhibit a humiliating prospect. When we consider how little can be known, and how many deviations we are making, from that path of rectitude which we ought always to walk in, pride will stand abashed, and all the aspirings of ambition will be laid in the dust. When we reflect on the absolute dependance of our state, and that every thing we enjoy is the free gift of a wise and merciful Being, we shall feel sentiments of humility and gratitude, in our minds, to the great Author of all, and a tender regard to the rest of his creation; and, when we contemplate his adorable perfections, his greatness and glory, under a proper sense of our own meanness and imperfection, instead of exulting in our little attainments, or censuring, with severity, the failings of others, we shall be *covered with blushing and confusion of face*.

EUSEBIUS.

Hot

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

IF the editor of the Monthly Ledger thinks the following observations, taken from the ingenious author of *Essays de L'Esprit*, will be agreeable, they are at his service; and I doubt not but they will be read with pleasure by the intelligent part of his subscribers.

Of Genius, with Respect to the Universe. P. 123.

GENIUS, considered in this point of view, will be the power of raising interesting ideas, in the minds of all people, either as instructive or agreeable. This kind of genius is, doubtless, the most desirable. There never was a time when that species of ideas, which was supposed by all nations to flow from genius was not really worthy of that name. It is not the same with respect to the power of creating those kinds of ideas which one nation alone supposed to be derived from this source. Every nation has a time of stupidity and degradation, during which the people have no clear idea of genius; it then prodigally bestows the name on certain assemblages of ideas, that are agreeable to the mode, but always ridiculous in the eyes of posterity. These ages of degradation are commonly those of despotic power, when, as a poet says, "God deprives nations of one half of their understandings, that they may be able to bear the miseries and punishments of slavery."

Among the ideas, proper to please all people, are those that are instructive, which belong to certain arts and sciences; others are also agreeable; such as, first, the admired ideas and sentiments in certain parts of Homer, Virgil, Corneille, Tasso, and Milton; in which, as I have already observed, those illustrious writers do not confine themselves to the painting of a particular nation or age, but to that of human nature: such are, in the second place, the grand images with which these poets have enriched their works.

To prove that, in every work of genius, there are beauties proper to please universally, I chuse those images for an example, and say, that grandeur, in poetic pictures, is a source of universal pleasure. Not that all men are equally struck with them: there are some as insensible to the beauties of description as to the charms of harmony; and whom it would be as unjust, as it would be useless, to attempt to disabuse. By their insensibility they have acquired an unhappy right of disowning the pleasure they do not feel: but there is only a small number of these people. In fact, whether it be the habitual and impatient

desire

desire of felicity that makes us wish for all perfections, as a means of increasing our happiness, and renders all those grand objects agreeable to us, where their contemplation seems to give a greater extent of soul and more strength and elevation of ideas; whether grand objects make a stronger, a more lasting, and more agreeable, impression; or whether, in short, it is from some other cause; we find that we are offended at a confined view, and find ourselves cooped up, as in the narrow passages between mountains, or when enclosed by a great wall; while, on the contrary, the eye loves to extend its view over a large plain, to take in the surface of the sea, or to lose itself in examining a distant horizon. Every thing that is great is adapted to please the eye and the imagination of mankind: this species of descriptive beauty has infinitely the advantage over all those that, depending on justness of proportion, can neither be so warmly nor so generally felt; since all nations have not the same ideas of proportion.

If we oppose, to the cascades, subterraneous caves, and terraces, proportioned by art, the cataracts of the river St. Laurence, the gaping caves of *Ætna*, the enormous masses of rock, heaped upon each other, without order, in the Alps, shall we not find that the pleasure, produced by the prodigality and rude magnificence visible in the works of nature, is infinitely superior to that resulting from justness of proportion?

To be convinced of this, let a person, in the night, ascend a mountain, in order to contemplate the firmament: what is the charm that draws him thither? Is it the agreeable symmetry in which the stars are ranged? Here, in the *Via lactea*, are innumerable suns, heaped up without order, some farther distant than others; and there are vast deserts. What is, then, the source of his pleasures? The immensity of heaven itself. Indeed, what idea must he form of this immensity, when worlds of fire appear but as luminous points, scattered here and there in the plains of ether? when suns, still farther involved in the profound spaces of the firmament, can scarcely be perceived? The imagination, which launches forward to these last spheres, to comprehend all the worlds possible, is swallowed up in the vast and unmeasurable concavity of the heavens, and plunged in a ravishing delight, produced by the contemplation of an object that fills his whole soul. Thus the grandeur of the decorations of this kind has occasioned the observation, that art is inferior to nature; which means no more than that great and noble pictures appear to us preferable to those that are, comparatively, little and mean.

In the arts, susceptible of this kind of beauty, such as sculpture, architecture, and poetry, it is the enormity of the masses

that has placed the Colossus of Rhodes and the Pyramids of Memphis among the wonders of the world. It is the grandeur of the descriptions that makes us admire Milton for having the strongest and most sublime imagination. His subject too, though little capable of beauties of another kind, was infinitely so of the beauties of description. He was obliged, by his subject, on the terrestrial paradise, to assemble, in the narrow compass of the garden of Eden, all the beauties nature has dispersed over the earth, to adorn a thousand different climates. Carried, by the choice of the same subject, to the unformed abyss of chaos, he was to draw from thence his primitive materials for erecting the universe, to excavate the bed of the ocean, to crown the earth with mountains, and to cover it with verdure; to move and kindle the sun and stars, to spread them over the pavilion of the heavens, to paint the first day of the world, and that freshness of the opening spring with which his lively imagination embellished nature at her birth. He had then not only the most grand, but the most new and varied, pictures to paint, which, to the imagination of man, are two other universal sources of pleasure,

It is with the imagination as with reason; by contemplation, or the combination, either of the pictures of nature or of philosophical ideas, poets and philosophers improve their imaginations and their reason; and thus are enabled to excel in different kinds, in which it is equally rare, and perhaps equally difficult, to succeed. What man, indeed, does not perceive that the progress of the human mind ought to be uniform to whatever science or art it applies? If, to please the mind, says Fontenelle, we must employ, without fatiguing, it; if we cannot employ it without offering those new, grand, and primitive, truths, where their novelty, importance, and fertility, strongly fix the attention; if we avoid fatiguing only by presenting ideas ranged with order, expressed in the most proper words, in which the subject has an uniformity and simplicity that renders it easily comprehensible, and where variety is joined to simplicity, it is equally to the combination of grandeur, novelty, variety, and simplicity, in the pictures, that is joined the greatest pleasure of the imagination. If, for example, the view or description of a great lake is agreeable, that of a calm and boundless sea is still more so; its immensity is a source of greater pleasure. However beautiful this prospect may be, its uniformity would soon render it tiresome. Therefore, if, enveloped by black clouds and carried by the North wind, the tempest, personified by the poet's imagination, hastens to the South, rolling before him moveable mountains of water, who doubts but that the rapid, simple, and varied, succession of terrifying pictures,

tures, presented by the troubled sea, will every moment make new impressions on the imagination, strongly fix our attention, employ the mind without fatiguing it, and consequently please us more? But, if the night happens to redouble the horrors of the same tempest, and the watery mountains, where the chain terminates and encloses the horizon, be instantly lighted by repeated and reflected flashes of lightening, who can doubt but that this dark sea, suddenly changed into a sea of fire, would form, by the united novelty of the grandeur and variety of the images, a picture more adapted to fill the imagination with astonishment? Thus the art of poetry, considered merely as descriptive, is to offer nothing to view but objects in motion, and, if possible, to strike on several objects at once. May not the description of the roaring of waters, the howling of winds, and the burst of rolling thunder, add still to the secret terror, and consequently to the pleasure we experience at the view of a tempestuous sea? At the return of spring, does not the descent of Aurora, into the gardens of Marli, to open the buds and flowers; do not the perfumes she at that instant exhales, the warbling of a thousand birds, and the murmur of cascades, increase the charms of those delightful groves? All the senses are so many gates, by which agreeable impressions may enter our souls, and, the more of them are opened at once, the higher does our pleasure arise. We see, then, that there are ideas generally useful to nations, from their being instructive, as those that immediately belong to the sciences; that there are others, also, universally useful, as being agreeable; and that the genius of a single person may have a relation to the whole universe.

The conclusion of this discourse is, that, in affairs that relate to the mind, as well as in moral actions, it is in the nature of man to praise love or gratitude, and to despise hatred or revenge. Interest, then, is the only dispenser of his esteem. Genius, in whatever point of view it is considered, is, then, never any thing more than a capacity for assembling ideas that are new and interesting, and consequently useful to mankind, either as being instructive or agreeable.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Some Reflections on moral Theology, from the celebrated Baron Bieľfield's Elements of universal Erudition. Chap. 5.

1. **I**F it were allowable to compare the Saviour of the world to a weak mortal, I would say, that the conduct of Jesus Christ resembled that of Socrates, who has left us no parts of his doctrine

doctrine in writing, (as well as the particulars of his life,) but what have been collected, digested, and published, by his disciples. The evangelists are the only historians of the Messiah: it is to their labours that we owe the knowledge of his actions upon earth, and his divine doctrine. The four evangelists and the acts of the apostles, written by St. Luke, contain, therefore, *alone*, the history of the life of Jesus Christ, and the doctrine that he taught. His apostles and disciples began by paraphrasing his doctrine, as well by their evangelical sermons as in the epistles they addressed to the faithful of the several Christian churches: they have given explications, and added pastoral instructions, which are, in effect, admirable; but which, nevertheless, form not the original text of the discourses of our Saviour. The bishops, of the apostolic century, the fathers of the church, in all succeeding centuries, the other bishops and ecclesiastics, the councils, the synods, the doctors of theology, the popes, the consistories, the reformers likewise, and an infinity of theologians, have drawn from the gospel, and sometimes also from the letters of the apostles, and from other commentaries on the gospel, various tenets; which, united, form, at this day, the general system of the Christian religion. The theologians, who devote themselves to the service of the altar, study it in the dogmatic; the laity learn it by means of catechisms; and, after they have made confession of their faith, solemnly adopt it, when they are received into the bosom of the church.

2. It is not the same with regard to the *morality* of Jesus Christ, which every one may read in the gospel, and to know which it is not necessary to become learned, nor to study a complicated system. If the dogmatic were not armed with a thousand arguments to establish the divinity of Jesus Christ, yet would the morality of his gospel sufficiently prove it; seeing that it is perfectly holy, intirely simple, strictly just, and the most completely adapted to promote the felicity of the human race, in this world and that which is to come.

The Saviour of the world has not enjoined any part of mankind to engage in disputes or abstract refinement; the sole command that he has given them is, *to believe in his gospel*; and that is comprised in one word only, LOVE; the grand and only principle on which the whole of his sacred doctrine is founded.

3. To produce the greatest effects possible, by the least efforts, is the highest perfection in nature, and, at the same time, the true characteristic of divinity. God has given, to all the beings that compose the universe, one simple principle alone, by which the whole and every part is connected and perpetually supported;

supported ; and that is *love*. The attraction of the celestial bodies, as well as of those of which our globe is formed, is a species of love ; a mutual tendency towards each other. The uniform generation, by which all beings are perpetuated, is founded in *love*. This is the true *minimum*, the true system of the *least action*, which includes something so divine. It appears to be the will of God to establish, by the mouth of the Messiah, the same simple principle in morality, that is, in the rule of human actions, by saying *love*. In a word, it was his will, that, in the conduct of mankind, as in every other part of nature, there should be no other principle than that of *love*.

4. That, in the different systems of ethics of the ancient heathen philosophers, many maxims and precepts of admirable morality are to be found, cannot be denied ; but, besides that these philosophers are almost continually contradicting each other in their maxims, no one of their systems is founded on the true principle. In searching after it, they discovered some excellent truths, but it has been by chance, and they are at best imperfect. Jesus Christ has alone taught mankind perfect morals, by deducing them from this true principle. Every principle should be simple ; the idea of a compound principle implies at once an imperfection. Every principle should be comprehensive, even universal, in its effects. Every principle whose effects are limited is imperfect. God himself is uniform in his principle and infinite in his effects : his doctrine or his law should be the same. Jesus Christ has made known to mankind this principle, simple and universal : he has therefore been, in this sense also, the true Saviour of the world : he has preached to mankind, and his only doctrine has been that of *love*.

5. From this principle flows our *duty* towards God, ourselves, our neighbour, and to those beings which are subject to our power. The first rule is, to communicate, to all those whom it is our duty to love, all the good, and to preserve them from all the evil, in our power. The second, to do to no one what we would not have done to ourselves in similar circumstances. The third, which is the simple effect of love, is to endeavour to *please* the object that we ought to love. The fourth, to endeavour to render the pleasures, that we communicate to others, as lively as possible ; and those inevitable evils, which we are sometimes constrained to do to them, as supportable as we can : and so of the rest.

The whole evangelical doctrine of our Saviour is replete, from beginning to end, with admirable precepts for these purposes ; and these precepts, with their applications, general and particular, we learn from that science which we call moral theology.

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6. This doctrine we distinguish from moral philosophy, or the simple doctrine of ethics; because Jesus Christ has made known, in his divine morality, a far greater degree of perfection than is discoverable by the mere light of human reason. For the renouncing of self-interest and private pleasure, the forgiveness of offences, the love of his enemies, the triumph over destructive passions, and many other like virtues, the Christian is alone indebted to the doctrines of Jesus Christ.

7. In order to shew, moreover, in a few words, of how easy, just, and natural, application, all these precepts are susceptible, we shall here give a few instances. It is our duty to love God. Now, nothing is more natural than to feel a lively and penetrating pleasure in the contemplation of the united perfection of the supreme Being; nothing more natural than a desire to please him, and to render him propitious to us: and, as it is not possible for us weak creatures to do him either good or evil, all our power to please him consists in offering him an upright heart; a rational devotion; to be possessed of gratitude towards him; and to exert all possible efforts to accomplish the end of our creation. It is our duty to love all mankind: and yet we inflict pains and chastisement on some of them; we even put them to death: but we chastise them only to make them better, to prevent them from becoming pernicious to society in general: We retrench the number of the living, as we cut off the corrupted branch of a tree in whose preservation we are interested. It is because we love mankind that we endeavour to prevent the destruction of the good by the malignity of the wicked: but it must ever be an indispensable necessity alone that can compel us to chastisement. It is our duty, likewise, to feel a kind of love for other creatures, even for mere animals: nevertheless, we harass, we oppose, we destroy, them. If we harass them wantonly, to support a criminal luxury, or to satisfy a brutal pleasure; if we pursue a savage chase, or encourage combat between animals themselves, or other like horrible diversions, we act contrary both to the letter and the spirit of the gospel. But if we destroy a part of these animals, to serve us as an indispensable nourishment to man, (observing, at the same time, to put them to the least misery possible, and take all necessary care for the preservation of the species,) we act conformably to the laws of nature and morality: we employ, to our own preservation and to that of the rest of mankind, what appears destined to that purpose by the Creator.

8. Moral theology likewise differs from philosophy inasmuch as it requires that our virtues be absolutely disinterested: it enjoins us to fly the evil and pursue the good merely as our duty towards God: it admits, indeed, the precept of the love of ourselves

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selves and the love of our neighbour, but it regards this love only as a duty that results from our love towards God ; and that from this principle, that God must love all his creatures, as the work of his hands ; and that we cannot, therefore, from the very nature of love, please him without entertaining sentiments of affection towards those whom the sovereign Lord of the universe vouchsafes his benign regard. Now, as the Christian morality does not regard virtue but as it is a duty towards God, and as it considers all our actions, that have any other motive, either as blameable, or, at least, imperfect, as but little acceptable to the supreme Being, it does not regard the advantages, that result from them to society, but as useful consequences of the true Christian virtue; and from this principle it draws new arguments for the encouraging of mankind to the practice of it.

9. From what has been said, a second difference arises between Christianity and philosophy. The first adds to the second still new motives to the practice of virtue: that of redemption and pardon, obtained by Jesus Christ, is not one of the least: its argument is this: if God hath so loved mankind as to afford them the means by which the evil, caused by their own fault, may be abolished, it would be the greatest of all ingratitude and malice, towards himself, if man should not endeavour to acknowledge this love, to merit it, and to embrace the means of pleasing God. A third motive, taken also from the merit of Jesus Christ, here offers itself as an auxiliary to the two former. According to the Christian doctrine, man has not, by nature, the power to practise all those virtues which are agreeable to God; but the same doctrine teaches, on the other hand, the conditions by which it is possible to please that most holy and perfect being; and gives the Christian hope, also, that he shall never labour in vain.

10. Lastly, the Christian morality is of far greater efficacy, in adversity, than philosophy: it carries with it a wonderful consolation in misfortune, and even in the hour of death; for the Christian may say, with the apostle, that *Godliness* (or the practice of evangelical morals) *is, in all things, profitable; having the promise of the present life, and of that which is to come.*

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THE great Author of our being has wisely annexed pleasure to the practice of virtue, and pain to the commission of vice. This the experience of past generations has sufficiently proved: for, since happiness cannot be derived from sensual gratifications, common to brutes, the virtuous man has the advantage

vantage of the irreligious even in this life. It is religion alone that introduces the most solid and lasting satisfaction of mind ; it tunes the passions to harmony, opens the most delightful prospects, spreads serenity over the conscience, and produces a heart-felt joy in every scene of life.

The irreligious multitude are often prejudiced against a life of virtue from a mistaken apprehension, that, in renouncing impiety, they must bid adieu to all the pleasures of this world. But we find that the wisest and most opulent of men was of a different opinion : " Her ways (says the inspired monarch, speaking of religious wisdom) are ways of pleasantness ; all her paths are peace." One cause, why the vicious part of mankind has formed wrong ideas of religion, has been the austere garb in which some visionary zealots have represented it : they have shrouded its beauty with the veil of superstition, and represented the Deity as only pleased with that mortification and severity of manners which a convent exhibits. This has occasioned many to banish all serious reflection, and give themselves up to the dominion of their passions. But religion is of another nature ; it expands the mind, enlarges the prospect, corrects only the inordinate desires of vanity, regulates the conduct, and, in a holy transport, exalts the soul to the contemplation of its greatest good : she exhibits this world, and all its delusive scenes, in their true colours ; strips off the veil, and delineates that beyond the grave in its genuine grandeur.

The pleasures which religion offers are founded on a rock, whose foundation can never be moved ; while those exhibited by vice are built on the fluctuating quicksands of wavering opinion. Stability and duration is written on the former ; deception and a speedy decay is the inscription worn by the latter. Religion calms the passions, and is an inexhaustible source of comfort to those in whose breast she dwells. Hence it is that religious people are so chearful and happy in themselves, even when precarious fortune denies her smiles, or disappointment blasts their most sanguine expectations. These look upon worldly honours, riches, and glory, with a philosophic indifference ; and see them in their proper colours, as delusive enjoyments, whose total amount is vanity and vexation of spirit. These glory in being possessed of riches infinitely superior to all the pomp of state or the fleeting splendor of a crown ; — riches which never will decay. Nor will their happiness vanish into air when the soul is quitting this brittle tenement of clay ; for in that solemn season they are, of all men, the most happy, and meet death with a satisfaction unknown to sinners ; their faith in the divine veracity supports them in the agonies of dissolution, and casts a mantle of light over all its gloomy horrors. Before
this

this period they saw their future bliss through the veil of mortality; but this being now broken, it beams in full radiance on the soul. Thus they triumph in the awful hour of death, and their hearts exult with joy, as the glorious prospect of futurity opens upon them; like some weary traveller, who has long wandered in foreign climes, when he at length revisits his native shore. Such, nay, infinitely greater, is the joy of the real Christian, when he rises from the scenes of mortality to repose for ever in the radiance of celestial day. There he will drink at those pure rivers of pleasure which gently glide through the heavenly Eden, and, in the emphatical language of the apostle, *be filled with all the fullness of God.*

Surely, the consideration of such felicity being in store for us may cheer the hearts of the religious under the deepest afflictions they meet with in their passage through this *vale of tears*. If the Lord Almighty be the object of their love, on earth, he will be their everlasting joy and crown of rejoicing when time shall be no more.

But different, far different, is the state of the irreligious part of mankind, who make a mock of Christianity, and look upon its votaries as fools or deluded enthusiasts. These, doubtless, are in pursuit of pleasure, but, alas! seldom find it; something, that assumes its form, engages, indeed, their attention, but cannot satisfy their desires. Poison is mingled in the cup, and every rose contains a secret thorn. All that they enjoy, in their ways of sin, is so far beneath the notice of a reasonable being, that it merits not the name of pleasure: yet, so great is the deceiveableness of vanity, numbers are allured from the paths of virtue and peace to wander in uncertainty, and exchange, for mere phantoms, the refined pleasures attending religion; pleasures that will never cloy or decay, but receive new lustre and continual improvement from familiarity and recollection; pleasures which affliction, accidents, nor age, never can impair, but which will remain the same through all the vicissitudes of time, and even parallel with endless duration. Allow me, therefore, to expostulate with such as have not yet forsaken the paths of vice: Have you found any true happiness therein? Why will you not ingenuously review the part you have acted? Why, like the timid hare on the approach of the hunter, do you fly, from retirement and self-inspection, to company and diversions that are worse than unprofitable? Lay your hand upon your heart, and answer me ingenuously: Is it not the accusing voice of conscience that you would endeavour to stifle by these poor expedients? They may, indeed, give you a momentary relief, but will not silence that voice for ever. A period is approaching when conscience will be heard; and her voice will

dreadfully reverberate when nothing can interpose to soften its sound. Have you been engaged in hoarding up wealth ; unprofitable, because unemployed ? is this the deity you are worshipping ? In this you only find the representation of happiness : riches can afford you no relief in the last hours of life : death disdains the acceptance of a bribe, and gold will not be current in the regions of immortality.

X. Y. Z.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

*Account of the Jewish Excommunications, from JOHN COLERUS's
Life of SPINOSA.*

I Have often endeavoured to get some of the forms used by the Jews in their excommunications, but it was in vain ; I could never find any Jew that could or would impart any of them to me. But, at last, the learned Mr. Surenhusius, professor of the eastern languages, in the illustrious school of Amsterdam, and who has a perfect knowledge of the customs and writings of the Jews, gave me the form of the ordinary and general excommunication, which they use to separate from their body all those who live an ill life and disobey the law. It is taken out of the ceremonial of the Jews called Colbo, and I had it translated into Latin : but it may be read in Mr. Seiden's treatise *de Jure Naturæ & Gentium*, l. iv. c. 7. pag. 524. We have thought fit to translate and insert it, in this place, for the satisfaction of the reader.

The Form of the general Excommunication used among the Jews.

ACCORDING to what has been decreed in the council of angels, and definitively determined in the assembly of the saints, we reject, banish, and declare to be cursed and excommunicated, agreeably to the will of God and of his church, by virtue of the book of the law, and of the six hundred and thirteen precepts contained therein. We pronounce the same interdiction used by Joshua, with respect to the city of Jericho ; the same curse wherewith Elisha cursed those wanton and insolent children, as well as his servant Gehazi ; the same anathema used by Barak, with respect to Meros ; the same excommunication used antiently by the members of the great council, and which Jehuda, the son of Ezekiel, did likewise thunder against his servant, as it is observed in the Gemara, under the title Kedeschim, pag. 70. lastly, without excepting any of the curses, anathemas, interdictions, and excommunications, which have

have been fulminated from the time of Moses, our law-giver, to this present day, we pronounce them all, in the name of Achthariel, who is also called Jah, the Lord of Hosts; in the name of the great prince Michael; in the name of Metatteron, whose name is like that of his master; in the name of Sardaliphon, whose ordinary employment consists in presenting flowers and garlands to his master, that is, in offering the prayers of the children of Israel before the throne of God; lastly, in that name which contains two and forty letters, *viz.*

In the name of him who appeared to Moses in the bush; in that name by which Moses opened and divided the waters of the Red-Sea; in the name of him who said *I am that I am, and who shall be*; by the mysterious depths of the great name of God, JEHOVA; by his holy commandments engraved upon the two tables of the law; lastly, in the name of the Lord God of Hosts, who sits above the cherubim; in the name of the globes, wheels, and mysterious beasts, which Ezekiel saw; in the name of all the holy angels who stand before the Most High, being always ready to execute his orders; we excommunicate all and every one of the children of Israel, sons and daughters, who does, in any manner whatsoever, voluntarily transgress even one of the commandments of the church, which ought to be kept religiously and with the greatest respect. Let him be cursed by the Lord God of Israel, who sits above the cherubim, whose holy and dreadful name was pronounced by the high-priest in the great day of propitiation. Let him be cursed in heaven and on earth, by the very mouth of the Almighty God. Let him be cursed in the name of the great prince Michael; in the name of Metatteron, whose name is like that of his master. [The letters of the word Metatteron make up the same number with the word Schadai, the Almighty, *viz.* three hundred and fourteen.] Let him be cursed in the name of Achthariel Jah, who presides over battles from the Lord; in the name of those holy beasts and mysterious wheels; let him be cursed by the very mouth of the seraphim; lastly, let him be cursed in the name of those ministering angels who are always present before God, to serve him in all purity and holiness.

Was he born in Nisan, (March,) a month, the direction whereof is assigned to Uriel, and to the angels of his company, let him be cursed by the mouth of Uriel, and by the mouth of the angels whereof he is the head.

Was he born in Ijar, (April,) a month, the direction whereof is assigned to the angel Zephaniel, and to the angels of his company, let him be cursed by the mouth of Zephaniel, and by the mouth of all the angels whereof he is the head.

Was he born in the month of Sivan, (May,) the direction whereof belongs to the angel called Amniel, let him be cursed by the mouth of Amniel, and by the mouth of all the angels of his company.

Was he born in Thamnus, (June,) a month, the direction whereof is assigned to the angel Peniel, let him be cursed by the mouth of Peniel, and by the mouth of the angels whereof he is the head.

Was he born in the month of Abh, (July,) a month, the direction whereof is assigned to the angel Barkiel, and to those of his company, let him be cursed by the mouth of Barkiel, and by the mouth of the angels whereof he is the head.

Was he born in the month called Elul, (August,) the direction whereof is assigned to the angel Periel, and to the angels of his company, let him be cursed by the mouth of Periel, and by the mouth of all the angels whereof he is the head.

Was he born in Tisri, (September,) a month, the direction whereof is committed to Zuriel, and to the angels of his company, let him be cursed by the mouth of Zuriel, and by the mouth of all the angels of whom he is the head.

Was he born in the month called Marcheseh, (October,) the direction whereof is committed to Zachariel, and to the angels of his company, let him be cursed by the mouth of Zachariel, and by the mouth of all the angels of whom he is the head.

Was he born in Hisleu, (November,) a month, the direction whereof is assigned to the angel Adoniël, and to those of his company, let him be cursed by the mouth of Adoniël, and by the mouth of the angels of whom he is the head.

Was he born in Tevat, (December,) a month, the direction whereof is committed to the angel Anael, and to the angels of his company, let him be cursed by the mouth of Anael, and by the mouth of the angels of whom he is the head.

Was he born in Schevat, (January,) a month, the direction whereof is assigned to the angel Gabriel, and to those of his company, let him be cursed by the mouth of Gabriel, and by the mouth of the angels of whom he is the head.

Was he born in Adar, (February,) a month, the direction whereof is assigned to the angel Rumiël, and to those of his company, let him be cursed by the mouth of Rumiël, and by the mouth of all the angels of whom he is the head.

Let him be cursed by the mouth of the seven angels who preside over the seven days of the week, and by the mouth of all the angels who follow them and fight under their banners. Let him be cursed by the mouth of the four angels who are appointed

ed over the four seasons of the year, and by the mouth of all the angels who follow them and fight under their banners. Let him be cursed by the mouth of the seven principalities. Let him be cursed by the mouth of the prince of the law, whose name is Crown and Seal. In a word, let him be cursed by the mouth of the strong, powerful, and dreadful, God. We beseech the great God to confound such a man, and to hasten the day of his fall and destruction. May God, the God of spirits, depress him under all flesh, extirpate, destroy, exterminate, and annihilate him. The secret judgements of the Lord, the most contagious storms and winds, will fall upon the heads of impious men; the exterminating angels will fall upon them. Which way soever the impious man turn, he will never find any thing but contradiction, obstacles, and curses. His soul, at his death, will forsake his body, being delivered up to the quickest sense of fear, horror, and anguish. It will be then impossible for him to avoid the blow of death and the judgements of God. God sends the sharpest and most violent evils upon him. Let him perish by the sword, by a hot fever, by a consumption, being dried up with fire within, and covered with leprosie and imposthumes without. Let God pursue him till he be altogether destroyed and exterminated. The impious man's breast shall be pierced through with his own sword; his bow shall be broken; he will be like the straw, which is scattered by the wind: the angel of the Lord will pursue him in darkness, in slippery places, where the paths and issues of the wicked are: his destruction will fall out when he expects it least: he will find himself taken in the snare which he had laid in private: being driven from the face of the earth, he will go from light to eternal darkness: oppression and anguish will seize upon him on every side: his eyes shall see his condemnation: he will drink the cup of the indignation of the Lord, whose curses will cover him as his own garments: the earth shall swallow him up: God will exterminate him, and shut him for ever out of his house. Let God never forgive him his sins. Let the wrath and indignation of the Lord surround him, and smother for ever upon his head. Let all the curses, contained in the book of the law, fall upon him. Let God blot him out of his book; let God separate him, to his own destruction, from all the tribes of Israel, and give him, for his lot, all the curses contained in the book of the law.

As for you, who are still living, serve the Lord your God, who blessed Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, Aaron, David, Solomon, the prophets of Israel, and so many good men, dispersed among the gentiles. May it please the great God to shower his blessings upon this holy assembly, and upon the other
holy

holy assemblies, and the members thereof: God keep them all under his holy protection, (except that man only who transgresses our present declaration.) God preserve them in his great mercy, and deliver them from all sorts of misery and oppression. God grant them all a great many years: let him bless and prosper all their undertakings. Lastly, may the great God grant them shortly the great deliverance, which they expect with all Israel; and thus let his good will and pleasure be fulfilled. Amen.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Thoughts on Civilization.

“Happy times, when men, inhabiting woods, fed on acorns, which bountiful nature produced in abundance, without culture! From the moment they began to build cities and to unite in political society, vices, the basest and most infamous, have taken up their abode amongst them; sincerity, integrity, and honesty, are supplanted by perjury, oppression, deceit, and hypocrisy.”

BY the accounts of travellers and historians, we learn, that, in barbarous nations, where mankind are nearly upon a level, and but few superfluities are to be met with, the inhabitants seem not only to be contented with the bare necessities of life, but to enjoy no inconsiderable degree of positive happiness: their constitutions are adapted to the clime, and their few natural appetites or desires are gratified without much labour, or the inquietude of corroding care, so generally experienced in the civilized parts of the world, where a thirst for superfluities is at least equal to that for the common necessities of life. The barbarian has nothing to lose, therefore nothing to fear from robbers; and indeed has scarcely an idea of theft in a country where there is so little private property. His countrymen being on a level with himself, and urged by necessity to pursue the same means to satisfy the wants of nature, there is not an object to excite his envy. Each of his neighbours shares the same fatigues, is exposed to the same dangers, and has as few cares and fears as himself. He has no rent or taxes to raise, nor knows the use of that god of civilized nations, called money: he rests contented on the surface of the earth, and has no motive to ransack its bowels; his native country yielding him what his few natural appetites require, he has not a desire to stir an inch beyond the shore that bounds a free empire, enjoyed in common, to encounter the perils of the sea, which he looks upon

upon with astonishment, without a wish to ford it, or to measure either its extent or circumference. I have already said enough, I presume, to excite either the pity or contempt of many, who may read this letter: the many advantages of civilization will occur to their thoughts in a pleasing succession. Let us anticipate what may be urged on the subject. "The savages are elevated but little above the brutes among whom they live and upon whom they prey; they have scarcely any idea of a God, or of the laws of nature; they gaze on the heavens, while they traverse the earth, but know nothing of the philosophy of either, from which so much pleasure is derived to civilized people; unacquainted with the liberal arts and sciences, and untaught in letters, their life is merely sensual, and they cannot enjoy much more than a pack of hounds or strolling foxes, whose cunning and mode of life are little inferior to some of the savages; both are creatures of prey, though of different species; one takes shelter in holes under-ground, and the other in nasty huts on the surface of it." To this it may be replied, a few, in civilized nations, may boast of superior advantages to the savages, but the greater part, in all nations, can justly claim none, either as to useful knowledge, mode of living, or happiness.

In civilized countries, a *great majority* of mankind are illiterate paupers, mere slaves to the *minority*, and have little else than rags and wretchedness which they can call their own: they are employed, from morning till night, to support beings of the same species in idleness and luxury, while they can scarcely get bread for themselves and families. The millions of mankind, employed in agriculture, cannot earn more, *per week*, than what even many reputed sober tradesmen expend in one evening at a tavern: on an average, husbandmen, throughout this nation, are not paid more than six shillings *per week* for their labour; and many workmen, in several branches of manufacture, not more than nine: with so small a pittance, thousands have to pay house-rent, and maintain a family in food and cloathing, consisting of eight persons. — Let my reader now make a pause, and impartially compare the life of a civilized peasant with a savage Indian's.

The Indian's hut is his own, and not inferior to the peasant's rented cottage: having been accustomed, from his birth, to go almost naked, he knows neither the want of cloaths nor the many inconveniences which a too great indulgence in that article has introduced in civilized nations: he ranges the woods at pleasure, which spontaneously afford him a plenty of every necessary of life: the same tree yields him, *tax-free*, at once, both food and firing; and the peerless spring a simple, wholesome,
unexcised,

unexcised, beverage : he fears no jail, for he can contract no debt which, if he cannot pay, will not be easily forgiven : without much toil, and with less anxiety, he subsists on earth the time allotted him, and goes, at length, out of the world, fondly expecting that he shall enter into a better country.

The civilized peasant has neither a house nor foot of land, on earth, which he can call his own ; nor can he tread out of certain prescribed bounds, marked out by authority, without being liable to an action of trespass : he sees, indeed, a variety of delicious fruits, produced by land which he has contributed to cultivate, but it is at his peril that he plucks any of it without the leave of the man called its owner. Twelve hours, out of every twenty-four, he is doomed to hard labour, to maintain others at ease ; many of whom have no better employment than to find fault with the food served up to their mouths, and to curse the hand that has provided it for them. While the peasant sees thousands around him to whose proper name of *man* the epithet of *gentle* is added, instead of the more proper one, *lazy*. These riot in idleness, on the best of the *flour*, the *wine*, and the *oil*, and are clothed with the *finest of the flax* ; while thousands, whose lives are passed in the most laborious employments, live, as it were, on dunghills, and with difficulty acquire a sufficient quantity of the meanest food and cloathing, to satisfy their hunger and cover their nakedness, and enjoy nothing but the *air* and *light* in common with the rich ; and these, like God's grace, are communicated to all and cannot be monopolized, or the poor would be made to pay as dearly for the benefits of them as they do for their daily bread, made of the corn which they sowed, reaped, and threshed : and when, through age and infirmities, they are rendered incapable of labour, they are sent to linger out their few remaining days in a work-house, where a little morsel, sparingly handed to them by weight and measure, is given grudgingly, while they are obliged silently to bear the insults of tyrants, called overseers ; many of whom are as void of sympathy as of good sense or honesty, and treat the paupers under their care no better than they do their dogs. * The poor peasant is also liable to many other evils, (which the Indian, who can only boast of freedom, is a stranger to, and for which his language has no words, and of which he has even no idea, unless he has had correspondence with Europeans,) some of which I intend to particularize in a future letter ; but I cannot omit instancing one, the very idea of which makes humanity shudder ; I mean a *prison*. If a poor man, urged by mere necessity, contracts a trifling debt, which he is incapable of paying,

* See an ingenious pamphlet, by John Sest of Amwell, entitled Thoughts on vagrant and parochial Poor. Sold by Dilly.

he may be dragged, by his avaritious unfeeling creditor, from his wife and children to a noisome prison, and confined there for life, or till a special act of grace releases him; while tradesmen and merchants, many of whom (through knavery and extravagance of every kind) have contracted debts to the amount of 100000*l.* after paying even but one shilling in the pound, are suffered to go at large. The laws of civilized countries make no difference, in the degrees of punishment, between great and little offenders, or an undesigned necessary failure, in point of moral obligation, as to pecuniary debts, and the premeditated voluntary offence of errant cheats and impostors. The industrious and honest debtor, who is incapable of making restitution, and the indolent knave, who lives by indirectly levying contributions on the industrious public, in the eye of the law are equally criminal, and obnoxious to the same punishment. Such are the laws of men and the policy of civilized countries.

This evil may, perhaps, be more easily pointed out than a remedy found for it, which would not prove, upon the whole, worse than the disease: it is, however, in the power of a creditor to make that distinction which the legislature may be incapable of doing with propriety: and if an honest debtor is treated with the same severity as the knavish one, the "*sin lies at his door.*"

CATO.

The editor does not hold himself accountable for the notions contained in this letter, nor, indeed, for any of his correspondents; they are submitted to the judgement of the public; and any animadversions upon them, decently made, shall have a place in the Monthly Ledger. The editor thinks there are some hints, contained in the essay above, which, in these times of luxury and extravagance, may serve to correct some growing evils, amongst the superior classes of mankind, and contribute to abate that pride, petulance, and self-importance, which are apparent in many characters. The disparity among mankind, in civilized nations, is too great to be defended by any rational arguments; and the oppression of the poor, who, upon the whole, are as good moralists, and have not less merit, than the generality of the rich, is too notorious to be denied with a good grace, or to be advocated by the wise and worthy of any party. The unremitted manual labour of every honest man is entitled at least to a competent share of the necessaries of life; and, when the price of labour is not proportionate to the acquisition of such articles, industry must be discouraged, and the indolent life of an Indian, in the wilds of America, is preferable to a poor husbandman's and some mechanics, in a civilized country of liberty. There is abundant reason for caution, against arrogance and oppression, among those who unmeritedly possess a larger

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Share

share of the blessings of life. By the natural right of mankind, no one can claim more than an equal portion with others; no such partiality exists in a state of nature; the laws of society make the distinction. Let the supercilious man weigh this difference, this *paper wall*, between his title to what he possesses and the pretensions of his poor dependant, and he will find cause to stifle his pride and check his contumely, and to cherish the emotions of sympathy and benevolence. By the constitution of the state and the general consent, the point of right is fixed and certain; we all agree to preserve this right; and, in return, expect the protection of the general body, to confirm to us what has fallen to our several shares: as members of society, we are under an obligation not to violate the rules of this dispensation, and an infringement of them is pronounced equally criminal with a transgression of natural obligations.

Such are the different views of human affairs, under the different constitutions of nature and society: notwithstanding this change, by universal concurrence introduced, it can never be the part of a generous mind, so far to abuse the unmerited advantage, as capriciously to be the author of pain to another. In conferring a distinction on individuals, it was not intended (nor would it have been reasonable) to bestow a liberty of displaying haughtiness and insolence: though subordination is necessary in society, and though the different endeavours and acquisitions of different men are marked by peculiar distinctions, it betrays a want of generosity, and the impotence of a little mind, in persons of an elevated station, to triumph over the inferiority of others, as over the arrogance of a defeated foe: they should rather treat them as their UNFORTUNATE FRIENDS, as the late earl of Chesterfield, in his *will*, stiled the meanest servant in his household.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

I Have not any doubt of my ingenious friend Apyrexia's ability to make proper observations on your correspondent's reply to his defence of inoculation, nor do I wish to supersede him in that business; but, as I am fully convinced that the practice has proved beneficial to thousands of individuals, it gives me pain to think its progress should be in any degree impeded, without just cause; I therefore take the liberty to communicate a few hints which have occurred to me on the subject.

Your correspondent allows the objection is rightly understood to be confined to this ground, "That, more persons having died of the small-pox, in London, since the introduction of inoculation

culatation than before, and in apparent progression with the increase of that practice, it is inferred, that the practice itself, under its present mode, is injurious to society." But the inference, in this case, does not appear justly deducible from the premises. Circumstances may so differ, that the practice may be injurious in one place and beneficial in an other; and, if the injury in the former does not exceed the benefit in the latter, the practice cannot be deemed injurious upon the whole. But, if more persons have died in London, since the introduction of inoculation, and fewer in other places, the balance will no longer stand in equilibrium, but incline in favour of the practice.

I have been witness to the progress of inoculation, from the introduction of the Suttonian method, through a very considerable part of a populous country: at the introduction of that method, the subjects, obnoxious to the disease, were more numerous, in proportion to the exempts, than they could possibly be in London at any period. Baron Dimsdale, under whose direction a principal share of the practice was conducted, was not deficient in imposing such restrictions on his patients as he thought necessary for the public safety; but I believe these restrictions were not very scrupulously regarded. There were practitioners, whose practice was by no means inconsiderable, and whose restrictions were less strenuously imposed and more frequently broken; yet few instances of infection, from inoculation, were heard of; that there were not twenty times more was matter of surprize to those acquainted with the contagious nature of the disease, and is to me an irrefragable proof of the truth of what I have asserted, That more mischief is likely to be done by one patient, in the natural confluent disease, than by fifty inoculated patients, under the present mode of management. Your correspondent may probably object, that there might be many more instances of infection, from inoculation, at the time I have mentioned, than could possibly come to my knowledge. But those, who know most of the country, know, that it is a place where things cannot be secreted; a transaction at ten miles distance is more talked of than a transaction at two streets distance, in London. The practice was the general topic of conversation, I was far from being uninquisitive about its success, and there were opponents of it who would have made their advantage of any injury which it might have produced.

Now, if inoculation was productive of so small a proportion of injury in one county, what reason is there to suppose it chargeable with a greater proportion in other counties: it cannot be supposed that the small-pox, either natural or inoculated, is less infectious in Hertfordshire than in Essex, Kent, or Suffolk;

nor will it be admitted that the inhabitants of one county are less susceptible of infection than those of another.

But it will be said, that the increase of mortality, from the small-pox, in London, is a fact; and how is that fact to be accounted for? For my own part, I do not believe that inoculation has had any considerable share in producing this effect; if it has, it is solely from the partial, instead of universal, practice of it. I have not the least doubt, that, could the prejudiced surmount their prejudices, and the poor surmount their poverty, and inoculation become as general, throughout London, as it was in Hertfordshire, in 1766 and 1767, the article of small-pox, in the first succeeding year's bill of mortality, would, instead of increasing, sink to 100; and, in a year or two more, to less than twenty.

As the small-pox cannot be supposed to be more mortal than heretofore, when hot medicines and hot chambers were in use, if there is an increase in the number of deaths, there must likewise be an increase in the number of patients; but I appeal to the observation of every person, who walks the streets of London, whether objects of terror, from the ravages of this distemper, are so frequently visible as heretofore; the increase of the number of patients must therefore be among children, who are more confined to the house than adults.

Indeed, I cannot suppose inoculation to be practised sufficiently in London, at present, to cause either an increment or decrement in the small-pox article in the bills of mortality: on the contrary, I believe the sole origin of the apparent increment to be nothing more or less than what I hinted in my former essay, *viz.* an increase in the number of inhabitants in London. I cannot think bills of mortality a proper basis whereon to build calculations for ascertaining the populousness of a large city. It is, indeed, one of the fashionable notions, that population in this country, especially in London, has been on the decline; but this notion, at least with respect to London, is, I believe, without foundation. Your correspondent quotes Dr. Price as estimating the number of inhabitants in London at 651580; this calculation is founded on the bills of mortality; but, if we calculate by the bills of mortality, we shall find the inhabitants of London, in the 12 years from 1674 to 1687, to have been more numerous than in the 12 years from 1750 to 1763, the burials in the first 12 years being 252786, and in the second 12 years 251986. But, by a map of London, 1673, I see that little or nothing was then built in Goodman's-Fields, much less in Spitalfields than is at present, and all to the North of Piccadilly was open ground. Can it be rationally supposed, that all these additions of building, to the amount of perhaps

one fourth of the whole city, have added nothing to the number of inhabitants? I call upon the advocates for the doctrine of a declining population in London, to point out, in the whole extent of the bills of mortality, one spot of ground, of any considerable dimensions, antiently inhabited and now deserted. But it is said, the luxury of the present age requires greater room, and that the number of people, consequently, is not proportionable to the number of houses. But rents have advanced and the price of labour has not, or, if it has, the price of provision has more than kept pace with it; the poor, therefore, cannot afford to occupy more room than formerly, but such as inhabited only half a house, heretofore, must inhabit only half a house still: nor is it to be supposed that many large houses have been erected upon the ruins of cottages. I recollect very few, if any, instances of this circumstance. There is no reason to think that the trade of London has declined: and trade cannot be carried on without the poor; there is, therefore, no reason to think that the number of the poor is diminished. As to the upper tradesmen, the time, I believe, was never known when one house served two or three families; and the houses of the upper tradesmen, though they have been mostly rebuilt, are mostly rebuilt on the same ground. Instances of two houses, converted into one, may be met with, but such instances are not very frequent. Many houses, perhaps, towards the western part of the metropolis, which were formerly the town-residences of the gentry, are now inhabited by traders; but this cannot make an alteration in the number of inhabitants; and therefore the new city, to the North of Piccadilly, to which the gentry are now migrated, must be an entire new addition of population. The houses also, in this new city, large as they are, must be pretty well replenished by the great superfluity of servants kept by the higher ranks of society. It is also a fact, not to be controverted, that there has been a greater resort of these ranks to London, for some years past, than was known in the days of our ancestors. But it will be said, if the number of inhabitants be so much increased, why are the bills of mortality increased in the article of small-pox only? I apprehend, as before hinted, because the general healthiness of the city is augmented, in consequence of the present fashionable improvements. There are diseases which derive their origin from nastiness; and these, as cleanliness more and more prevails, must become less frequent: and there are diseases, which derive their origin from the constitution of the air, which, as that is more or less unfavourable to health, will be more or less prevalent. But the small-pox is a peculiar permanent evil, independent of either of these circumstances, propagated by contagion, and existing, in a greater or less degree,

as it finds subjects obnoxious to its influence. Indeed, I cannot but think the apparent variation, in the bills of mortality, during different periods, may, with much more probability and justice, be attributed to a difference in the healthiness of the seasons, during such periods, than to an alteration in the number of inhabitants. In the 21 years, from 1730 to 1752, we find the total amount of the bills of mortality, by your correspondent's table is 539470; in the 21 years, from 1752 to 1773, we find the total amount is 465809. Now, if we attempt to account for the difference in the amount of the deceased, from a difference in the number of the people, and suppose, that, while the city has evidently encreased in extent, it has decreased in population, we have no facts to countenance our opinion; but, on the other hand, if we attempt to account for it from a difference in the salubrity of the seasons, such facts by no means are wanting. In the year 1733, the bill rose from 23358 to 29233; a sudden advance that cannot be attributed to any sudden ingress of people: but it is known that an epidemic catarrh, soon after the commencement of that year, raised the weekly bills to 1588, 1166, &c. It is also known, that, in the years 1739, 1740, 1741, 1742, a fatal fever became universally epidemic, not only in London, but many other parts of England; the fever-article, in the bills of those years, amounted to 3344, 4003, 7528, 5108; and the convulsion-article to 7371, 8479, 8250, 6820. In 1743, a catarrh again, in March and April, raised the bills to 1013, 1448, 1026, &c.

In 1746, the article of fevers amounted to 4167, and that of convulsions to 6952. If these articles are compared with the corresponding ones in later bills, the reason of the difference, in the general amount of mortality, will be obvious. To this may be added, that the general health was probably affected by another circumstance. The practice of drinking spirituous liquors is now too prevalent, but, about the period when London was supposed to contain the greatest number of inhabitants, it was much more so; as the endeavours to restrain it, by the enacting of the gin-act, sufficiently demonstrate: and of the increased mortality, which must be consequent on an increased use of spirituous liquors, every one must be convinced.

Your correspondent, in his table of bills of mortality, has omitted 8 years, *viz.* from 1723 to 1731. But they certainly should have had their share in forming the general conclusion, whatever that conclusion might have been.

I acknowledge myself deceived in the instance of calculation mentioned by your correspondent; the mistake was the effect of inattention: but all calculations, formed on comparison of the whole amount of deaths, by all diseases, and the whole amount

of deaths by the small-pox, must be fallible, if the fluctuations in the annual bills of mortality are affected not by an increase or decrease in the number of people, but by a variation in the salubrity of the seasons.

J. S.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

I Now sit down to lay before the public some observations on Dr. Ogilvie's poem on the general judgement: a poem, in which the sublimity of Milton and the harmony of Pope are united. In making the following remarks, I am not biassed by any that may have been formerly made; for I have never seen any critical observations thereon, or even what sentence the reviewers past upon it.

This poem, though equal in merit to almost any production in the present age, appears to have hitherto been one of those "flowers" whose lot it was, as an elegant writer expresses it,

To blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

After a modest invocation to the muse, the poet introduces a sketch of his august subject in the following exordium.

*I leave, unbedeet, ev'ry mortal care,
The victor's pomp, and all the scenes of war:
A nobler aim invites my song to rise:
No praise I sing but his beyond the skies:
No scenes but nature's burning vaults display'd:
No pow'r but that which wakes the sleeping dead.
My theme how vast! The sun's extinguish'd rays;
Ten thousand stars in one devouring blaze;
That doom the guilty wretch must dread to bear;
The last loud trump that stops the rolling sphere;
The crowds that burst from heav'n's dissolving frame;
All heav'n descending, and a world on flame.*

Immediately after this, follows an animated invocation to the supreme Being, which begins with the following sublime lines.

*O thou, whose bands the bolted thunder form;
Whose wings the whirlwind, and whose breath the storm;
Tremendous God! —*

In describing this grand event, the poet supposes himself in a dream, and conveyed, by a seraph, to an elevated station in the air; from whence, with enlarged *ken*, he beheld the expanded surface of the globe, with its kingdoms, cities, mountains, and seas,

seas, spread beneath him, and that he is a witness of the awful scenes he describes.

Agreeable to the opinion of divers before him, he represents the dissolution of universal nature as occasioned by the approach of a comet to the sun, in such direction as for its tail to intercept the earth in her orbit. His description of this comet is grand and poetical.

*But now, with terror, rising on the sight,
A burning comet flash'd unusual light :
Quick as the wind the wing'd destruction came
O'er all the void, and drew a length of flame ;
Shap'd through the parting clouds its dreadful way,
And pour'd on earth intolerable day.
At once the cave its inmost void displays,
The waving forests catch the spreading blaze ;
The earth no more its central fire contains.*

After having, with great beauty of numbers, recounted the various lands and empires, with all the magnificent scenery of art and nature, which must now be wrapt in universal destruction, he introduces an angel, descending, and announcing a period to time and all terrestrial things. The sublimity and grandeur, exhibited in this part of the poem, will, I am convinced, be a sufficient excuse, to the intelligent reader, for the length of the quotation.

*When, lo! a cloud, just op'ning on the view,
Illum'd, with dazling light, th'etherial blue :
On its broad breast a mighty angel came,
His eyes were lightning, and his robes of flame ;
O'er all his form the circling glories run,
And his face lighten'd as the blazing sun :
His limbs with heav'n's aerial vesture glow,
And o'er his head was hung the sweepy bow.*

*Sublime he tower'd! keen terror arm'd his eyes,
And grasp'd the redning bolt that rends the skies :
One foot stood firmly on th'extended plain,
Secure, and none repell'd the bounding main :
His arm he shook ; — the light'ning burst away,
Through heav'n's dark concave gleam'd the paly ray ;
Roar'd the loud bolt, tremendous, through the gloom.
And peals on peals prepar'd th'impending doom.*

These dreadful words he spoke :

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" Be dark, thou sun, in one eternal night ;
 And cease, thou moon, to rule with paler light ;
 Ye planets, drop from these dissolving skies ;
 Rend, all ye tombs ; and, all ye dead, arise ;
 Ye winds, be still ; ye tempests, rave no more ;
 And roll, thou deep, thy millions to the shore ;
 Earth, be dissolv'd, with all these worlds on high ;
 And, time, be lost in vast eternity.
 Now, by creation's dread tremendous Sire,
 Who sweeps these stars, as atoms, in his ire ;
 By heav'n's omnipotent unconquer'd King ;
 By him who rides the rapid whirlwind's wing ;
 Who reigns supreme in his august abode ;
 Forms or confounds with one commanding nod ;
 Who wraps in black'ning clouds his awful brow ;
 Whose glance, like lightning, looks all nature through ;
 By him I swear

That time shall be no more."

He spoke ; (all nature groan'd a loud reply :)
 Then shook the sun, and tore him from the sky.

I think this last thought is one of the boldest that poetry can furnish. The image is, in the highest degree, grand and sublime. The idea it conveys, of the power of such superior beings ; of an angel, arrayed in all the terrors of majesty, announcing the final dissolution of all nature, and plucking the sun from its sphere, fills the mind with awful astonishment.

If on this, the grandest of all subjects, our poet has given just ground for censure, I think it is in his drawing similes *not equal*, as indeed none can be equal, to the subject. But if any may be indulged, in describing an event so great and awful, I think it is the following.

Shouldst thou behold, in dreadful league combin'd,
 At once great Ætna and Vesuvius join d ;
 Two mighty rivuls, from their center rock,
 Surround the deep, and hide the hills in smoke ;
 Their burning bowels rent, and (dire to name)
 Ev'n suns extinguish'd in the spreading flame !
 Say, what is all, let fire, wind, waves, prevail,
 Compar'd to this ? — A feather and a gale !

That the utmost extent of Ætna's and Vesuvius's flames should be able to contain and extinguish suns, is an obvious impropriety, and cannot be reconciled even in idea. Such also is the supposition of fire extinguishing fire : but such faults are absorbed in the superior lustre of the numerous beauties that this poem contains.

Agreeable to the generally-received opinion, of the resurrection of the *same body*, the poet proceeds to describe the bursting tombs, the grand assemblage of atoms, from the various parts of the earth, air, and waters, and their re-union in bodies infinitely more perfect and beautiful than the present race of mankind. But here he appears guilty of a great impropriety, in comparing new-raised immortal forms to a painting of Raphael's. As the finest productions of the pencil could never equal the beauty of the "human face divine," even in this state of existence, it must certainly be improper to compare them with beings no longer subject to the imperfections of mortality, but renewed in the highest perfection of immortal vigour, beauty, and strength.

In describing the universal concourse of spirits, who assemble to receive their sentence from the supreme Judge, our poet does not confine himself to the narrow limits of this globe, but takes in the whole circle of created nature. As those immense worlds that roll around our sun, or compose the various systems that are disseminated through the unbounded regions of space, are reasonably supposed to be peopled with intelligent beings of various ranks and orders, he supposes that the innumerable millions of beings, which people the immensity of space, will constitute this august assembly.

*Now all appear, ascending from the tomb,
Who breath'd the air, or slumber'd in the womb :
The crowds, that people all th'unbounded skies,
Now rais'd the trembling head, with wild surprize :
Stars, with their num'rous sons, augment the throng ;
Each world's majestic offspring tow'r'd along ;
Thick as the burning sun's meridian rays ;
The hov'ring insects basking in the blaze ;
The swarms that flutter when the day's withdrawn ;
The throng that rises with the rising dawn.*

*Rang'd on a field, by lab'ring angels rear'd,
In dreadful length th'innum'rous host appear'd,
Earth's noblest sons ; the mighty wretched things
Call'd heroes, consuls, Cæsars, judges, kings,
Now swell the crowd.*

Without entering into a consideration of the propriety of assembling the inhabitants of other worlds, the above description must be allowed to be amazingly grand and sublime.

As the limits of one essay will not admit me to finish these observations, I shall resume them, in future, for a succeeding number.

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For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

An Account of Lowestoft.

LOWESTOFT, in Suffolk, a tolerably well-built town, containing between 2 and 3000 inhabitants, is situated about a furlong from the sea, on an eminence, gently rising from South to North, from whence it commands a fine view of the German Ocean, on the one hand, and of the adjacent country and town of Yarmouth, on the other. A point of land, called the Ness, stretching from the North end of the town a good way into the sea, forms, on either side, a bay, which affords perfect security to shipping in strong North or South winds, and renders the roads equal, perhaps superior, to any in the kingdom. From the extremity of this Ness, as well as from the sea, the town is seen to great advantage; the houses on the top of the cliff, a range of fish-houses at the foot of the declivity, and the intervening space, occupied with sloping gardens, make a very agreeable appearance. There are two light-houses, under the management of the Trinity-house, as directories for ships passing safely through the roads in the night, and buoys serve the like purpose in the day. A porcelain manufactory was established there about sixteen years since; which, being pursued with vigour by the proprietors, is now arrived at considerable perfection. But the principal business of the town is its herring-fishery, which commences about the 15th of September and ends about the 20th of November: the quantity of these fish, caught in some seasons, is astonishingly great: they are dried or redded, and always find a ready sale at London, and at the Italian and other foreign markets; being, from the peculiar situation of their drying-houses, and the great attention paid to the process of redding them, deemed much superior to those cured in any other part of England. The mackarel and sprat fisheries are also carried on there. Mackarel, in the months of May and June, they abound with; and the fullest-sized fish in the kingdom are caught there, many of them weighing two pounds each; and from thence the London market is much supplied.

As the nets, employed in these fisheries, require considerable annual repair, much employment is afforded the poor in braiding, &c. The church is a stately building, and there is a lofty spire on the steeple. It is situated half a mile West of the town, probably from an apprehension of incroachments by the sea; but they have a chapel of ease in the town; and there is also a meeting-house for a congregation of protestant dissenters, of the presbyterian

presbyterian persuasion. Within a few years, several elegant bathing-houses have been erected, on an improved construction of those at Margate, and which have induced much genteel company to resort there in the bathing season.

The town stands in a dry healthy situation and salubrious air, is 9 miles East of Beccles, 10 South of Yarmouth, and 112 North-East of London.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

A Dissertation on the Scriptures, from a learned Work.

BIBLE, in Greek *βιβλος*, the Book, is the name which the Christians give, by way of eminence or distinction, to the collection of the sacred writings, or the holy scriptures of the Old and New Testament. The Hebrews call it *Mikra*, which signifies lesson or lecture.

This sacred book is that on which both the Jewish and Christian religion are founded. The Jews, it is true, acknowledge only the scriptures of the Old Testament, the collecting and publishing of which are unanimously ascribed, both by Jews and Christians, to Ezra. Some of the ancient fathers, on no other foundation than that fabulous and apocryphal book, the second book of Esdras, pretend, that the scriptures were entirely lost and destroyed in the Babylonish captivity, and that Ezra restored them all again by divine revelation. What is certain, is, that, in the reign of Josiah, there was no other book of the law extant but that found in the temple by Hilkiah: from which original, by order of that pious king, copies were immediately written out, and search made for all the other parts of the scriptures; by which means copies of the whole became multiplied among the people, who carried them with them into their captivity.

After the return of the Jews, from their Babylonish captivity, Ezra got together as many copies as he could of the sacred writings, and, out of them all, prepared a correct edition; disposing the several books in their proper order, and settling the canon of scripture for his time. These books, he divided into three parts; 1st. the *law*, 2d. the *prophets*, 3d. the *etubim*, or *hagiographia*, i. e. the *holy writings*. Josephus mentions this division, where he says, "We have only twenty-two books which we believe to be of divine authority; of which, five are the books of Moses. From the death of Moses to the reign of Artaxerxes, the son of Xerxes, king of Persia, the prophets, who succeeded Moses, have written in thirteen books: the remaining

maining four books are hymns to God, and moral precepts for the conduct of life. In this division.

The law contains		
1 Genesis,	3 Leviticus,	5 Deuteronomy.
2 Exodus,	4 Numbers,	

The writings of the prophets are

1 Joshua,	6 Jeremiah, with his	10 Job,
2 Judges, with Ruth,	Lamentations,	11 Ezra,
3 Samuel,	7 Ezekiel,	12 Nehemiah,
4 Kings,	8 Daniel,	13 Esther.
5 Isaiah,	9 The 12 minor proph.	

And the hagiographia consist of

1 The Psalms,	3 Ecclesiastes,
2 The Proverbs,	4 The Song of Solomon."

This division was made for reducing the number of the sacred books to the number of the letters in their alphabet, which amount to just twenty-two. At present they reckon twenty-four books in their scriptures; in disposing of which the law stands as it did; the prophets are distinguished into the former and latter prophets.

The former prophets are	{	Joshua,	The latter prophets are	{	Isaiah,
		Judges,			Jeremiah,
		Samuel,			Ezekiel,
		Kings.			The 12 minor proph.

And the hagiographia consist of

The Psalms,	Ruth,	Daniel,
The Proverbs,	The Lamentations,	Ezra,
Job,	Ecclesiastes,	The Chronicles.
The Song of Solom. Esther,		

Under the name of Ezra they comprehend Nehemiah. It is true, this order hath not always been observed; but the variations from it are of little or no moment.

The five books of the law were divided into 54 sections. This division many of the Jews hold to have been appointed by Moses himself; but others, with more probability, ascribe it to Ezra. The design of this division was, that one of these sections might be read in their synagogues every sabbath-day. The number was 54, because, in their intercalated years, (a month being added,) there were 54 sabbaths. In other years they reduced them to 52, by twice joining together two short sections. Till the persecution of Antiochus Epiphanes, they read only the law; but, the reading of it being then prohibited, they substituted, in the room of it, 54 sections out of the

the prophets; and, when the reading of the law was restored by the Maccabees, the section, which was read every sabbath out of the law, served for their first lesson, and the section out of the prophets for their second. These sections were divided into verses, which the Jews call *pesukim*. If Ezra was not the author of this division, it was introduced not long after him, and seems to have been designed for the use of the *targumists*, or *Chaldee interpreters*: for, after the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, when the Hebrew language had ceased to be their mother-tongue, and the Chaldee grew into use instead of it, the custom was, that the law should first be read in the original Hebrew, and then interpreted to the people in the Chaldee language; for which purpose, these shorter sections, or periods, were very convenient.

The division of the holy scriptures into chapters, as we at present have them, is of much later date. Some attribute it to Stephen Langton, archbishop of Canterbury, in the reigns of John and Henry III. But the true author of the invention was Hugo de Sancto Caro, commonly called Hugo Cardinalis, because he was the first Dominican that was ever raised to the degree of cardinal. This Hugo flourished about the year 1240: he wrote a comment upon the scriptures, and projected the first concordance, which is that of the vulgar Latin bible. The aim of this work being for the more easy finding any word or passage in the scriptures, he found it necessary to divide the book into sections, and the sections into sub-divisions; for, till that time, the vulgar Latin bibles were without any division at all. These sections are the chapters which the bible has ever since been divided into. But the sub-division of the chapters was not then by verses, as it is now: Hugo's method of sub-dividing them was by letters, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, placed in the margin, at an equal distance from each other, according to the length of the chapters. The sub-division of the chapters into verses, as they now stand in our bible, had its original from a famous Jewish rabbi, named Mordecai Nathan, about the year 1445. This rabbi, in imitation of Hugo Cardinalis, drew up a concordance to the Hebrew bible for the use of the Jews. But, though he followed Hugo in his division of the books into chapters, he refined upon his invention as to the sub-division, and contrived that by verses. This being found to be a much more convenient method, has been ever since followed. And thus, as the Jews borrowed the division of the books of the holy scriptures into chapters from the Christians, in like manner, the Christians borrowed that of the chapters into verses from the Jews.

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Ezra (in the opinion of most learned men) published the scriptures in the Chaldee character : for, that language being entirely grown into use among the Jews, he thought proper to change the old Hebrew character for it ; which hath, since that time, been retained only by the Samaritans, among whom it is preserved to this day. There is, in the church of St. Dominic, in Bononia, a copy of the Hebrew scriptures, kept with a great deal of care, which they pretend to be the original copy written by Ezra himself ; and therefore it is valued at so high a rate, that great sums of money have been borrowed, by the Bononians, upon the pawn of it, and repaid for its redemption. It is written in a very fair character, on a sort of leather, and made up into a roll, after the ancient manner ; but, as the vowel-points are annexed, and the writing is fresh and fair, without any decay, these circumstances prove the novelty of the copy, and that it is a forgery of the Roman-Catholics.

As the Jews were very backward in having any intercourse with strangers and foreigners, it was a long time before their sacred books came to be known and read in other nations. Josephus ascribes the little that is said of the Jews, by the pagan writers, to this, that the latter had no opportunity of being acquainted with their historians, for want of a translation of their sacred books into the Greek language. Aristeas, indeed, pretends that there was an imperfect version of the scriptures before the time of Demetrius Phalereus, and that Theopompus, intending to insert a part of them in his verses, was deprived of his understanding ; but of this there is no proof. What is most probable, is, that, some time after Alexander the great, the Jews, who were dispersed in great numbers in the provinces, and were not acquainted with the Hebrew, desired a Greek translation of the scriptures. To this we may add, that the curiosity of the philosophers, and the great desire of the kings of Egypt to enlarge and enrich their library, produced the first translations of the Jewish scriptures.

The Jews, upon their return from the Babylonish captivity, brought with them the Chaldaic or Assyrian language, which, from that time, became the mother-tongue ; this gave birth to the Chaldee translations, or rather paraphrases, of their scriptures, called *targum*. [*To be continued.*]

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

IF the following thoughts on Deity, extracted from the writings of the famous Peter Charron, prebend of Condom, be deemed worthy a place in the Monthly Ledger, they are much at the editor's service.

Thoughts

Thoughts on Deity.

THE Deity being so exalted above our capacity, that we know not at all what he is, it is, on one side, the greatest presumption to decide and determine concerning him as the atheists do, who, in all their objections, speak of him as a limited being; and, on the other hand, it is an error to think we can sufficiently demonstrate what God is: for it is not possible that human comprehension, or the capacity of any created being, should be able to reach so far. Deity is what cannot be known, nay, even perceived. Between finite and infinite there is no proportion, no transition: infinity is altogether inaccessible, nay, imperceptible: God is the one, true, and only, infinite: the most exalted understanding, the highest stretch of imagination, is as far from comprehending him as the lowest and meanest apprehension. The greatest philosophers and most learned divines know not more or less of God than the meanest peasant. Where there is no passage, no way, no access, there can be neither far nor near. God, Deity, Omnipotence, Infinity, are mere words to us; they are not things that can fall under human understanding. If all we speak and affirm, concerning God, were rigorously canvassed, it would be found only ignorance and vanity. It was a saying of one of the ancients, that, "To speak of God even the things that are true was dangerous." The reason of which sentence is, because not only those sublime truths are debased, in passing through our understandings and mouths, but we cannot be certain they are true: it is by chance we find them; for we are altogether blind, and know neither what God is, nor in what manner he operates. But to speak of God with doubting and uncertainty is dangerous, and we know not if God will approve it, unless it be because we have such a confidence in his goodness as to think he takes well what is said of him with a good intention, and to honour him as much as we can. But we know not that such a blind reliance on him is pleasing to him, or that the divine Goodness will accept what is done with a good intention, to do him honour. This, indeed, is the effect of human goodness, created and finite; but who knows if that which is divine, uncreated, and infinite, be of the same nature? The fittest course that can be taken, by one that is desirous to think, and to frame an idea of the Deity, is to suppose that the soul, after an universal abstraction from all created things, will exalt itself above all, as in a vacuum indeterminate and boundless, with a profound silence and awful astonishment, an admiration full of timid humility, and raise in itself an idea of a luminous abyss, without bottom, shores, or dimension, without laying hold upon, or attaching

attaching itself to, any other object of the imagination, and yield itself to be swallowed up in that infinity. To approach God is to know him to be a light inaccessible, and to be swallowed up by it: it is knowing him, in some measure, to be sensible that he cannot be known. Eloquently to praise him, is, with astonishment and holy fear, to be silent; and in silence to adore him in the soul. But, because it is extremely difficult for the soul to remain in so uncertain an infinity, so incapable of moving and fixed in admiration that she would not be capable of calling upon, honouring, or acknowledging, him, (which are principal parts of religion,) it is necessary, and cannot be otherwise, in the present state of existence, that each frame to himself an image of Deity, which he may regard, address, call upon, and which may be his God. This the soul does by raising her imagination above all things, and conceiving, with all her might, an infinite goodness, power, and perfection: for the utmost and highest degree any one can rise to, by the greatest stretch of apprehension, is his God, and is to him an image of Deity: an image, nevertheless, false, so far as it is deficient and imperfect: for, the Deity being, as hath been said, unimaginal and infinite, to which the soul cannot approach by any conception, of which it can form no image, it is sufficient that she makes it the least false, the least imperfect, and the most high, pure, and sublime, that she can.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Loose Thoughts on the Question, What Station of Life affords the greatest temporal Happiness?

IT has been the frequent remark of sensible and speculative men, that our happiness does not consist in our present possessions and enjoyments so much as in future pleasures and acquisitions, which the imagination presents under enchanting appearances to our view, and toward which we press forward with insatiable eagerness; and, though disappointed in our expectations, even in the midst of enjoyment, yet we still pursue other phantoms, equally delusive, and may not unaptly be compared to children, catching at bubbles blown into the air, and painted by the rays of the sun with the most lively colours. Various speculations have been raised, by ingenious men, upon this foundation, and arguments have been deduced from it to prove the immortality of the soul; and, indeed, it must be admitted as a strong presumptive evidence of that glorious truth, and ought to teach us to turn this disposition towards the pur-

suit of virtue, and the perfecting ourselves for that eternity where this faculty will find its full fruition. But the use I would at present make of it is of another nature, as it may lead us to determine what station of life affords the greatest degree of temporal happiness. If we may judge by the conduct of mankind, unbounded wealth is generally esteemed the minister of happiness; it is therefore our business to examine how justly such an opinion is founded, and that abstracted from the means by which it is obtained. There is something, in the glare of external pomp and splendor, wonderfully apt to dazzle the bulk of mankind; it is a false medium, through which we view the happiness of the great, and by which every object is infinitely magnified, but, when touched by the wand of truth, the delusion vanishes, and leaves scarcely "a wreck behind."

The man, who has, in actual possession, all that the most wanton and luxuriant fancy can paint of the happy and agreeable, and which the misjudging part of mankind are apt to survey with envy, soon loses the relish that novelty affords to the human heart: he traverses his elegant mansion with languid footsteps; he rides over his extensive domains, and sees only what he has seen before; he reckons up the thousands he possesses more than his occasions call for; the glitter of appearance and the pomp of expensive grandeur have long since ceased to charm; he has enjoyed all that can be enjoyed; his passions and appetites are cloyed and satiated; he sees nothing farther in human life to wish for; he is wearied, disappointed, and dejected; miserable situation! and yet, though the presence of this profusion of terrestrial possessions can afford him little or no positive pleasure, the loss of them is attended with positive pain; and, where the goods of fortune are so extensive, scarcely an arrow can be shot from the bow of adversity without wounding him: besides, he feels a multiplicity of ideal evils, to which a delicacy, nurtured in the arms of indolence, exposes him; perpetual inroads are thus made upon his peace, discontent sits lowering on his brows; and clouds, of his own creating, darken the hemisphere of his existence.

Without desire or hope, life must be a burthen. What can he desire or hope for who has already all that an unbounded fortune can afford, unless imagination is racked to find out some scheme to impel his weary steps forward in the path of life? Such schemes can be but few, as the probability of success is but small; because they must aim at objects to which human powers and faculties will most likely be found unequal; and, consequently, he is more exposed to the keen reflections of disappointment than the man, whose station is less exalted, and who

who undertakes nothing but what his application and ingenuity may afford him a reasonable hope to accomplish.

The chief portion of happiness, we enjoy in this life, arises from our having some object in view, towards which we find ourselves approaching by easy gradations, and which serves to awaken the lively passions of the soul, dispel the anxiety of disappointment, and cheer the gloom of discontent.

That station of life, which is placed beyond the fear of poverty, where a man possesses so much as to minister to all his natural wants, and, at the same time, is so situated as to make progressive steps towards the attainment of a fortune, by fair and honourable means, I conceive to be placed in the happiest situation of life; I mean, so far as relates to mere temporal happiness, abstracted from the considerations of futurity. His fortune not being able to supply him with, or his attention to the duties of his profession not affording him leisure to attend to, the refinements and luxuries of life, his health is preserved by temperance, his spirits by action, and his hopes and expectations by an inexhaustible fund of future prospects. If in any of his schemes he meets with a disappointment, he does not sit brooding over it in sullen languor, till he has hatched discontent, which is the parent of misery; but his attention is diverted by other engagements, in which his wishes meet with accomplishment; success stimulates him forward, and a new field of enterprise perpetually unfolds and enlarges itself to his delighted view, in proportion to his progress.

This comparison, the reader will observe, is formed upon the supposition that both parties act upon the principles of moral rectitude, and relate only to those moderate capacities who form the bulk of human society. In debating the question of happiness, I cannot admit the vicious to the privilege of being "weighed in the balance;" in whatever station they stand, they must be "found wanting." There are also some superior spirits, whose conceptions and estimates of human life rise above the reach of common nature: these are possessed of mental powers which are, to them, fruitful sources of pleasure, of which the world in general can form no adequate conception; and who, estimating the pursuits of mankind by the standard of abstracted reason, learn to despise the objects which engross the attention of less elevated minds: but it may be admitted as a question, whether these, on the whole, enjoy more happiness than those whose talents are less acutely formed: the folly they discover in the general occupations of men, their consequent disgust, and their superior sensibility, must tend greatly to counterbalance the advantages of wisdom and science.

From the preceding observations, and a variety of others, which, to a speculative mind, will naturally present themselves, it may, I think, be safely concluded, those of the middle station of life have it in their power to enjoy the greatest share of happiness; for, with such, business and temperance may be made to exclude indolence, languor, dejection, and disease; cheerfulness and contentment may be their companions; peace may dwell in their habitations; and the sweets of friendly intercourse and social innocence adorn their hours of relaxation.

But when, added to all these advantages, we see such looking round with hope, beyond the narrow circle of mortal existence; when, to the principles of natural justice, they join the sublimer virtues, that tend to refine, to expand, to purify, the heart; they are prepared to enjoy this world, and fitted for the change that awaits every atom of mortality; this is indeed the completion of happiness. Such a soul sees no end to its future delightful prospects, having before it a storehouse of joys, (if I may so express myself,) which there is no fear of its exhausting, through the infinite duration of eternal ages.

ZENO.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THE learned and ingenious Dr. Samuel Johnson has observed, in one of his essays, that, "Though the speculatist may see and shew the folly of terrestrial hopes, fears, and desires, yet every hour will give proof that he never felt it."

A little acquaintance with the world will evince the truth of this remark; a truth which opens a large field for our contemplation. Practice seldom keeps pace with theory: the latter may be much more easily attained than the former. The actions of men very rarely correspond with those principles and maxims in which they profess to believe, when such principles and maxims clash with their interests or passions. In this case, although the voice is the voice of Jacob, the hands are those of Esau. The spring of human actions lies in the will, which is generally more influenced by sensation than reflection. The artillery of human passions often disorders and puts to flight the best regulated forces of the understanding and judgement. The judgement may indeed assent to many propositions, as true and reasonable, yet they seldom make impressions strong enough to regulate its false bias towards sensuality, and direct its operation on the passions so as to produce proper action.

We find many men who have investigated, with success, almost every subject within the reach of the human intellect; and whose

minds,

minds, by constant application to study, are become the treasures of scientific wisdom, are, notwithstanding, as inconsistent in their conduct, as great slaves to their passions, and as destitute of real virtue, as the illiterate unenlightened vulgar.

I mean not to ransack the secret chambers of the tomb for examples, or to expose to fresh ignominy, by reciting names, those who are now removed beyond the reach of our censure: the task would be unnecessary. Amongst many, of equal eminence for learning and abilities, in the present times, some may be found who descend as low, in the gulph of immorality, as any have done before them: and many others, less criminal, are yet deviating as widely, from the paths of rectitude and wisdom, as those "whose souls proud science never taught to stray" in the fields of learning.

Their boasted superiority over others vanishes, whenever their passions call for intemperate gratification; they are daily led captive by their lusts; and, while they have been unprofitably busy in forming rules for other men, they have neglected the essential duty of a well-regulated practice.

Thus some men, whose talents shone with eminent lustre, and who might have been rendered subservient to purposes truly noble, have too frequently demonstrated the inefficacy of their own acquirements, with regard to any proper influence on their own conduct, or that of the community. If we compare the conduct of many reputed wise, the learned speculatists of the age, with that of the illiterate vulgar, we shall find that their skill, in analytic science and philosophy, has not made them better men; they have not filled up their various stations, in social and domestic life, with greater care and propriety than those whom pride has led them to look upon as an inferior rank of beings.

This is a convincing proof that great abilities and extensive learning, merely, are neither essentially necessary, or of themselves sufficient, to constitute men good subjects or real Christians. Let it not, however, be thought that I condemn or despise fine talents or the advantages of a liberal education, although it is not my lot to possess the one or to have been favoured with the other. No: far be it from me to degrade them: they are, doubtless, advantages highly to be prized, and call for our gratitude to the great Giver of every good and perfect gift: but they constitute not either the *summum bonum* or *summum totum*: something, still more excellent, is wanting, to perfect the great end of our creation. Whosoever rests in these accomplishments, without striving to realize the maxims of wisdom, in a conduct corresponding with the sacred precepts of divine instruction, will,

will, in the end, be “weighed in the balance, and found wanting.”

It is not only necessary to know, but to practise in proportion to our knowledge, in order to become really virtuous and useful members of human society: and, as every day brings its share of labour, so every accession of knowledge enlarges the sphere of our duty. It may, indeed, be alledged, (and perhaps with some truth,) that the works of many of the literati, whose lives have exhibited a sad reverse of the maxims they taught, may extend their influence much farther than the actions of their authors; that they will survive through ages, and enlighten regions which could receive no hurtful impressions from their imprudence or immorality. But, when it is considered that the influence of bad example is far more prevalent than that of bare precept, the argument will lose much of its force. The prevalence of their immorality is more widely diffused than the advantages can be that result from their most refined maxims of moral wisdom. Phylarchus may preach like an angel, and write with the perspicuity and eloquence of a Tully; in this he may perhaps be admired by many, and prove beneficial to a few, of his auditors and readers: but if, the next day, he is seen *drunk* at a tavern, or *swears* profanely in public, every spectator sees the impropriety of, and feels himself hurt by, such disgraceful conduct. In this case, the learning and abilities of Phylarchus cannot repair the injury done by his actions.

The hidden concatenation of causes and effects is infinitely diversified, and lies beyond the reach of the most penetrating eye. One bad action may extend its influence from wheel to wheel, till the whole macrocosm is disordered: it may give motion, successively, to innumerable secret springs, which may not cease to operate for ages. In our estimation of mankind, we are too apt to be biased by exterior shew or exalted mental accomplishments. But, when it is considered that such have greater opportunity, than others, of excelling in usefulness and virtue; that, in all their misconduct, they act against stronger convictions than those other men have received; the turpitude of their morals will receive an additional shade, and that veneration will decrease, with which we have been wont to view them. The bulk of mankind, although not formed for making nice distinctions or curious speculations, can generally form a right judgement on matters of fact, and quickly discover any impropriety of conduct that falls under the cognizance of the senses. When, therefore, they see men, who pretend to the most elevated and refined notions of virtue and vice; who can separate their boundaries to a hair's breadth; make the nicest distinctions and most accurate definitions; when, I say, they behold

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behold these very men led captive by their passions, gratifying every sensual appetite to its full extent, actuated by ambition, revenge, and cruelty, like the lowest of the vulgar, and, in their daily practice, giving the *lie direct* to those precepts they teach in public, what a contemptible idea must be excited of them and their fine pretences! Common-sense will naturally conclude, either that these precepts of religion and morality are a solemn farce, calculated merely to amuse and keep the people in awe, or that those, whose pretences and practice thus widely disagree, are far more criminal than men of less enlightened understandings.

These are considerations which ought, in an especial manner, to have weight with all such as undertake to instruct mankind, either in the station of authors or ministers, of every denomination. To such they may be useful. The most excellent maxims of moral and religious truth lose their force when they flow through impure fountains. It will be reasonably expected that men, who assume the important office of instructing others, should not deviate, either so frequently or so widely, from the rules and practice of virtue, as those who have not been favoured with so large a portion of light and knowledge. It is not enough for such to be negatively, they ought to be really and actively, good, by becoming steady examples in the practical discharge of every virtue, and to lead, as well as direct, others in the paths of righteousness. If they are deficient in this important duty, a duty, which, from their office and station, becomes peculiarly obligatory on them, all their specious pretensions are but solemn mockery, and will only increase the weight of their condemnation at that period when every disguise will be stripped off, and the heart discriminated at the bar of him who judgeth righteously in the earth, and will render to every man a reward, not according to his *pretences* but his *works*. CATO.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Of good Example.

THE way to love our fellow-creatures is to wish them all the good we think conducive to their happiness, and to procure it for them if in our power. As nothing is more conducive to happiness than virtue, the first and most important duty of society is, to display it in its full lustre, to those who surround us, in order to make them fall in love with it. Now, example is the most proper means to produce this effect, and frequently it is the only one in our power. Every man cannot compose books, preach sermons, or make laws; for every man has not the necessary

cessary talents, leisure, or authority: besides, these are only lifeless pictures which seldom touch the heart, and exhibit only imperfect und mutilated representations of virtue. The pen, and even the tongue itself, like the pencil, paint only the surfaces of objects; and of this surface they represent no more than can be perceived at one view and in one attitude; they cannot animate the figure.

Example is a living picture, which represents virtue in action, and communicates the impression that moves it to the heart of every spectator. Now, every one is capable of giving an example of virtue; since nothing more is requisite than to act uniformly the part of an honest man.

Let us leave all curious and useless speculation, and admire the divine wisdom, which, of all the means capable of contributing to purity of morals, has invested all men with that which is known to produce the most certain effect. Some, indeed, contribute more than others, but every one is capable of contributing in a degree.

There is a radiancy in all the stars, but they have not all orbits of equal dimensions. It is the same with respect to examples of virtue: each, in the circle he occupies, illuminates and vivifies whatever approaches him; but a virtuous prince sheds his salutary influence to a much greater distance than a private citizen who lives in a state of obscurity. Not that a virtuous man, seated on a throne, is of himself a more luminous star than a private person, but only his rays are beamed from a more elevated station, and have a more extensive sphere of action. P.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Apostrophe to Temperance.

O Temperance! thou support and attendant of other virtues! thou preserver and restorer of health, and protractor of life! thou maintainer of the dignity and liberty of rational beings, from the wretched inhuman slavery of sensuality, taste, custom, and example! thou brightener of the understanding and memory! thou sweetener of life and all its comforts! thou companion of reason and guard of the passions! thou bountiful rewarder of thy admirers and followers! how do thine excellencies extort the unwilling commendations of thine enemies, and with what rapturous pleasures can thy friends raise up a panegyric in thy praise!

P O E.

☞ The letter on inoculation, p. 261, signed Benevolus, and that signed J. S. p. 522, were written by the same hand.

P O E T R Y.

HUMANITY, a Poem.

A H me ! how little knows the human heart

The pleasing talk of soft'ning others woe !
Stranger to joys that pity can impart,
And tears sweet sympathy can teach to flow.

If e'er I've mourn'd my humble lowly state ;

If e'er I've bow'd my knee at Fortune's shrine ;

If e'er a wish escap'd me, to be great ;
The fervent pray'r, humanity, was thine.

Perish that man who hears the piteous tale,

Unmov'd ; to whom the heart-felt glow's unknown ;

On whom the widow's plaints could ne'er prevail,

Nor make the injur'd wretch's cause his own.

How little knows he the extatic joy,
The thrilling bliss of cheering woe despair !

How little known the pleasing warm employ,

That calls the grateful tribute of a tear.

The splendid dome, the vaulted roof, to raise,

The glare of pride, the pomp of grandeur, thine ;

To cheer sad mis'ry when she, suppliant, prays,

And soothe th'oppressed orphan's woes, be mine.

Be't mine the modest blush of worth to spare ;

To change to smiles affliction's rising sigh ;

The kindly warmth of charity to share,

Till joy shoot sparkling from the tearful eye.

Can the loud laugh, the mirth-inspiring bowl,

The dance, or choral song, or jocund glee,

Affect the glowing sympathetic soul,
Or warm the breast, humanity, like thee ?

The pallid coward's heart thou scorn'st to bear ;

Thy feat's the gen'rous bosom of the brave :

The same bold warmth, that bids the gallant dare,

Bids him the trembling prostrate victim save.

Not all the laurels on great Cæsar's brow,
Not all the honours Rome to pay him strove,

Could such a glorious deathless meed bestow,

As the fair wreath that meek-ey'd mercy wove.

Shall murd'rous conquest point the path to fame ?

Shall scenes of savage still employ the muse ?

And shall not tender mercy have her claim ?

The palm to her shall still the song refuse ?

Ah, no ! the prowess of the hero's sword,
(When but to rapine and to waste confin'd,)

The shouts of triumph can no name afford,

No title, like The Father of Mankind.

Young Ammon's or the Swedish Charles's fame

May win the wonder of th'unthinking croud ;

But Reason's sober voice shall still proclaim,

The paths of glory are not wet with blood.

To purge an impious, bold, offending race,

The stagnate poison-breeding air to cleanse,

Th'indignant Father bids his wrath take place ;

A conqueror now, and now a whirlwind sends :

Relenting, then, he bids the storms assuage,
And lo, a Titus or a Brunswic reigns!
Justice and mercy bless the happy age,
And peace and plenty cheer the smiling plains.

X. Y. Z.

*EPITAPH on a good poor Woman buried in
Shoreham Church-yard.*

FROM care and pain, from sin and
sorrow freed,
Here rest the ashes of a saint indeed;
Whose patient faith no suff'ring hour could
move;
Whose hope grew stronger, and more
pure her love.
True to her Lord, in ev'ry state resign'd,
She bore his constant, meek, and lowly
mind;
Till, at his word, her spirit soar'd away,
To see his face, through heav'n's un-
clouded day.
Go, reader, go; her shining steps pursue,
And let thy faith the same obedience shew:
Be heav'n thy choice; all earthly dreams
reign;
And let her life and latter end be thine.

LIBERIA.

NIGHT. A POEM.

SUNK is the radiant sun; his beams
no more
illumine the groves, the meads, and flow'ry
lawns,
Or paint the western clouds with tints that
vie
With Iris' beauteous bow! the swelling
main
Hides him from view, and nature soon
will weep,
In tears of pearly dew, the loss of day.
The gold-fring'd clouds grow dim, the
crimson fades
That late blush'd o'er the western hemi-
sphere:
The spires no longer on the eye reflect
Their trembling lustre! Now, the moun-
tain-tops,
With waving pines or oaks majestic
crown'd,
Fade on the view, and, mixing with dun
air,
No longer charm. Warn'd by approach-
ing night,
The plummy songsters in the vocal grove
Their tuneful notes restrain, and, silent,
seek

A lodgement in the branches. From the
east
See twilight spreads her pinions o'er the
fields;
On dusky clouds she rides, and ushers in
The solemn night! On ebon chariot borne,
Behold, I see the awful queen approach,
Slow hov'ring o'er the earth, while in her
rear
Walk shades and darkness. Nodding by
her side
Sits Sleep, with wreaths of lulling pop-
pies crown'd,
And waves her leaden sceptre o'er the
world.
Oblivion creeps o'er all the works of men,
And with Lethæan opiates lulls to rest
E'en Care's assiduous sons. Now Fancy
roves,
Convenes her court, and deals illusions
round.
Thick round the beds of mortals hov'ring
dreams
(Her sportive train) deceptive scenes pre-
pare:
Like Satan at the ear of beauteous Eve
They whisper falsehoods. — In the lover's
ear
Pouring false hopes, he in idea gains
His much-lov'd fair, and in her fond em-
brace
Imagination tastes connubial bliss.
Th'ambitious statesman now of titles
dreams —
Of ribbands, coronets, and smiles of
kings.
The poet ranges on the lofty top
Of cloud-cap'd Pindus — revels with the
nine,
Or on the banks of fam'd Castalia's spring
Sits quaffing nectar. Now the prelate
grave
On darling theme reflects — a richer see,
The school-boy cons his lesson o'er, and
fears
His master's frown; or with his mate
o'erleaps
The ruddy orchard's mound. The sol-
dier, fierce,
Threatens the enemy, or with dauntless
breast
Scales the ideal fortress — mounts the
breach
And hurls about his unavailing arms
In act of fight. The lawyer, hesitating,
Gives his opinion; ope his greedy hand
For double fees, and hopes — a serjeant's
cof.
But, leaving these, to nobler themes the
muse

Artures

Attunes her lyre — themes worthy of her song.

See, flow-*em*erging from yon eastern cloud,

Majestic Cynthia rises, to illumine

Night's sable mantle: O'er th'etherial plains

She scatters radiance mild, and reigns sub-
lime

In lambent glory! See, her chrystal car,
Slow-rolling o'er the pure cerulean plains,

Dispenses o'er the dusky face of earth
A friendly light. On mountains, woods,

and plains,
And flow'r-embroider'd vales, and tufted

groves,
Where Philomela tunes her pensive lays,

Or where its eye the closing primrose
hides

From vapours damp, her rays pervade the
gloom.

See, in her train, the golden planets rise,
And suns, by distance, lessen'd into stars,

Illume Night's empire: In a glow appears
Th'etherial concave: — There, eccen-
tric, runs

The varying comet, deem'd by some the
feat

Of spirits doom'd to everlasting woe: —
But this conjecture all. See, rising round,

More distant planets, circling other suns,
At distance almost infinite! All, in

Their spheres celestial, praise their Source
divine!

How glorious is the scene! A God! a
God!

Th'extended heav'n's proclaim! a God,
who reigns

O'er all supreme! who rounded in his
palm

Yon globes immense, and lighted up their
fires,

Which burn through time with undimi-
nish'd rays!

Well might fair Virtue's animated
friend* *Dr. Young.

Leave this recorded in his deathless page,
"An undevout astronomer is mad."

Night's grand display of systems and of
worlds,

Which throng the realms of space and
float at large

In her expansion, strikes the atheist dumb
And makes the sceptic tremble! but be-
hold

The bless'd reverse when wisdom lights
the eye

To read these glorious pages; this fair
book

Is wrote on worlds unnumber'd through
all space,

And shines with ceaseless glory! When
the mind

Contemplates, awful, these majestic scenes,
Abash'd ambition hides her drooping head;

Self-love, and partial thoughts, and little
views,

Are swallow'd up; the soul, dilated, feels
A glowing rapture, and, through all her

pow'rs,
Is animated with extatic joy;

Her views expand, her thoughts ascend,
sublime,

To that eternal Source, whence all her
joys,

In time and in eternity, arise!
Hark! through the solemn silence of the

night
The bird of Athens screams; her plain-
tive cries

From yon old tow'r reverberate; the air
Throughout feels the concussion, and vi-
brates

Upon mine ear. A still more solemn sound
Claims my attention: From yon glitt'ring

fane
The tongue of Time proclaims his con-
stant lapse

And gives the hour a name. With steal-
ing foot

Time follows mortals; overtakes the
swift,

Stops the career of youth, and clogs the
wheels

Of trembling age, and to one common
doom

Brings kings and peasants, conquerors and
slaves.

EUSEBIUS.

*Epitaph on a Monument, in the Cathedral at
Bristol, to the memory of a Gentlewoman,
who died at the Hot-Wells there, aged
twenty-eight.*

TAKE, ho'y earth, all that my soul
holds dear!

Take that best gift which Heav'n so
lately gave!

To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling
care,

Her faded form: She bow'd to taste
the wave,

And died! — Does youth, does beauty,
read the line?

Does sympathetic fear their breasts a-
larm?

Speak,

Speak, dead Maris, breathe a strain divine ;

E'en from the grave thou shalt have pow'r to charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee ;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move ;

And, if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.

Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,

('Twas even to thee,) yet, the dread path once trod,

Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God !

AN ODE TO MORNING.

AS, rising o'er the upland green,
Majestic, awful, and serene,
The flaming orb of day,
Diffusive, spreads around his light,
Which scatters wide the shades of night
And makes creation gay :

Wak'd by the twitt'ring swallow's note,
Just as his beams, enliv'ning, float
Around my bed, — I rise ;
Fond to enjoy the dawning gleam,
And raise my thoughts to the Supreme,
Who reigns o'er earth and skies,

Whose goodness, stamp'd, divinely fair,
On all his works, — on ocean, air,
And every part of space,
My mind with conscious joy surveys,
Perfecting by ten thousand ways
His purposes of grace.

As o'er the verdant hills I range,
To mark the seasons as they change,
And hail the vernal year ;
When woods, and lawns, and fields of grain,
And gardens, scatter'd o'er the plain,
Their gayest livery wear :

Where flow'rs and shrubs, of ev'ry hue,
Bespangled o'er with drops of dew,
Sweet Maia's lap adorn ;
Where lovely tints and various blooms
Supply mild Zephyr with perfumes
And fragrant make the morn.

While birds, of vary'd plumes and song,
In love and joy the hours prolong,
And swell the voice of praise,
In concert with the lark's shrill notes,
Which through the fields of ether floats,
In modulated lays ;

Delighted with th'enchancing sound,
The hills rejoice, the vales resound,
While gentle Echo tries
The grateful accents to recall,
And yon rough murmur'ing waterfall
A pleasing bass supplies.

By instinct taught, at Morn and Eve,
These songsters of the grove relieve
The hind's laborious care,
And yield the philosophic mind,
By innocence and peace refin'd,
A joy beyond compare.

Pleas'd to behold, both far and near,
The golden age again appear,
While flocks in every vale
Crop the sweet food among the trees,
'Gainst which the shepherd leans at ease,
And chaunts his am'rous tale.

Whilst, round, the milky mothers graze,
And in rude accents often raise
Their voices to the skies ;
Whose gracious and indulgent care
To all its creatures grants a share
Of blessing and supplies :

Upbraiding all our thoughtless race,
Who their superior powers debase
By sloth and luxury,
And ne'er indulge the grateful theme
Of pray'r and praise, the bliss supreme
Of humble piety.

Whose sacred transports, ever new
To those who nature's paths pursue
With philosophic aim,
I'll oft indulge in solitude,
And raise to the first Fair and Good
Devotion's hallow'd flame.

Whose wisdom guides, whose pow'r up-
holds,
All that on earth mine eye beholds,
By one consistent plan ;
In which the various parts combine
Still to perfect his great design,
The Happiness of Man !

S. W.

Witney, May, 1774.

ERRATUM. In the note of page 520,
for *John Sest* read *John Scot*.

ON the 1st of January, 1775, will be published, and continued monthly, *FLORA LONDINENSIS*, or *Plates and Descriptions of such Plants as grow wild in the Environs of London. With their Latin and English Names, Natural History, Medicinal Qualities, and other Uses, so far as they are at present ascertained. By WILLIAM CURTIS, Demonstrator of Botany to the Company of Apothecaries.*

*Blows not a flow'ret in the enamell'd vale,
Shines not a pebble where the riv'let strays,
Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,
But claims our wonder, and excites our praise!* SCOTT'S ELEG.

CONDITIONS.

For the convenience of the Subscribers, it is proposed to publish this work in Numbers; each number to contain eight plates, elegantly engraved, with descriptions.

The Plants will all be drawn of their natural size, on which account it will necessarily be in large Folio.

To continue until the whole of the Plants, growing wild within ten miles of London, are figured and described:

To prevent confusion, as well as to facilitate the arrangement of the Plants according to any particular system, only one Plant will be engraved on a plate.

The price of each Number, 2s. 6d. plain, 5s. coloured.

A Specimen of the Work may be seen, and Proposals had, at the AUTHOR'S, Number 51, in Gracechurch-street, where the encouragers of the work are requested to send their names and places of abode, in order that they may be regularly supplied with it when published. It may likewise be had of BENJAMIN WHITE, Bookseller, in Fleet-street.

To the PUBLIC.

IF we consider the numerous pleasant villas and delightful rural retreats of the nobility, gentry, and opulent tradesmen, within the circle of ten miles from this metropolis, the abodes of Study and Contemplation, there needs no apology for introducing a work of this kind, which will be confined to the Wild Plants the liberal hand of Nature has spontaneously scattered in our neighbourhood.

It is universally agreed, that there is no science which yields more pleasing amusement, gives more rational entertainment, or conduces more to the happiness and advantage of mankind, than a knowledge of the *vegetable Creation*: And we find king Solomon, who was peculiarly distinguished for the excellence of his understanding, the magnificence of his palaces, the splendor of his court, the beauty and variety of his gardens, was perfectly skilled in this science, and spake of plants, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop which springeth out of the wall. To enumerate all the advantages, which might accrue to the public from a work of this kind, would far exceed the limits of these Proposals.

The student in Botany, for whom it is more particularly designed, from carefully observing the plants and flowers, as dissected and delineated, and comparing them with the descriptions, will not only acquire an idea of the *Linnean System*, but likewise become acquainted with the greatest part of the Plants growing wild in Great-Britain: and as, next to objects themselves, nothing strikes us so forcibly, or satisfies us with such certainty, as their true and accurate representations, so the ideas of the plants, acquired by these means, will be so impressed on the mind as not easily to be erased.

The Botanist, at a distance from London, will no doubt be pleased to have an opportunity of seeing what Plants grow wild in the environs of a city, emphatically termed, by a foreign botanist of considerable eminence, *Punctum vite in viello orbis*.

The Medical Student, who ought at least to make Botany so far his study as to know what plants are poisonous and what are made use of in medicine, will, from the proposed Work, (so far as relates to our indigenous plants,) acquire a considerable degree of this necessary knowledge, as, in the description, the qualities of such will be particularly mentioned.

The ingenious of both sexes, who, from motives of profit and amusement, occasionally employ themselves in painting flowers, will here find abundant variety to exercise their ingenuity and pencils,

To conclude. The Author's principal aim, by this work, is to render the acquirement of *botanic Knowledge* easy and pleasant; for this purpose he has taken much pains and been at considerable expence in having all the Plants drawn from nature, and engraved by an ingenious artist, under his own inspection, being desirous of making it as extensively useful as possible. He has endeavoured to unite cheapness with accuracy and elegance: how far he has succeeded, he willingly submits to the judgement of a generous and discerning Public, whose encouragement he wishes not to experience but by meriting their approbation.

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
For April, 1774.

	Wind.	Bar.	Therm. lo. hi.	Weather.
1	N.E. strong	29 $\frac{8}{10}$	45 $\frac{1}{2}$ 49	Fair and sunshine.
2	E.N.E. fresh	29 $\frac{10}{10}$	45 $\frac{1}{2}$ 48	Fair.
3	W. fresh	29 $\frac{3}{10}$	46 51	Heavy showers.
4	S.E. fresh	29 $\frac{6}{10}$	46 51 $\frac{1}{2}$	Hail and rain.
5	S. strong	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	46 51 $\frac{1}{2}$	Ditto.
6	S.W. strong	29 $\frac{6}{10}$	47 52	Frequent showers.
7	S. fresh	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	45 $\frac{1}{2}$ 50	Ditto.
8	S.W. fresh	29 $\frac{3}{10}$	45 49	Fair.
9	S.W. little	29 $\frac{8}{10}$	47 52	Ditto.
10	N.E. fresh	29 $\frac{6}{10}$	47 50	Ditto.
11	S. fresh	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	48 51 $\frac{1}{2}$	Slight showers.
12	E. little	30	50 53	Fair and cloudy.
13	E.N.E. little	30	51 $\frac{1}{2}$ 60	Fair day.
14	N.E. fresh	29 $\frac{6}{10}$	50 51	Cloudy.
15	N.E. strong	29 $\frac{10}{10}$	48 52	Slight showers.
16	E.N.E. little	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	46 48	Cloudy.
17	W.N.W. strong	29 $\frac{10}{10}$	47 49	Fair.
18	S.W. fresh	29 $\frac{6}{10}$	47 $\frac{1}{2}$ 51 $\frac{1}{2}$	Frequent showers.
19	W. strong	29 $\frac{3}{10}$	44 $\frac{1}{2}$ 46 $\frac{1}{2}$	Heavy showers.
20	N.W. strong	29 $\frac{8}{10}$	45 46 $\frac{1}{2}$	Fair and sunshine.
21	N.W. fresh	30	46 51	Brilliant day.
22	W. fresh	30	48 53	Cloudy.
23	W. fresh	29 $\frac{9}{10}$	50 56	Ditto.
24	W. fresh	29 $\frac{8}{10}$	54 55	Ditto.
25	S.W. strong	30	53 54	Fair.
26	S.W. fresh	29 $\frac{5}{10}$	50 54	Ditto.
27	N.W. little	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	48 55	Fair and brilliant.
28	W.N.W. little	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	47 49	Heavy showers.
29	N.W. little	29 $\frac{6}{10}$	49 52	Slight showers.
30	N.E. little	29 $\frac{7}{10}$	50 54	Cloudy.

AVERAGE

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN, From May 16, to May 21, 1774.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	5	10	3	1	3	4	2	3	3	6

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	6	1	—	—	3	6	2	5	3	10
Surry,	6	3	4	0	3	9	2	4	4	2
Hertford,	6	3	—	—	3	10	2	5	4	2
Bedford,	6	2	4	6	3	8	2	4	3	10
Cambridge,	5	11	3	4	3	5	2	2	3	0
Huntingdon,	6	2	—	—	3	8	2	3	3	6
Northampton,	7	1	5	6	4	5	2	2	4	0
Rutland,	7	4	5	0	4	9	2	3	3	9
Leicester,	7	3	5	5	4	7	2	2	4	2
Nottingham,	6	7	5	0	3	11	2	5	4	0
Derby,	7	1	—	—	—	—	2	7	4	5
Stafford,	7	3	4	8	4	7	2	8	4	6
Salop,	7	1	5	7	4	2	2	7	5	2
Hereford,	7	9	—	—	—	—	2	2	—	—
Worcester,	7	1	4	8	4	8	2	9	4	7
Warwick,	7	2	—	—	4	0	2	7	4	10
Gloucester,	7	2	—	—	3	9	2	4	4	5
Wiltshire,	6	5	—	—	3	2	2	3	4	5
Berks,	6	5	—	—	3	5	2	5	3	10
Oxford,	6	9	—	—	3	7	2	7	4	2
Bucks,	6	6	—	—	4	3	2	7	4	1

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	5	10	3	7	3	5	2	2	3	6
Suffolk,	5	8	2	11	3	3	2	1	3	2
Norfolk,	6	3	3	2	2	11	2	4	3	0
Lincoln,	6	7	4	4	3	9	2	2	3	7
York,	6	7	4	9	3	6	2	3	3	6
Durham,	6	5	4	10	—	—	2	3	3	10
Northumberland,	5	10	4	2	3	1	2	2	3	6
Cumberland,	6	5	4	2	3	5	2	5	4	2
Westmoreland,	7	3	—	—	3	4	2	4	4	3
Lancashire,	7	2	—	—	3	3	2	5	3	5
Chehire,	7	6	5	4	5	2	2	2	—	—
Monmouth,	7	4	—	—	4	2	1	10	—	—
Somerfet,	7	0	—	—	3	7	2	3	4	0
Devon,	6	4	—	—	3	2	1	8	—	—
Cornwall,	5	7	—	—	3	1	1	6	—	—
Dorset,	6	8	—	—	3	0	2	3	4	5
Hampshire,	6	1	—	—	3	3	2	2	4	0
Suffex,	5	10	—	—	3	1	2	2	3	8
Kent,	6	0	—	—	3	11	2	4	3	3

BANK OF INDIA STOCKS.

	Stock.	E. India Stock.	South Sea Stock.	Old S. Sea Annuity.	Reduced. Annuity.	Consols. An. 1726.	per Cent 1 per Cent 1 per Cent	E. I. An. 1751.	per Cent 1 per Cent 1 per Cent	Long Annuity.	Ind. Bonds prem.	No. Etc. dlc.
Ap 27	139 1/2	14 1/2	—	Shut.	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	79 1/2	88 1/2	25 1/2	36 1/2	1 1/2
28	139 1/2	14 1/2	—	Shut.	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	88 1/2	—	36 1/2	1 1/2
29	139 1/2	14 1/2	—	8 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	—	79 1/2	88 1/2	25 1/2	36 1/2	1 1/2
30	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	87 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—
May 1	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	—	—	94 1/2	8 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	—	79 1/2	88 1/2	—	36 1/2	1 1/2
3	139 1/2	14 1/2	—	8 1/2	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	88 1/2	—	36 1/2	1 1/2
4	140 1/2	14 1/2	94 1/2	8 1/2	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	79 1/2	88 1/2	25 1/2	36 1/2	1 1/2
5	140 1/2	—	—	8 1/2	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	85 1/2	89 1/2	—	36 1/2	1 1/2
6	140 1/2	—	—	8 1/2	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	89 1/2	25 1/2	36 1/2	1 1/2
7	140 1/2	14 1/2	—	8 1/2	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	79 1/2	89 1/2	25 1/2	36 1/2	1 1/2
8	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9	139 1/2	—	—	8 1/2	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	79 1/2	89 1/2	—	36 1/2	1 1/2
10	139 1/2	14 1/2	—	8 1/2	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	89 1/2	—	36 1/2	1 1/2
11	139 1/2	14 1/2	—	8 1/2	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	85 1/2	89 1/2	—	36 1/2	1 1/2
12	139 1/2	14 1/2	—	8 1/2	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	79 1/2	89 1/2	25 1/2	36 1/2	1 1/2
13	139 1/2	14 1/2	—	8 1/2	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	—	36 1/2	1 1/2
14	139 1/2	14 1/2	—	8 1/2	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	25 1/2	36 1/2	1 1/2
15	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16	139 1/2	14 1/2	—	8 1/2	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	—	36 1/2	1 1/2
17	139 1/2	14 1/2	94 1/2	8 1/2	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	—	36 1/2	1 1/2
18	139 1/2	14 1/2	94 1/2	8 1/2	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	25 1/2	36 1/2	1 1/2
19	139 1/2	14 1/2	—	8 1/2	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	—	36 1/2	1 1/2
20	139 1/2	14 1/2	—	8 1/2	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	25 1/2	36 1/2	1 1/2
21	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
23	W. M. n.	140 1/2	—	—	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	36 1/2	1 1/2
24	140 1/2	140 1/2	—	—	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	—	25 1/2	36 1/2	1 1/2
25	140 1/2	140 1/2	—	—	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	36 1/2	1 1/2
26	140 1/2	140 1/2	—	—	86 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	36 1/2	1 1/2

perhaps be retained even to old age, if that be the measure of your days.

Human nature, in every situation and period of its existence, is liable to error. To guard against it in ourselves is our duty; and to endeavour to point out to others the path which leads to truth, to honour, and to happiness, is the greatest proof of sincere friendship, and one of the most sure bonds of civil society. I shall therefore make no apology for any part of this letter that may come under the denomination of advice.

Let me, in the first place, caution you against an error which is not the less blameable, because very common, among young men, when they first enter on their apprenticeship; and that is, spoiling their hand-writing by carelessness and hurry. I would advise you to accustom yourselves, on most occasions, to write as well as possible. Negligence, in young penmen, is but little conducive to expedition; and a short trial will convince you, that to execute your writing-business in a fair and graceful manner, is nearly as easy as to do it in a rough and slovenly one. Amongst the accomplishments of the complete tradesman, the masterly use of the pen is far from being the least; neither is this attainment peculiarly suited to the mercantile life: A sensible writer has somewhere very pertinently observed, that, "To write a good hand is a fine accomplishment, and is as necessary to the gentleman as the man of business; for, as a graceful manner of speaking gives a lustre to good sense, so a bad hand, like a stammering tongue, very often obscures it." A diligent and scrupulous attention to regularity, in the several duties of your stations, is a point in the next place to be attended to. This also, when rendered habitual, will conduce greatly to your own ease, as well as to your own satisfaction and future benefit. In these matters you must expect to find the greatest part of your time necessarily employed. But there are very few stations in life which require an unremitting attention to their immediate concerns; and, in general, you will find leisure for other employments and amusements, in proportion as those have been attended to with alacrity and care. The next consideration which claims your attention is, how to employ your leisure hours in the most rational, and, which will ever be the consequence, in the most beneficial, manner. Observation hath convinced me that you possess a taste for literary enquiry; and I am so far from wishing you to repress it, that, on the contrary, the hopes I have fondly conceived, of your advancement to the character of useful members of society, derive much of their strength from thence: but, in the prosecution of this enquiry, much caution and care are necessary. Your lots are cast in an age wherein the sciences have been brought to great

great perfection; an age fruitful of genius and abounding in discovery: but it is too obvious that few of the works now published, in comparison of the multifarious productions of the press, are worthy the notice of the serious enquirer into useful science. Wisdom can boast her meridian luminaries, but unavoidably deplures the giant-strides of folly and licentiousness. One consideration, however, is greatly in your favour; — you have the power of *choice*. It is your part to use your privilege with prudence. I shall not attempt to draw the precise line in which you should direct your studies, much less to give you a catalogue of authors in which, alone, you are to expect to find wisdom.

The study of the classics has cost you some labour, which it would be prudent in you not to suffer to be in vain, by neglecting to peruse them. I would therefore advise, that a small portion of your leisure time be allotted for the purpose of keeping them fresh in your remembrance; for, if you propose no moral advantage from dwelling on the subjects of which they generally treat, you will at least find them useful in regulating and improving your style, which is a consideration of no small importance. But, the better to attain this end, it will be proper to read, along with them, some of the most approved translations into your mother-tongue; which these are I need not particularly mention: the public plaudit has already announced, among many others, the respectable names of an Orrery, a Melmoth, a Rowe, a Dryden, a Pope, a Francis, a Middleton, a War-ton, a Pitt, a Langhorne, &c. Nearly connected with almost every subject that has engaged the attention of our forefathers, but more particularly with history, is *chronology*: the importance of it hath induced men of the first rank, for literary abilities, to compose tables. The learned Dufresnoy hath presented the world with a work of this kind, which, on account of its allowed accuracy, when placed in comparison with many others, may be worthy your particular regard. I say when placed in *comparison*, because no subject has given rise to a greater variety of opinions, among those who have professedly treated on it; and consequently no subject is involved in greater uncertainty than ancient chronology. Some learned men have numbered no less than 132 different opinions concerning the year of the world in which Jesus Christ appeared on the earth: Vallemont names 64 of them, and all writers of note; and so greatly different have been their calculations, concerning this event, that some have supposed 7000 years to have preceded it, while others have set down only 3700!

History opens to your view a spacious and instructive field of enquiry and observation. A field, indeed, so very extensive, and

abounding with such a multitude of adventures, that you must not enter it with an expectation of being able to read a thousandth part of what has been written in ancient and modern times. The great Dufresnoy, abovementioned, in his ingenious preliminary discourse to his chronological tables, has the following passage. "On examining the largest libraries, I have found that they contain no less than to the amount of 30000 volumes, in folio, of universal and particular history!" I need not say more in support of my opinion. At your entrance on this study, a well-written compendium of universal history may be read with advantage, as it will give you a kind of perspective view of that ground which you are afterwards to tread, and examine with more minute attention; and enable you to judge, with greater satisfaction, of the connexion and dependence of its several parts. Such a help you will not fail to find in the performance of the learned Bossuet, which is well translated into our language, in two pocket volumes. Compendiums of history, on a somewhat larger scale, are, indeed, the only works from whence you must expect to derive your knowledge of many of those ancient nations, whose histories have come down to us. Among the moderns, the French nation has produced several historians in this walk, whose names will be transmitted to posterity with applause. Not to derogate from the worth of any other man, Rollin is certainly entitled to a distinguished place in the temple of fame. His ancient history of the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes, Persians, Macedonians, and Grecians, is a work that would alone have raised to eminence a name which is also famous for a history of Roman affairs, equally perfect in its kind. Du-pin hath signalized himself by a valuable ecclesiastical history, from the Christian æra: these should not escape you. But, of all histories, it is more especially requisite that you acquaint yourselves with that of your own country. Histories of England abound; but it is difficult to name one which stands universally recommended for the several graces of historical composition. Suffice it, however, to say, that, among those who have written from the invasion of Julius Cæsar, Hume holds, and perhaps deservedly, a principal place in the public esteem. Certain it is, at least, that, for precision and a majestic elegance of diction, he is deserving of the highest praise. The performances of a Lyttelton and a Macaulay, among the detached portions of English history, demand also the most honourable mention. Dr. Robertson's history of Scotland and Dr. Leland's of Ireland, are such models of perfection as will charm you in almost every page.

Having thus briefly touched on one species of history, I shall proceed to mention another, which may commendably engage

no small share of the leisure of your youth ; I mean *natural history*, or the history of the animal, vegetable, and mineral, kingdoms : a study which recommends itself by the variety and beauty of its objects, and furnishes a species of amusement highly suited to the inquisitive disposition of the human mind. Such is the goodness of the Author of nature, that he has given us no propensity without having furnished objects on which we may exercise that propensity with delight.

Your studies, of this sort, will be greatly facilitated by the labours of many eminent naturalists, (as well your own countrymen as foreigners,) whose lives were principally employed in collecting, describing, and classing, whatever could be found among the productions of nature, either at home or abroad. Diligent observation and careful experiment must be united by him who would make a satisfactory progress in the several branches of natural knowledge ; but, for your encouragement, let me tell you, that every step you shall take will produce its own reward, by enlarging your ideas of that power and wisdom which are displayed in all the works of the omnipotent and omniscient First Cause. The study, even of the most minute parts of the works of nature, you will find to be a never-failing source of admiration. And I account it not the least honourable, of those many accomplishments which distinguished king Solomon, that he understood all plants, “ from the cedar of mount Lebanon to the hyssop upon the wall.” Natural history is also an excellent introduction to the more sublime studies, which have not only exalted the names of a Bacon, a Gassendus, a Newton, a Descartes, a Leibnitz, and a Boyle, but which have also rendered illustrious many of their successors in those grand departments of philosophy : nor is their fame to be ranked with that “ whistling of a name” which is of no value. Natural philosophy and the mathematics have been cultivated by some of the wisest and most dignified among the sons of men ; but what other subjects are so fitly adapted, in themselves, to inspire wisdom and to confer dignity ! The speculative powers of the human mind are a part of the creation of infinite Wisdom, which never created without design : and whoever shall say, that a speculative rational being has delighted to investigate the works of that God who made him speculative and rational, shall bestow upon him a most honourable testimony. Nature is the awful volume in which all the properties, relations, and dependences, which concern us, are inscribed by the finger of Deity ; and, consequently, nature is the eternal groundwork of all morality. He, who attempts to read with attention, must admire, and not only admire, but adore.

But

But these are studies which, though ever new and delightful, are of too severe a nature to be always pursued without danger of impairing the faculties employed about them : it is therefore necessary that those faculties should be frequently refreshed by a diversion to other objects : and, to answer this end, as well as to accomplish ends of equal importance, I shall recommend several other sorts of reading, not to be omitted in a letter of this sort. I shall first mention (because the most nearly allied to, and illustrative of, philosophical and mathematical researches) the most authentic journals of voyagers and travellers into foreign parts. In the next place, the frequent perusal of a book with which you are supposed to be intimately acquainted, and to have regarded as highly interesting to the Christian world ; I mean the Holy Scriptures : that volume which, of all others, contains the most sublime assemblage of moral and religious truths ; wherein you will find vice described in its proper deformity and virtue painted in its genuine graces ; the one leading to immediate or ultimate misery, the other always rewarded, either in time or in eternity : there you will find the most rational and amiable doctrines, the most elevated sentiments, the most pathetic eloquence, all conspiring to enforce a life of reverence to the supreme Being, and promising the consequent rewards of a peaceful and happy death.

Thirdly, let me recommend some of those celebrated *moral* compositions, which have been written in our language within the last century, and which, I am inclined to think, may dispute the palm of excellence, both in style and sentiment, with the productions of almost any age or nation. The public approbation hath been already very amply bestowed on many modern writers of this class, and consequently it is the less necessary that I should particularize them here. There are, however, some few whose works I must more warmly recommend to your notice, as models for imitation. The name which first occurs has been highly celebrated, and can receive no additional encomium. —

*With graceful step, see Addison advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance.*

TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

He is not, however, to be admired only for his exceeding purity and elegance of expression ; his writings are equally valuable on account of those fine sentiments with which they abound. His style is allowed to have eclipsed that of all his countrymen who wrote before him ; and perhaps it may admit of a doubt whether any of his cotemporaries or successors have surpassed him.

him. His morals are worthy of his genius and of your admiration.

Dr. James Foster, a name somewhat less famous, though more modern, is a writer whose works do credit to human nature and to this country. He was a man (according to authentic testimony) of the greatest purity of manners, benevolence of disposition, and assiduity in his ministerial function. The famous English Homer, though not very remarkable for his attachment to religious merit, has somewhere paid an agreeable compliment to this worthy man.

*Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well.*

If he spoke with an energy and grace superior to most others, he has also written, on the most interesting subjects, with an equal force and beauty of style: and perhaps we shall be at a loss to find two quarto volumes, in our language, with which his select discourses will not bear a comparison.

The essays of Johnson and Hawkesworth, the works of Seed, and many others, will give you great satisfaction.

I shall, in the last place, as another source of relaxation and pleasing amusement, recommend a species of reading very ancient, and ever in high esteem; viz. poetry. But here I must observe to you, that I am very far from recommending, indiscriminately, the productions of every age or of every poet; for, though I suppose poetry to date its origin from that divine primeval harmony of soul, which is said to have prevailed when "the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God did shout aloud for joy," yet nothing is more certain, than that the wanton imaginations of men, under the cloud of pagan superstition, have perverted it to the most idolatrous purposes. Nor have some modern poets, since the breaking forth of that gospel-light which has so much dispersed the clouds of pagan darkness, been clear of an error, almost equally gross and irreverend. If they have not deified those monsters of cruelty who, to gratify their ambition, have spread horror and desolation from province to province, and from kingdom to kingdom, they have extolled, in wanton verse, almost every species of debauchery which can degrade the dignity of a reasonable nature, even below the level of the beasts which perish.

Thus have some, in almost every age, perverted that melodious and sublime faculty of the soul, which was originally intended to celebrate the divine perfections, and have rendered it subservient to the praise of human depravity. But this is no objection against the art of poetry itself, when confined within its proper limits: and, to the honour of the English nation be it spoken,

spoken, we have many ingenious poets, whose compositions are highly worthy your perusal; both with respect to piety of sentiment and poetical beauty. Such are most of the works of Young, Thomson, Ogilvie, Merrick, Smart, Langhorne, Goldsmith, &c. It must, however, be acknowledged, that even among these, faint allusions will sometimes be found to pagan mythology; that infamous group of absurdity which, for the honour of Christendom, I wish were buried in everlasting oblivion. I shall, therefore, conclude this address with an exhortation, which I hope will be regarded by you in proportion to its weight. In all your researches, suffer not yourselves to forget, for a moment, this one august immutable truth, **THERE IS BUT ONE GOD.** He is a being whom no eye hath seen or can see; but whose own all-discerning eye is in every place, discriminating between the pure and the impure, and who will ultimately judge the secrets of all men, according to the rectitude of his sacred unchangeable attribute.

I am, with the most sincere regard,

Yours, &c. T. X.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I Have lately received the following letter from a distant part of the nation: the writer of it, as my readers will perceive, seems to be a public minister; but of what community is as much unknown to me as his person and character: of the latter, however, the letter itself exhibits no unfavourable specimen. Some parts of it principally relate to myself; but, on account of the difficulty which would attend an abridgement, I chuse to give it intire, not doubting but it will be as acceptable to the public as it was to

THE EDITOR.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

SIR,

BEING on a visit, a few days ago, to an old acquaintance, I accidentally saw, at his house, a number of your publication; and, though I had, for some years, lost my relish for monthly complements, (Reviews excepted,) the novelty of its title and the knowledge I had of my friend's taste for literature induced me to examine it. I was so much pleased with several articles in that number, that I resolved to devote a few hours to looking over the others: and I must own I was glad to find your plan corresponding with my own ideas of the tendency which

which works of this kind should have, viz. the rational moral instruction, rather than the bare amusement, of the public: the general strain of those pieces, which appeared to be written by yourself, excited a hope that you had undertaken the work with an honest intention of answering that end. On which account, I find the greater freedom to write you this letter; which you are at liberty either to publish or not, as you think proper. You have embarked, sir, in a province wherein you may not only prevent much mischief, by diverting the attention of young readers from immoral publications, but in which, by intermixing the unchangeable doctrines of morality with essays of a scientific nature, you may do much good.

In the future prosecution of your undertaking, I wish you to consider yourself as accountable, in some sort, to society, for the evil effects which your insertion of any thing immoral or foolishly trifling may have on any of its members; but more especially as one who must give an account of yourself to God.

I have known much of the vicissitudes of human life; and, respecting its merely animal enjoyments and its superficial friendships, I have often said, in my heart, in the words of the wise man, "They are altogether vanity." I am now arrived at a period of life when the consciousness of an upright intention, in the discharge of a public ministerial character, towards the children of God Almighty's family, is a source of comfort to my soul, and an unspeakable alleviation of bodily pains and infirmities. This I mention, not from a motive of ostentation, but to suggest to you what will infallibly be the reward of *your literary labours*, if you proceed with the integrity of a good citizen, and which will stand you in stead whenever you are called upon to leave this chequered scene.

I have not given myself the trouble of an enquiry concerning your religious persuasion. On that score, I am sufficiently satisfied with not having found any thing in your work which favoured of the four sectary or rigid churchman. If you are of that *one* religion which consists, essentially, in the love and charity of an open bosom, your *name*, among the *different names*, is nothing to me; mine will be the less to you; and you are the more fit for your office. There is nothing, in all the circle of human affairs, which indicates, in any man, a less knowledge of genuine religion, than a censorious rancorous disposition towards such as profess to worship God after a different external manner to himself.

The idea I entertain of the Lord of heaven and earth, and with which I expect soon to lay down my aged head, is strictly conformable to that sublime passage of St. Peter, That he is no respecter of persons; but that, in every nation, kindred,

tongue, and people, those, who fear him and work righteousness, are accepted of him. I rejoice that I have lived in an age which, compared with many former ones, has been nobly marked by that benevolence which is the genuine badge of Christianity: and every gleam of hope, that Christendom is emerging, still more, from the dank and darksome caverns of bigotry, into peaceful society, on the open fields of paradise, is, to me, a cordial of a most excellent quality.

After these sentiments, you will not be surprized if I advise you to reject all moral essays, from your correspondents, which are not evidently written on the capacious ground of Christian charity.

I also advise you not to suffer your miscellany to become a vehicle for theological controversy: you might soon tire many of your readers with amusement of that sort, without rendering the disputants themselves any service. For it rarely happens that, in such contests, they end any nearer an agreement than they began, but frequently in a worse disposition towards each other. It is not in theology as in natural philosophy, where questions are frequently determinable by sensible experiment, and generally receive light in proportion to the strictness of investigation.

I wish you, sir, long life and happiness, with all deserved success in the sale of your work, and am

Your unknown subscriber,

Devonshire, May 28, 1774.

BENEVOLUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

A Dream.

I Fell asleep, the other night, after meditating in my bed on our general dissatisfaction at the fortune that is allotted us, and had an extraordinary and entertaining dream, the impression of which, I flatter myself, your readers will be glad to share, while it is new upon my memory.

I was placed, I knew not how, upon the top of a green hill, which was very flowery and fragrant: the world, methought, lay under it, in a vast descent of cloudiness: a thousand roads led up to it, but with such intricate and mazy windings that my eye was unable to trace any of them distinctly; yet they all opened, at last, upon the summit of the hill, and poured out a mixed multitude of both sexes, and of all ages and conditions; who, as soon as they reached the flat, hastened forward towards its center.

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I was wonderfully pleased to discover Patty Amble in the croud, and, giving her my hand, I led her on with great composure. She informed me that the place we were upon was the Mount of Fortune, and that she was going to a fair, which is held on it, and called Mend-all Market. Her business, she said, was to change her condition for a better; and she doubted not but I might do the same, if I pleased, since I had found my way up the hill: for all people, who came thither, were allowed the happy privilege to lay down their own burdens and take up lighter in the room of them.

In the very middle of the plain, we came, at length, to a kind of May-pole, which was bigger than the Monument, and as high as the Pike of Teneriffe: it was of a bright yellow or gold colour, but twinkled strangely at a distance, and looked dazzling and transparent. There hung off from it, all about, lovely garlands of precious stones, with a mixture of the sweetest flowers, the hues of which were changeable, and varied every moment with the most bewitching delightfulness. Upon the pinnacle of this pyramid sat the queen of the place, very busily spinning: but the thread she twisted off was too fine to be seen distinctly by us, who stood so far below it. The wheel, in its motion, made a musical sound; but so rough and so loud that it shook the hill all round it. It scattered, while she turned it, a sparkling shower of globules, that were many-coloured, but hollow, and broke like empty bubbles, in their descending, over the multitude.

What I observed with most concern was, that, the nearer we came, the prospect grew less charming; for the dust was so thick that our eyes and mouths were filled with it; and our heads ached with the bustle and the noise of the tumult. The commodities, which were to be bartered for, lay spread every where in heaps; and all, who passed between, were invited to come and cheapen them. Sweetmeats, lemonade, and a variety of the finest fruits, were offered diligently, up and down, by little Cupids with painted baskets; and trumpeters, jugglers, rope-dancers, merry-andrews, and opera-mongers, were exerting themselves, on all sides, to complete the uproar of the market. But, though I passed by all their stages, I saw no more than two whose faces were well known to me; and those were **** and ****.

In the front of every pile rose an alabaster pillar, whereon hung a picture, filled with figures, all in motion, representing whatever was most tempting and desirable in the merchandize it recommended: and at the foot of each pillar was placed an ebony chair, on both sides of which stood young and beautiful women, dressed like muses and graces: some inviting passen-

gers to take possession of the empty seat, and others pointing to a compartment on the top of it, where were to be read, in golden letters, the name and quality of the merchandize.

We made up to a heap that was remarkably higher than the rest, and read there the word **ROYALTY**. We were agreeably surprized to see, moving in the picture that hung on this pillar, armies, palaces, and navies; crouds of men upon their knees, and women still more prostrate: banquets, treasures, sports, and triumphs, all succeeding in their turns, drew a mighty croud of gazers, who were struggling for the chair, and pushed each other from it. Patty Amble was very earnest to have had me put in for it; but I winked upon her to be quiet; and presently we saw a person breaking strongly through the croud, who, with loud huzzas and concurrence, placed him there, and bowed round him. But no sooner was he seated when the tempting figures, in the picture, changed immediately into horrible ones! Cares, dangers, hatred, restlessness, and a thousand footy furies, rolled unquietly about him. The muses and graces were transformed into serpents and satyrs, that hissed, grinned, and pointed, at him. And, when he would have gladly escaped, and sprung out of the chair, he found himself held down in it by a troop of meagre phantoms, that frightened us away from farther observation of him.

The next place we stopped at was the column of **BEAUTY**. We looked up to the picture, and saw, moving in it, a mixed and confused bustle of coaches, footmen, and coronets; men with their hearts in their hands; and an indistinct cavalcade of shapeless things, without heads, called smiles, sighs, vows, desires, faintings, languishments, and adorations. There came up to this place, in a great hurry, a fat, but sprightly, young woman, with a bundle under her arm, which she laid down by way of barter, and which we observed, as she sorted her goods, to be filled with large legs, red hair, brown skin, and small-pox marks in abundance. The attendants at the pillar, having agreed to the exchange, were inviting her into the ebony chair, when I, who by this time grew to suspect their fair appearance, turned the picture with my stick, and exposed its other side to the she-merchant, which was to be part of her bargain, and consisted of scandal, spleen, jealousy, anguish, perjury and ruin. She no sooner saw the faces of this ugly nest of monsters, but, snatching up her own bundle, she ran as fast as her thick legs could carry her, tumbling head over heels at every heap in her way, and getting up as she best could, without staying to look behind her.

While we were diverting ourselves at this pleasant sight, a person, whom nature had designed and limbed for a plowman, had

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had been seized with an ambition to be made a minister of state; and having thrown down his burden of toil, penury, and dirtiness, before the pillar of POWER, he had seated himself triumphantly in the chair at the foot of it; but was frightened out of his wits, by that time we came up to him, for we found him almost smothered under an unmerciful load of slanders, terrors, axes, and halters, which he had much ado to crawl out from, and was bawling, with great earnestness and distortion of muscles, to have his own goods restored him.

In the next compartment we examined, we found written the word TITLES. We saw there a beau, with six footmen behind him, very earnestly perusing the moving trophies in the picture. My coquet felt her heart beat at the sight of so fine a gentleman, and whispered her opinion, that I need not turn that picture, for sure there was no ill to be apprehended there. I did it, however, and the beau fell into fits, at the sudden rushing out of a whirlwind of ignorance, conceitedness, scorn, luxury, and diseases.

At the column of WIT I was agreeably entertained among a large circle of gapers, who were admiring the wonderful mechanism of the picture that was hung upon that pillar. Cities, mountains, oceans, woods, skies, meadows, gardens, gods and goddesses, giants, mermaids, Cupids, dragons, mistresses, witches, enchanted castles, fields of air, and seas of fire, all delightfully intermixed and confounded, rose and charmed the observation. But the croud dispersed immediately on my discovering, to their great terror and amazement, that there lurked behind all this gaiety a lean society, called envy, malice, poverty, dependence, and calamity.

I walked quite through the fair; and, wherever I wandered, perceived it was in all parts alike. They, who brought complaints, to exchange against good fortune, chose to carry their own back again, rather than conclude a new bargain. There was something, in every heap, that they were inclinable enough to purchase; — but there was something, too, that must go with it, which they could not bear to be troubled with: so they went murmuring away, and bestowed their curses, in great plenty, on the queen who kept the market, which was never the thinner, notwithstanding; for still new crouds supplied the places of those who returned dissatisfied; nor could the warnings they met with, from such numbers who had been disappointed, prevail with these new-comers to believe they should go back again, without being the richer, from a mart that was stored so plentifully with all that the world calls valuable.

Among the infinite variety of temptations, which glittered every where about me, I was in danger but once; and that was

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at the pillar of FAME. I saw, when I turned that picture, that the weight of the counterbalance lay chiefly in these four evils, death, time, detraction, and uncertainty: yet so strong was my desire, to float my name through futurity, that I was resolutely determined to take possession of the chair. But, having nothing of value about me but my oaken stick and mouse-coloured gloves, (the first of which they refused because of the mischief it had done them, in turning up the wrong sides of their pictures, and the second because not fine enough to be fashionable in that region,) I was forced upon an expedient which I am almost afraid to confess, for fear of losing, for ever, the good opinion of my female readers.

To say all, in a word, I was heroically resolved to give up my love for my glory; so, taking Patty Amble by the hand, I proffered her in barter, having no other commodity. The attendants, who watched the pillar, were just ready to take hold on her, when she threw her arms about my neck, and conjured me, by all the ties of honour, that I would not leave her a sacrifice to so empty a divinity as the regent of that mountain: she begged I would return with her to the lower, but happier, world; and whatever I asked of her she would grant me, by way of recompence.

Unfortunately, overjoyed at this bliss, which, methought, beset me, I awoke on a sudden, and perceived myself in bed in Barbican.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

The Origin and Progress of the Establishment of Kingdoms. From a learned Author.

TO know in what manner the states and kingdoms were founded, that have divided the universe; the steps whereby they rose to that pitch of grandeur related in history; by what ties families and cities united, in order to constitute one body, or society, and to live together under the same laws and common authority; it will be necessary to trace things back, in a manner, to the infancy of the world, and to those ages in which mankind, being dispersed into different regions, (after the confusion of tongues,) began to people the earth.

In these early ages, every father was the supreme head of his family; the arbiter and judge of whatever contests and divisions might arise within it; the natural legislator over his little society; the defender and protector of those who, by their birth, education, and weakness, were under his protection and safe-guard;

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guard ; and of whom he was so extremely tender, that he was as careful of their interest as of his own.

But, although these masters enjoyed an independent authority, they made a mild and paternal use of it. So far from being jealous of their power, they neither governed with haughtiness nor decided with tyranny. As they were obliged, by necessity, to associate their family in their domestic labours, they also summoned them together, and asked their opinion, in matters of importance. In this manner all affairs were transacted in concert, and for the common good.

The laws, which the paternal vigilance established in this little domestic senate, being dictated with no other view than to promote the general welfare, concerted with such children as were come to years of maturity, and accepted by the inferiors, with a full and free consent, were religiously kept and preserved in families, as an hereditary polity, to which they owed their peace and security.

But different motives gave rise to different laws. One man, overjoyed at the birth of a first-born son, resolved to distinguish him from his future children, by bestowing on him a more considerable share of his possessions, and giving him a greater authority in his family. Another, more attentive to the interest of a beloved wife or darling daughter, whom he wanted to settle in the world, thought it incumbent on him to secure their rights and increase their advantages. The solitary and cheerless state to which a wife would be reduced, in case she should become a widow, affected more intimately another man, and made him provide, before-hand, for the subsistence and comfort of a woman who formed his felicity. From these different views, and others of the like nature, arose the different customs of nations, as well as their rights, which are infinitely various.

In proportion as every family increased, by the birth of children and their marrying into other families, they extended their little domain, and formed, by insensible degrees, towns and cities.

These societies growing, in process of time, very numerous, and the families being divided into various branches, each of which had its head, whose different interests and characters might interrupt the general tranquility, it was necessary to entrust one person with the government of the whole, in order to unite all these chiefs, or heads, under a single authority, and to maintain the public peace by an uniform administration. The idea, which men still retained of the paternal government, and the happy effects they had experienced from it, prompted them to chuse, from among their wisest and most virtuous men, him in whom they had observed the tenderest and most fatherly disposition.

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Neither ambition nor cabal had the least share in this choice; probity alone, and the reputation of virtue and equity, decided on these occasions; and gave the preference to the most worthy.

To heighten the lustre of their newly-acquired dignity, and enable them the better to put the laws in execution, as well as to devote themselves entirely to the public good, to defend the state against the invasions of their neighbours and the factions of discontented citizens, the title of king was bestowed upon them; a throne was erected, and a sceptre put into their hands; homage was paid them, officers were assigned, and guards appointed for the security of their persons; tributes were granted; they were invested with full powers to administer justice; and, for this purpose, were armed with a sword, in order to restrain injustice and punish crimes.

At first, every city had its particular king, who, being more solicitous about preserving his dominion than enlarging it, confined his ambition within the limits of his native country. But the almost unavoidable feuds, which break out between neighbours, the jealousy against a more powerful king, the turbulent and restless spirit of a prince, his martial disposition, or a thirst of aggrandizing himself and displaying his abilities, gave rise to wars which frequently ended in the entire subjection of the vanquished, whose cities were, by that means, possessed by the victor, and increased insensibly his dominions. Thus, a first victory paving the way to a second, and making a prince more powerful and enterprising, several cities and provinces were united under one monarch, and formed kingdoms of a greater or lesser extent, according to the degree of ardor with which the victor had pushed his conquests.

The ambition of some of these princes being too vast to confine itself within a single kingdom, it broke over all bounds, and spread universally, like a torrent or the ocean; swallowed up kingdoms and nations; and gloried in depriving princes of their dominions, who had not done them the least injury; in carrying fire or sword into the most remote countries; and in leaving, every where, bloody traces of their progress. Such was the origin of those famous empires which included a great part of the world.

Princes made a various use of victory, according to the diversity of their dispositions or interests. Some, considering themselves as absolute masters of the conquered, and imagining they were sufficiently indulgent in sparing their lives, bereaved them, as well as their children, of their possessions, their country, and their liberty; subjected them to a most severe captivity; employed them in those arts which are necessary for the support of life; in the lowest and most servile offices of the house; in
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the painful toils of the field; and frequently forced them, by the most inhuman treatment, to dig in mines, and ransack the bowels of the earth, merely to satiate their avarice: and hence mankind were divided into freemen and slaves, masters and bondmen.

Others introduced the custom of transporting whole nations into new countries; where they settled them, and gave them lands to cultivate.

Other princes, again, of more gentle dispositions, contented themselves with only obliging the vanquished nations to purchase their liberties, and the enjoyment of their lives and privileges, by annual tributes, laid on them for that purpose; and sometimes they would suffer kings to sit peaceably on their thrones, upon condition of their paying them some kind of homage.

But such of these monarchs, as were the wisest and ablest politicians, thought it glorious to establish a kind of equality betwixt the nations newly conquered and their other subjects; granting the former almost all the rights and privileges which the others enjoyed: and, by these means, a great number of nations, that was spread over different and far distant countries, constituted, in some measure, but one city, at least but one people. X.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

A Dissertation on the Scriptures, from a learned Work.

(Continued from P. 532.)

IT is a matter of dispute, among authors, whether there was a Greek version of the Old Testament more antient than that supposed to have been made by 72 Jews, in the reign of Ptolomy Philadelphus. Clemens Alexandrinus and Eusebius, among the antients, and Bellarmine, Serarius, and others, among the moderns, are of opinion there was. They ground their opinion, first, upon the testimony of Aristobulus, reported by Eusebius, which imports, that, "before Alexander conquered the Persians, some authors had translated what concerned the departure of the Jews out of Egypt, the most considerable of what had befallen them, the taking of their country, and the explication of their law:" words which seem to imply that the Pentateuch had been translated into Greek before the 70: secondly, upon this, that some heathen philosophers, more antient than the 70, particularly Plato, seem to have borrowed several things from the books of Moses. On the other hand, St. Augustine, Philo, and Epiphanius, seem to be persuaded

that the 70 were the first who translated the sacred books into Greek: this is likewise the opinion of Baronius and others. They rely chiefly on the testimony of Aristeus, who supposes that there was no Greek version of the law before that of the 70; for, had there been any, it must have been known to the Jews, and to king Ptolomy's library-keeper, who sought every where for Greek books; nor is it likely, in that case, they would have given themselves the trouble of making a new one. All that is certain in this matter is, that, if there was a Greek translation of the scriptures before the 70, there are now no traces or footsteps remaining of any such version.

Before our Saviour's time, there was no other Greek version of the Old Testament besides that which went under the name of the 70; but, after the establishment of Christianity, some authors undertook new translations of the Bible, under pretence of making them more conformable to the Hebrew text. The first who formed this design was the Jewish proselyte Aquila, of the city of Synope, in Pontus, disciple to rabbi Akiba, who put it in execution in the twelfth year of the emperor Adrian, *A. D.* 128. St. Epiphanius pretends that, being excommunicated, after his conversion, for addicting himself to judicial astrology, he set about his version out of hatred to the Christians, and with a wicked design of corrupting the passages of the prophets relating to Jesus Christ. St. Jerom says his version is made word for word, and with too scrupulous a niceness.

The second Greek version is that of Symmachus, a Samaritan by birth, who first turned Jew, then Christian, and at last Ebionite. He composed it, according to Epiphanius, in the reign of the emperor Severus. His version was more free than the rest; for he applied himself chiefly to give the sense, without translating word for word; wherefore his version came nearer the 70 than that of Aquila.

The third Greek version, after that of the 70, is that of Theodotion of Ephesus. It is said he was a disciple of Marcion, and that, having had some difference with those of his sect, he turned Jew. The version of this author was the best of the three, because he kept a just medium between Aquila and Symmachus, not confining himself so servilely to the letter as the former did, nor wandering so far from it as the second did.

There were, besides these, three other Greek versions, whose authors are unknown. Origen, as quoted by Eusebius, tells us, that one of these versions was found at Nicopolis, near Actium, in Epirus. They were not translations of all the books of scripture, but of some few only.

It is past dispute, that the Latin churches had, even in the first ages, a translation of the Bible in their language; which, being

being the vulgar language, and consequently understood by every one, occasioned a vast number of Latin versions. Among all these there was one, which was generally received, and called, by St. Jerom, the vulgar or common translation: St. Austin gives this version the name of the Italic, and prefers it to all the rest.

St. Jerom undertook to revise and correct the Latin version of the Bible; but, having afterwards attained to a more perfect knowledge of the Hebrew language, he set about a new translation of some books of the Old Testament from the Hebrew; and continuing, at the solicitations of his friends, to translate the rest, he at last perfected an entire new version of all the books contained in the Hebrew canon. In his translation, he followed, as nearly as he could, the version of the 70, and retained the very expressions of the ancient vulgar Latin, as far as was consistent with purity of stile and true Latinity. This translation was so highly applauded by the Christian church, that some authors have pretended it was brought to perfection by the inspiration of the Holy-Ghost: but St. Augustin looked upon the author to be so well skilled in the Hebrew language, as to be able to undertake and bring to perfection such a work, by the strength of his own abilities. St. Jerom's version was soon received in many churches; and, in the 6th century, it became as general, and was in as high esteem, as the ancient vulgate.

It was not till the 16th century that any new Latin translations were made of the Bible from the Hebrew text. Sanctes Pagninus, a Dominican monk, was the first who undertook a new version of the books of scripture into Latin, from the modern Hebrew text. His design was encouraged by pope Leo X. and his version made its first appearance at Lyons, in the year 1527: it adheres too scrupulously to the words of the text, which makes it obscure, and to favour of barbarity in many places. He is likewise often misled, as to the sense; having affected too much to follow the explications of the Jewish rabbins. It is, however, a very useful work, and very proper to explain the literal sense of the Hebrew text. Arias Montanus, when he compiled the edition of the *Biblia Polyglotta*, revised this translation of Pagninus.

Cardinal Cajetan, though not versed in the Hebrew, undertook a translation of some parts of the Bible, by the assistance of two persons, well skilled in that language, the one a Jew, the other a Christian. After him, Isidore Clarius, a monk of mount Cassin, set himself to reform the vulgar version, after the Hebrew text; in the doing of which, he pretends to have corrected above eight thousand passages of the Bible.

Besides these translations, made by catholic authors, there are some, likewise, performed by protestant translators; the first of whom was Sebastian Munster. His version is much more intelligible, and in much better Latin, than that of Pagninus. Huetius bestows on him the character of a translator well versed in the Hebrew, and whose stile is very exact and conformable to the original. The translation of Leo Juda, a Zuinglian, printed at Zurich, in 1543, and afterwards by Robert Stephens, in 1545, is written in a more elegant stile than that of Munster; he often departs from the literal meaning of the Hebrew text for the sake of a polite Latin expression: but in this he has not taken so great liberty as Sebastian Castalio, who undertook to give the world an elegant Latin version of the Bible: but there are critics who censure him for departing from the noble simplicity and natural grandeur of the original, and deviating into an affected effeminate stile, overcharged with false rhetoric, and not always true Latinity. The version of Junius and Tremellius has much more of the true natural simplicity. The chief Hebraisms are preserved in it, and the whole is strictly conformable to the Hebrew text. We must not forget the version of Theodore Beza, a protestant divine of Geneva, in the 16th century. Sebastian Castalio found fault with this version, and Beza wrote an apology for it about the year 1564.

The Christians of the East, as well as those of the West, had their translations of the holy scriptures. The Syrians have, in the language, a version of the Old Testament, which they pretend to be of great antiquity. A great part of it, they say, was made in Solomon's time, and the rest in the time of Abgarus, king of Edessa. They relate, that Hiram, king of Tyre, desired Solomon to communicate the use of letters and writing to the Syrians, and to get translated for them the sacred books of the Hebrews: which request Solomon complied with, and sent them the Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Solomon's Song, and Job, which were the only books then extant: the remaining books of scripture, they add, were translated into Syriac, after the death of Christ, by the care of Abgarus, king of Edessa. But this account is looked upon as fabulous. It is true, the Syriac version, which we now have, must be very ancient, since it is often cited by the fathers. Dr. Prideaux is of opinion it was made within the first century after Christ, that the author of it was some Christian of the Jewish nation, and that it is the best translation of the Old Testament. This version is not always agreeable to the original, but in some places is more conformable to the Samaritan Pentateuch, and in others to the version of the septuagint. In the Psalms, the translator has taken the liberty

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to leave out the ancient titles and inscriptions of each psalm ; instead of which he gives an abstract of the contents of each psalm. That he was a Christian is plain, because he has applied several psalms to Jesus Christ and his church.

The Arabic versions of the Bible are of two sorts, the one done by Christians the other by Jews. There is one of the Old Testament, whose author is supposed to be Saadias Goan, a Jew of Babylon, who wrote the same about the year of Christ 900. Of this whole work, the Pentateuch alone is printed. The Jews have another Arabic version, in Hebrew characters, which Erpenius published, in Arabic characters, at Leyden, in the year 1622. Among the Arabic translations, done by Christians, there is one printed in the Polyglots of Paris and England ; but both the author and the time when it was written are unknown. It must have been written since the publication of the Koran, because the author, in many places, has evidently followed it. In this version the Pentateuch is translated from the Hebrew, that of Job from the Syriac, and the rest from the septuagint. There are, besides, several Arabic versions of particular books of scripture ; as, a translation of the Pentateuch from the Syriac, and another of the same from the septuagint ; and another version of the Pentateuch, the manuscripts of which are in the Bodleian library. There are also some Arabic translations of the Psalms ; one printed at Genoa in 1516, the other at Rome in 1619 ; and there is a manuscript version of the prophets, in this language, preserved in the Bodleian library. [*To be continued.*]

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

— — *Tibi Di quæcunque preceris*
Commoda dent ; ita vir bonus es, convivæque comis. HOR.

— *May'st thou be blest,*
In every wish, my kind good-humoured guest.

OF all the lesser virtues, or, as the French call them, *les petites morales*, none are, perhaps, entitled to a higher rank, in our estimation, than GOOD HUMOUR, whether we consider it as more immediately respecting the happiness of its possessor, or as diverging from him through the whole circle of his social connections.

Great virtues are called forth by great emergencies, and to superior difficulties superior assistance is necessary. A constant vigilance of conduct and a patient resignation to inevitable evils
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are the proper fruits of well-established religious principles; and to confirm their efficacy is the great and just end of the serious declamations of the pulpit. Good-humour aspires not to rank with these cardinal virtues; it is sufficient that she is admitted of their retinue. To them she leaves the province of illuminating the moral system; content with the humbler task of enlivening the sphere of domestic life and the more familiar scenes of social intercourse.

Were I to define this term, I should call it, *an habitual disposition to please, and be pleased, in common conversation and common occurrences.* That the present scene of things is chequered with good and evil, is an observation as old as the obviousness of its truth: and experience teaches us, to our sorrow, that it is not in our power absolutely to chuse the good or refuse the evil. The same experience will however tell us, that we can, in a limited degree, magnify or diminish our *real* portion of either. Things take much of their complexion from the medium through which they are seen. In viewing moral objects, this medium is the *temper*, and it is of the highest importance that it be serene and composed. When the imagination is permitted to fix too steadily on that side of the picture of life, on which the dark characters of evil are delineated, the temper, easily susceptible of impressions, is disposed to become gloomy, fretful, and morose: but, if the attention be directed to the other side, on which the lively forms of hope and the family of joy are pourtrayed, the mind, still influenced by the objects it delights to contemplate, is insensibly formed to a sprightly, cheerful, and good-humoured, temper: a temper which educes good even out of evil, as bees extract honey from noxious flowers.

Good-humour is distinguished from good-nature, which is more closely allied to humanity and the greater virtues. Good-nature may exist without good-humour, but not good-humour without good-nature. Good-nature is the substance and good-humour the mode. Good-nature supplies the diamond, and good-humour the polish.

The little vexations and perverse incidents of life, like the most insignificant insects, may offend a traveller by their buzzing, or may annoy him by their filth: but shall he deprive himself of the natural pleasures and beautiful prospects of his journey, to indulge his resentment in the pursuit of them? He, whose reputation is stained by envy or defiled by calumny, will do well to brush off the venom gently, continue his journey, and think no more of it. Whether anger be, in any case, justifiable, I will not take upon me to determine; but it has justly been observed, that no man is ever angry without thinking he has sufficient reason to be so. To an angry man, objects, like a certain kind

kind of pictures, appear exceedingly uncouth and distorted; nor can they be seen in their true colours and proportions without the assisting medium of good-humour.

Moralists have frequently compared life to a state of warfare: and, to support the allegory, if the moral virtues be the fortifications of the mind, good-humour may be called the outwork. If it be properly guarded, it will make a vigorous defence against the assaults of anger and discontent, and obstruct the entrance of those anxious passions which it is afterwards found so difficult to expel.

The utility of this quality is not, however, restricted to the counteracting these hostilities of the passions: it promotes the influence of the higher virtues, and, like the mantle of Elijah, gives them a double portion of efficacy. Friendship, generosity, hospitality, receive additional splendor from this exterior ornament: they furnish the solid gold, good-humour stamps it into currency and makes it more readily acceptable.

But the excellence of this amiable disposition to please and be pleased shines more particularly conspicuous in the hours of innocent relaxation and social enjoyment, when temperance furnishes the entertainment and decency presides at the table. The sarcastic asperities of wit may be remembered with pain, and the tumultuous effusions of mirth with disgust; but the open generous frankness of good-humour conciliates regard in the present moment, and is attended with no regret in the future.

Conversations, too, of a graver cast, will be improved under the benign influence of this inferior virtue, which even sheds its graces over the severity of just censure. *Ejus comitas, says Cornelius Nepos, speaking of Atticus, non sine severitate erat, neque gravitas sine facilitate.* "His mild complacent temper was not without a proper mixture of severity, when reproof was necessary, nor were his graver discourses unaccompanied with a certain good-humoured ease." There is, it must be owned, a certain harshness in reproof which can scarcely be rendered palatable without a portion of this ingredient. An acknowledged superiority, indeed, justly claims an obsequious attention; and accordingly we, your readers, Mr. Editor, sit thankfully down to the monthly mess of advice which you are pleased to serve up to us. Such instances however apart, men are, in this article, generally inclined to be prodigal, and their practice exactly conforms to that part of scripture which teaches us "that it is more blessed to give than to receive." They take it, no doubt, for granted, that generosity is always understood to imply riches, and that the more wisdom they bestow upon others, the greater their own possessions will be thought. But it unfortunately happens, that few are disposed to acknowledge this species of poverty;

poverty; and, unless the ostentation of superior riches be softened by the milder graces of affection and good-humour, the gift is as usually neglected as it is easily given.

Controversy, indeed, especially of the theological kind, and gaming of all kinds, mostly agree to exclude good-humour from their party. Nor is this the only point in which they agree: a much closer parallel may be observed between them. The same anxiety for victory, the same irritability at the success of their opponents, and the same inattention to every thing else, mark the dispositions of the combatants in both instances. Their importance too is much on a level; and the same concluding question (if that which is continually renewed can be ever said to conclude) denotes the expectation which the by-standers entertain of the result: Who is the conqueror?

The most striking examples of good-humour that I recollect are Epictetus in ancient, and Sir Thomas More in modern, times. The former carried a chearful and facetious spirit through all the indignities, and even pains, of his condition; and our learned countryman, it is well known, preserved his pleasantry of temper to the last, and only quitted it, together with his life, upon the scaffold.

These examples are not, perhaps, within the reach of every one; but it is in every one's power to cultivate the same complacency of disposition in himself: the seeds of it are universally scattered, though every constitution be not alike fitted to receive them. What is deficient in the soil may, however, in a great degree, be remedied by the culture; and the produce will amply recompense the pains bestowed upon it. An infirm state of health, and particularly tedious chronic complaints, subject the sufferers to a temper diametrically opposite to that which I am recommending. Yet, were these valetudinarians sensible how much their impatience tends to rivet their chains, they would at least exert their endeavours to obtain a release. A good-humoured chearful disposition contributes as much to establish bodily health, as fretfulness and ill-humour to impair it. There is a defect, in the constitution of some minds, which seems to partake of that original nothing out of which man is formed; and their spirits are sometimes oppressed and overwhelmed by it. The shade which envelopes them is, however, temporary, and soon passes over. To add vexation and disquietude is to accumulate their own burthens. Infirmities, which cannot immediately be conquered, must not yet be despaired of; and the fable reminds us that he, who endeavoured in vain to pluck off the horse's tail at once, succeeded by a more gradual progress.

I would beg leave, in particular, to recommend this qualification to your female readers, as a more effectual beautifier of
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the complexion than any paint or cosmetic whatsoever. It must, indeed, be used every day, but its effect will be increased, not lessened, by continuance. When good-humour is combined with the native charms of female beauty and delicacy, its force becomes almost irresistible. Like the valorous knight of a romance, it dispels the malicious enchantments of spleen and discontent, and these giant-forms of the imagination, together with the fogs which continually surround them, shrink beneath its superior influence.

OMICRON.

*For the MONTHLY LEDGER.**Reflections on the Soul.*

THE purest happiness the mind of man is capable of acquiring, by the activity of its own powers, is the produce of a serene contemplation on his being, use, and end; from viewing the rank he sustains in the infinite scale of created existence; and from the consciousness of having properly filled up the relation he stands in to the other parts of the universe.

He who surveys, with an eye purged from error, the amazing scene of nature spread forth around him, who ascends from effects to causes, and studies Deity in his glorious works, cannot fail of discovering such evident traces of universal goodness as will calm his fears, and chase every gloomy idea from his mind. And, although the contemplation of scenes so extensive and glorious, of wonders so astonishing, may almost suspend the activity of the soul's faculties, and lead it to consider itself as one of the meanest among the number of its Creator's works, yet in this humility consisteth the truest exaltation, and this is the place of its security and rest. In this situation the soul has every thing to hope and nothing to fear; and from thence its fervent aspirations will ascend, and enter, with holy prevalence, the ear of its Father, who is in heaven.

The unchangeable goodness of the universal Parent, to every part of his family, throughout heaven and earth, is a foundation of the most exalted hope and the most refined joy.

The shocks of adverse fortune and the power of contingencies, which no human wisdom can counteract, cannot shake the stability of that mind which possesses the happy consciousness of having acted for the best, and being under the paternal notice of him whose tender mercies are over all his works.

A steady uniform trust in, and dependance upon, this universal Father and Friend, will best preserve us through the vicissitudes of life, and center the mind in that tranquility wherein pure, substantial, permanent, felicity is only to be found.

WALDENIENSIS.

*For the MONTHLY LEDGER.**Description of the Spordaca, or Tree-Frog.*

THIS curious little animal is found in most parts of ancient Greece, and other parts of the East. It is shaped like other frogs, but much smaller, and of a deep green colour. When it lies close to the ground, it resembles one half of a walnut, with the convex part uppermost; for then its feet are so doubled underneath it as not to be discovered.

In nature, however, it is very different from other frogs; for whereas these love to be always among the grass or in the water, this kind delights to climb shrubs, bushes, and trees, and to sit chirping, like birds, on the twigs and branches. For this purpose nature has made a peculiar provision, its toes ending in little round knobs, about the bigness of a pin's head, out of which issues a clammy glutinous substance, that preserves it from falling when it leaps from one bough to another; for if it can but touch the smallest twig or smoothest leaf, with any one of its feet, it sticks fast to it, by that viscous matter, and surprisingly recovers its whole body. This may seem incredible, but, among many others, Sir George Wheeler observed it very often, and could not perceive that the frog held by grasping with its feet, as birds and squirrels do, but merely by the glutinous substance discharged from its toes; which, however, we must suppose it can emit or retain at pleasure, or else it would prevent its leaping as well as falling. This creature, when put into the water, would swim like other frogs, but never offered to dive, and made all possible haste out of that cold element. In an evening, great numbers of these creatures will sit chirping on the trees, and make the groves vocal with their harmony.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

IT is certainly an employment worthy the dignity of reasonable beings, to investigate their own nature, the origin and bent of their passions, and the means to restrict them within the bounds of temperance and sobriety. As we are formed of the elements, they have doubtless a physical influence over us; and hence result the numerous temptations we meet with, from external objects, to deviate from that rectitude of character which is required of us, as reasonable and accountable beings. But, although obnoxious to the influence of the objects of sense, yet, as moral agents, we possess a power which renders us capable of opposing such influence, whenever it excites us to actions

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which contradict our moral sense of right and wrong, or which, in other words, are inconsistent with the plain dictates of right reason.

By giving the reins to our animal passions, without reflecting on the nature and tendency of those actions to which they strongly incite us, we act inconsistent with the dignity of our reasonable nature and the prime end of our being. This is evidenced in the conduct and character of those who live in complete servitude to those passions which have precipitated them into vice and misery. Yet we find that greater numbers are governed by mere sense, than by the sober rules of reason, in the conduct of life. But the wiser few, who consider the present uncertain span of existence as it really is, only a state of preparation to one more permanent and happy, see the necessity of enquiring into the nature of every motive which the passions present to the mind. They examine the relation in which they stand to other beings, and how far the gratification of their passions is consistent with the station they fill in life; or with those laws of action by which they ought ever to be governed. Every passion may be lawfully indulged within the bounds of reason and temperance; when they exceed these limits the action becomes vicious. Neither reason nor revelation require an *extermination*, but only a *regulation*, of our passions. They were all implanted by the great Author of our being; nor does it comport with his wisdom to suppose that he would implant a passion in the human heart which was never to be indulged. They were all designed to answer some good end to us, and will ever do so while under the proper government of those more noble principles of the mind whose province it is to rule them. To suppose otherwise, is, in effect, to charge the Deity with a design to tantalise his creatures, by giving them passions and appetites which were never to be gratified. An unworthy thought this, which could have no other origin than in the gloomy regions of superstition, where God is worshipped as an object of terror rather than of love.

An intimate acquaintance with ourselves, our motives, and actions, from what source they spring, and to what purposes they ultimately tend, will best produce the proper government of our passions, in the journey of life; and this government forms a great part of the system of morality.

Morality is the grand basis of religion: it is the ladder whose foot is on earth, but whose elevated summit reaches, and will convey the traveller, by the various steps of purity and perfection, to the celestial regions. It leads *from* earth, and sublimates the mind to the perfection of its nature. Nor is its ascent hard to those who retain their native freedom, or its duties in-

veloped in obscurity. The obligations we are under, to the uniform exercise of justice, temperance, fidelity, mercy, and benevolence, are self-evident: to discover that these are real virtues, and that it is our duty steadily to practise them, we want not the refinements of philosophy, the aid of dead languages, or any peculiar skill in analytic science: they are written in indelible characters on every heart, and strongly reflected on the faithful mirror of every conscience: every man feels their force, in the moments of serious reflection, and assents to their propriety. Let these virtues, therefore, engage our attention and be the rule of our conduct. To know ourselves is the most profitable of all knowledge: for want of this knowledge many have been learnedly ignorant, and contented themselves with the theory of idle speculation instead of experimental practice. The descent from virtue to vice is broad and easy; and many, who have been allured by the instigation of passions, improperly indulged, to make short excursions from the path of innocence, have unwarily been drawn into that vortex of folly, where they have sunk and risen no more. PHILANTHROPOS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Remarks on Dr. Ogilvie's Day of Judgement continued.

I Now beg leave to add a few more brief remarks on Dr. Ogilvie's Day of Judgement, and to point out a few of its excellences.

In describing this universal assembly, the poet has, in some instances, characterised the different nations with great propriety. The four following lines are very justly characteristical.

*Next, Asia's millions fill th' extended space,
Known from the rest, a soft unmanly race;
While there (each bosom rough with many a scar)
Stand Afric's troops, the stormy sons of war.*

In the succeeding lines he leads us to America, remarking their primitive happiness, before the European conquest, and setting forth, in bold and lively imagery, the miseries that ensued on their becoming tributary to Christian governors.

*Columbus' world, a wide innum'rous throng,
Swell on the straining sight, and pours along.
Blest race! ere discord snatch'd the gleaming shield,
Ere war, tremendous, thunder'd o'er the field,
Ere freedom, ranging o'er Peruvian plains,
Mark'd their dire waste, and heard the clanking chains:*

*At once dim sorrow veil'd her shining eyes,
She spread her trembling plumes and ey'd the skies :
Guilt, rage, and death, terrific shapes! appear ;
The distant tumult murmur'd in her ear ;
She sigh'd ; and, mounting on the glancing ray,
Shot o'er the scene, and sought the climes of day.*

The above description of Freedom, driven from her native haunts, ranging over the Peruvian fields, in search of a place to dwell in, marking the visible desolation that arbitrary power had made, then spreading her trembling plumes, and taking her flight, from this scene of guilt, rage, and death, to the skies, contains noble and glowing sentiments, and is embellished with some of the finest graces of poetry.

After concluding his description of the universal assemblage of all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, and before he enters on the more awful events of that solemn discriminating day, he addresses the Deity in the following animated invocation.

*Eternal God, whose word, supremely wise,
Can crush or people all th' expanded skies!
Who bid'st creation wait on thy command!
Throw'st worlds, like atoms, from thy forming hand!
O for some nobler, more exalted, lays,
Some heavenly strains, to speak thy boundless praise.
All fancy droops, on this transporting scene ;
All rapture dull ; all elegance is mean ;
All thought too faint ; all colours cease to glow ;
All fire too languid ; all sublime too low!*

How just are his sentiments on this august subject!

In the second book he represents, in a striking manner, conscience awakening, and throwing off all the disguises of hypocrisy, all the vain subterfuges of self-love and self-deception, representing actions in their true colours, and virtue fighting at the view, in doubt what would be the event, till hope

Dispell'd the how'ring mist that veil'd her eyes.

He next describes the heavenly emotions of the virtuous, on anticipating the awful catastrophe ; and then contrasts it with the following lively painting of the terrors of the wicked.

*But mark that throng ; what keen destructive smart,
What piercing anguish, stings the tortur'd heart :
While pain's fell brood, in dreadful concourse join'd,
Fear, rage, and guilt, distract the madd'ning mind.
The gentle calm, the hours of mercy fled,
At last slow vengeance rears its Gorgon-head ;*

*No time remains to ease the flutt'ring breast ;
 No friend to soothe the racking soul to rest ;
 No shade to screen from heav'n's impending doom ;
 No hope to sleep in yon dissolving tomb ;
 'Tis past : — and, lo ! the black'ning clouds appear,
 Involving darkness wraps the boundless sphere ;
 While, through the gloom, just darting on their eyes,
 The last pale beam shoots, trembles, fades, and dies.*

After adding to this a pathetic expostulation with mankind, on their folly and blindness, he introduces the Almighty as descending to judge the world, in all the pomp and grandeur of poetical imagery.

————— *From his great abode,
 Full on a whirlwind, came the dreadful God :
 The tempest, rattling, wings the fiery car ;
 Ten thousand hosts, his ministers of war.
 The flaming cherubim attend his flight,
 And heav'n's foundations groan'd beneath their weight ;
 Through all the skies his forked lightnings play'd ;
 With radiant splendor glow'd his beamy head ;
 From his bright eyes the trembling throng retire ;
 He spoke in thunder and he breath'd in fire :
 He stood ; o'er all the boundless glory shone ;
 Then call'd, and darkness form'd his gloomy throne ;
 Black clouds hung awful round the bursting ray,
 And veil'd from sight th' intolerable day.*

What an assemblage of the most grand and sublime imagery is here ! The imagination can scarcely conceive any thing more sublime and awful ! Why, then, did the poet so injudiciously break in upon that silent astonishment and awe, which must fill the mind of a sensible reader at the conclusion of this passage, by introducing a simile which, though great and beautiful in itself, bears no more proportion to the august scene than the glow-worm's feeble ray does to the sun in his meridian splendor ?

After this, he endeavours to represent the anguish and terror which the wicked will feel, only on the anticipation of their doom ; and he tells us, the mere idea of it is so dreadful, that, to escape its vengeance, they would joyfully submit to the most excruciating corporeal pains. Take it in his own words.

*Lo ! the wide field, where thousands, in despair,
 Would smile at death, and hug the mangling spear ;
 Where, fir'd with rage, too big to be express'd,
 They'd bless the reeking blade that tore their breast.*

O! with what joy some mortal wound they'd feel,
 With what delight they'd clasp the pointed steel,
 Hung on the smarting rack, or stretch'd upon the wheel!
 Blest, were some mountain, at th' Eternal's call,
 Whirl'd from its base, to crush them in the fall;
 Would heav'n's great Sov'reign hear their only pray'r,
 To strew their limbs, like atoms, in the air;
 Would some devouring flame their dust consume,
 Or deep volcano hide them in its womb,
 With their last breath they'd praise Jehovah's name,
 And bless their dreadful sentence in the flame.
 But, ah, 'tis all in vain. — — —

In the last-cited passage, some of the lines are rendered inharmonious by the flat-sounding abbreviation *they'd*. It is also too much labour'd. But the sentiments it conveys are warranted by sacred writ, in that short, but far more sublime, expression, "They shall call on the rocks and mountains to fall on them," &c. The poet had, doubtless, this passage in his eye in the eighth line.

Then, after expressing his desire, that the sense of an event so great and awful may never be absent from his mind, he asks the reader,

Say, dost thou long to reach yon distant sky?

And, after shewing that it is not the sudden start, the transient flash of thought, the darting impulse, or loose sally of keen desire, that can render man the subject of divine favour, in that solemn hour, he proceeds to shew what *will* constitute him a successful candidate for future glory.

— 'Tis a work that grows upon the sight;
 'Tis godlike virtue's regular delight.
 Th'intrepid soul, by passions ne'er alarm'd,
 Improv'd by judgement, as by fancy warm'd;
 Whose zeal with reason's rigid dictates sorts,
 Glows, but not blazes; warms, but not transports;
 Whose conduct, squar'd by ev'ry noble rule,
 Forms one proportion'd, just, consistent, whole;
 'Tis he, who does whate'er a mortal can;
 Who, — — — — —

When keen temptation prompts the heart to stray,
 And the warm tumult melts the soul away,
 Who then from heav'n awaits directing light,
 And stands unshaken in superior might;
 This, this is he, who, in serene repose,
 Can coolly smile at earth's convulsive throes.

In this beautiful passage, the most interesting truths are blended with the pleasing graces of poetry, and, while they charm the ear, find their way to the heart. Where instruction is thus interwoven with the most expressive touches of true eloquence, the reader will not spend his time in barren amusement, but find his heart made better, while his imagination is entertained and improved.

The remaining part of this valuable poem will furnish some additional observations, which I shall comprize in one more essay for the next number.

EUSEBIUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

HAVING lately observed several epitaphs, in the poetical part of your Monthly Ledger, I send you the following in prose, which you may insert or reject as is most consistent with your plan.

Nil nisi bonum de mortuis, or, to say nothing concerning the dead but what is good, is a maxim dictated by that equity and humanity which ought ever to preside where the party accused cannot appear to make his defence: it is also a maxim most sacredly observed in the composition of epitaphs; and, without any intention of depreciating or extinguishing that pious regard which nature excites for the memory of a deceased relation, I would humbly propose an alteration (if I may not venture to say an amendment) in the foregoing maxim; I would have it stand thus, *nil nisi verum de mortuis*, or, to say nothing concerning the dead but what is true; for, if it be granted that truth ought to be steadily and inviolably observed in our words and actions, this obvious reason will occur, in favour of the alteration, that it is very possible to exceed the bounds of truth on the side of panegyric as well as on that of detraction. The deceased is not interested in our encomiums nor affected by our invectives, and, among the living, those, who were acquainted with the subject of monumental praise, will not believe what exceeds the truth, though told in letters of stone; whilst the transient stranger considers the fond effusions of extravagant commendation as a tribute of personal attachment to the memory, rather than a serious delineation of the character, of the deceased.

The following is a literal transcript of an epitaph in the church-yard at Newington, Surry. "Here lyeth the body of Mrs. Sarah Norris, wife of Mr. John Norris, of this Parish, who departed this life January 20, 1767, aged 20 years: in whom every thing was amiable, excellent, perfect; who did every thing with propriety and delicacy; whose temper was

inimitable,

inimitable, even, sweet, chearful ; whose words were few, soft, nervous ; whose judgement was piercing, clear, sound ; whose piety, charity, and sobriety, were consistent and consummate ; who shone with distinguished lustre in all the meek, humble, and charming, virtues ; who bore the forest afflictions, sorrows, and sicknesses, with most admirable and unabated patience, magnanimity, and perseverance ; of whom the world was not worthy, and whose reward is in heaven." E. N.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Let those persons only wear this cap whose head it fits. ANON.

OF the many moral evils, which are the subject of general declamation, there is scarcely any one which deserves to be more severely reprehended than the evil of detraction.

In persons of weak understandings this vice is most prevalent : such, having neither sufficient virtue nor capacity to attract the notice of others, vainly and vilely endeavour to raise a momentary reputation on the ruin of absent characters. Reputation is, to a virtuous man, a jewel of inestimable value : this the detractor knows by theory, though not by experience ; and yet he takes a savage pleasure in committing the most cruel robbery that can be executed on a good man. Well might the incomparable poet say,

— *Who steals my purse, steals trash ;*

(in comparison of the rich treasure of a good character)

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and will be slave to thousands :

But he, who filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him,

But leaves me poor indeed.

There are many, who, under the mask of hypocrisy and outside-sanctity, secretly exult in finding the smallest occasion of exposing the failings of the absent, in the most glaring colours, to the circle of their friends. This sometimes proceeds from a mean desire of being thought free themselves from what they censure in others ; sometimes from a talkative disposition, without sufficient ideas to furnish matter for any other conversation ; and sometimes from that real baseness of heart which finds no pleasure but in mangling the reputation of others. Of all the motives to this diabolical practice, the last-mentioned is the worst ; for there is not, perhaps, in the whole circle of human vices, a crime more black in its nature.

But, whether it takes its rise from an ignorant capricious temper, or from premeditated malignity, its effects to the ab-

sent are equally injurious. Very few, besides people of affluent fortunes, are so far independent, as not to have their interest affected, if not their future subsistence endangered, by detraction. Every indirect report made against their characters is an attack upon their bread, as well as upon their peace: when propagated in secret, it is a blow they cannot elude: they may deplore the pain it occasions; but, till the assassin is discovered, they cannot possibly hope for relief.

So very prevalent is this vice become, that it has infected the tempers of many specious religionists, and even some who pretend to preach up the amiable doctrines of love and Christian charity to the world.

While such profess the obligations of every social virtue from the purest motives of action, they make the characters of their absent acquaintance the common topics of discourse; "toss them from tongue to tongue," with capricious cruelty, under the most sanctified pretences; and very few escape from them without receiving an irreparable wound.

This class of mankind I design to address in particular: with these I would expostulate, for a moment, on the obvious impropriety of their conduct. Need I tell them how much the interest, the domestic œconomy, and the repose, of families may be injured by the tongue of detraction; and that, although spotless as the garb of innocence, "a virgin's fame is sullied by suspicion's lightest breath?" An unfavourable suspicion only seldom travels far from the tongue that gives it birth, before it grows up into a charge; and the evil report gathers strength from the affected caution used in concealing it, till, like a whirlwind pent up in a subterraneous cavern, it breaks out with a sudden vehemence, and overwhelms the unhappy object of its rage with destruction. Words unfitly spoken seldom fail of being unfitly taken; and, though the mode in which they are delivered be specious and fair, yet, like the apples of Sodom, while they are inviting to the eye, they have death lurking within them. Great events have frequently proceeded from small causes: a single word has fomented a cloud of jealousies, which ten thousand could not disperse; and a little detraction has often been followed by a great deal of mischief. The balances, in which we weigh our own reputation and that of other men, are very different; the one estimates its worth at too high, and the other at too low, a rate: our own faults hang lightly upon us; so lightly, that we scarcely perceive them; while the errors of others, though but as the weight of a grasshopper, become an insupportable burthen.—Hear a man speak in vindication of himself, against an attack made on his credit, and he will tell you, with the greatest gravity,

gravity, that a man's character is a sacred thing; and that to rob him of it is sacrilege: he will tell you, that a man's reputation ought to be guarded with as much caution as his life; and that whoever invades it is little better than a murderer: it is an evil which not only himself must feel; but the blot made in his escutcheon, by the cruel pencil of detraction, may be perpetuated to his posterity. Yet, with all this caution to preserve his own reputation unspotted, follow this man into the next company, and you will perhaps find him deeply engaged in cruelly mangling the character of some absent neighbour: thus he becomes guilty of that infamy to others, which he severely censured when attempted to be fixed on himself.

The rigid censurers of other men, who, flushed with the idea of their own importance and sanctity, waste their time worse than impertinently, in traducing their neighbours, should lay their hands upon their hearts, and ask themselves whether their visual faculties are entirely purged from the motes of prejudice; whether, as human beings, they are free from human infirmities; and whether, while they tread on Plato's pride, it is not with still greater.

The sacred light of true religion, distinguished from the ignis-fatuus of a wanton imagination, (qualifying us to penetrate the inmost recesses of the heart, to trace all our actions to their respective sources, the latent motives which self-love has concealed,) exhibits indeed a humiliating view to our reflection: religion renders us less blind to our own faults, and more so to those of other men; it teaches us, that, of the two evils, it is better to have too little charity for ourselves, than too little for our neighbours.

Were these doctrines made the principles of our judgement, and the rule of our actions, not one would be found in the unworthy character of a "tale-bearer amongst the people:" but, dead to these finer sentiments, the majority of mankind, from mere spleen and ill-nature, industriously attempt to tear asunder the seamless garment of peace, to burst the bands of social and domestic union, and to sow discord through society. Some recent instances of the fatal effects of detraction justify my complaints, and the nature of the evil warrants my severest censure, while I avoid the error I am endeavouring to correct, and hold up no individual to the contempt of the community.

To conclude: if we would sustain the dignified character of Christians, (which too many but awkwardly assume, by exterior modes, supercilious grimace, metaphysical problems, and inexplicable paradoxes,) let us be commonly honest, be-

fore we pretend to be uncommonly wise ; candid, before we set up for casuists ; and just, before we pronounce our sentence of condemnation.

CATO.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

HEALTH is an advantage on which the proper enjoyment of man's present state of existence is in great measure dependent ; an advantage, without which other advantages are of little importance ; an advantage, which, when lost, we are earnest to regain, and of which, while possessed, we are too often absurdly negligent.

Of the many circumstances, which render residence in great cities peculiarly destructive of the human constitution, the unnatural heat of the atmosphere is one : yet, not contented with the effect of smoke from thousands of chimneys and furnaces, stagnating in close courts and narrow alleys, we contrive to make our houses, as much as possible, hotter than our streets : the erroneous notion, that every slight current of air must be dangerous, has introduced stucco walls and lifted doors ; which, with the addition of warm carpets and enormous fires, have enervated the people to " puny insects that shiver even at the apprehension of a breeze."

In consequence of this injurious indulgence at home, a similar mode of proceeding is adopted abroad : some of our places of public resort are furnished with machines, by whose mischievous operation the salubrious qualities of the air are effectually annihilated ; and, where actual fire is not employed, care is taken that the room shall not be too large for the number of people it is intended to contain, in order that they may be kept warm with the effluvia of their own breath and perspiration.

An eminent physician of the present age has taken some pains to convince mankind, that they need not apprehend detriment from the use of damp beds : but perhaps his arguments had been employed on sounder principles, and to better purpose, in endeavouring to convince them, that they need not apprehend detriment from the use of fresh air, that pure ethereal fluid which is essential to the life of every animal. The avoidance of damp beds cannot possibly be productive of injury ; to controvert the notion of their being dangerous (even if that notion is erroneous) was therefore unnecessary : but residence in hot rooms, among putrid effluvia, must certainly be injurious ; to controvert the notion of its being beneficial is therefore a debt due to the safety of our fellow-creatures.

We

We cannot reasonably suppose, that the citizen should be as hardy as the rustic ; but, as hardiness is certainly conducive to health, (if health is of value to the citizen,) he should endeavour to inure himself to as much severity of weather as can be experienced in his situation ; and were he but once convinced, that it is not the positive cold of the atmosphere, but a sudden transition from the heat of his rooms to the comparative cold of the streets, which occasions the diseases he endeavours to avoid, the present indulgence of sense would surely be much oftener sacrificed to superior future advantages. Our climate, though not severe as that of Denmark and Russia, is subject to frequent vicissitudes of temperature ; but those vicissitudes act chiefly on bodies obvious to their influence from previous natural or unnatural debility ; and it is well known that heat relaxes, and, by relaxing, debilitates the corporeal system.

Of all the places, wherein I have suffered injury from that pernicious heat produced by a croud of human bodies, the very worst is the Meeting-house of the people called Quakers, in White-hart-court, Grace-church-street. The situation of this building is the most improper imaginable ; it is almost surrounded with high houses, which preclude the access of fresh air ; the court before it is so narrow, that the congregation cannot disperse with ease ; and the adjacent streets are so much frequented, that carriages cannot attend with convenience. The construction of it is yet worse : its dimensions are so small, that many of the assembly are almost always indecently kept standing, or, by changing places, occasion a perpetual interruption ; and a double projection of wide galleries and the flat part of the roof confine the air in a most disagreeable manner. During the time of the national yearly meeting, the doors of this meeting are constantly, and the windows mostly, kept shut ; and as the season is usually warm, and the meetings are continued day after day without intermission, it at length resembles a heated oven.* An ingenious physician, whose curiosity induced him to ascertain the difference between the air of this room and that of the adjacent streets, found it no less than 17 degrees of an accurate thermometer : a difference exceeding that between the common

* The doors of this Meeting-room, as soon as the congregation is withdrawn, (for what reason, I cannot conceive,) are usually much too soon shut. Were they left open all night, or at least for some hours, it would render the room somewhat more tolerable. I do not recollect any thing that could be stolen, except the seats ; and scarcely any persons would take the trouble to steal them.

mon summer heat of England, and the common heat of the countries under the Equator.

The building of a new Meeting-house has often been proposed, and as often prevented, by objections which evidently demonstrate a disinclination to alteration rather than the existence of really insuperable obstacles. Some of these objections are, the difficulty of procuring a situation near the center of the city, the expence of the undertaking, &c. But surely the inconvenience of walking or riding a few furlongs extraordinary cannot be a matter of any importance, nor can expence, in a public work designed for the benefit of the whole of an opulent community, be an object of any consideration. It has been argued, that the present Meeting-house answered the purposes of our ancestors, and therefore it may answer our purposes also: but an implicit persistence in the practices of past ages must prevent all improvement, and perpetuate every absurdity: the practice of ploughing at the horse's tail, in a neighbouring nation, pleaded antiquity in its behalf, and was therefore relinquished with reluctance. Our ancestors might be in some instances our superiors, but in others they were certainly our inferiors, in wisdom; and it is pity that so respectable a society as the people called Quakers should be justly chargeable with alone refusing to avail themselves of the present general extension of beneficial knowledge.

Though it is absolutely impossible to make the present building even tolerably convenient; yet, if the attachment to the spot on which it stands is such, that no other will serve, any alteration that can be made in it for the better should not be neglected. Something, indeed, of this kind has not entirely escaped the notice of the society: a ventilator has lately been erected, which (though a remedy by no means adequate to the disease) was found of service; and, I am told, a house is purchased with a view of adding part of it to the meeting-room. To produce, however, any material amendment, not a part only, but the whole, of this house must be added to the present area; the projection of the galleries must be reduced; the oblong lanthorn on the roof must be totally removed; the walls raised above the adjacent houses, and broken into as many windows as possible; and those windows kept constantly open. Keeping the windows open, I know, will be objected to, on account of the air descending on the congregation: but if the doors below are enlarged, (as they easily may, and indeed, on several accounts, ought to be,) and kept open also, I apprehend, the air, instead of descending, will naturally ascend, in a regular and imperceptible current: but, supposing this not to be the case, the windows might be provided

with

with Venetian blinds; the bars of which, placed in a horizontal position, would prevent any influx of wind from descending perpendicularly.

Keeping the doors open will also be objected to, on account of passengers intruding to listen to the business transacted in the meeting; but we happily live in times when locks and bolts are not necessary to exclude wanton or malicious persecutors; and, it is to be hoped, nothing passes in these meetings improper for the candid and judicious of any denomination to hear: nevertheless, as every society must naturally wish to keep its own particular concerns as much as possible among its own members, it would be proper for door-keepers to attend, and civilly apprize such casual intruders of the nature of the affair; on which there cannot be any doubt but they would as civilly withdraw. If this precaution should not be deemed sufficient, doors, constructed on the principle of the Venetian window-blinds abovementioned would prevent the eye of curiosity from being attracted, and at the same time admit a proper current of air; and, if the divisions of the blinds were placed diagonally, they would disperse that current in such a manner, that it could not be disagreeably perceptible to the congregation.

I have been somewhat prolix on this subject; but the importance of it is sufficient to excuse prolixity. I cannot say it greatly concerns me as an individual: for the reason in question, I for the most part voluntarily absent myself from these meetings: but I have often felt pain for others; who, being less sensible of inconveniences, may not be aware of danger; or who, being aware of danger, may notwithstanding esteem their attendance indispensable. That such attendance has sometimes produced illness, is well known; and that it has produced it often, there is just cause to believe; especially among those of tender constitutions, accustomed to a cool and free air. The power of custom is great: men do, without consideration, what they know others have done before them; otherwise, supposing no injury or danger of injury in the case, it would seem incredible, that rational beings, possessed of the least degree of delicacy, should chuse to confine themselves in animal exhalations, for hours and days together, till the disagreeable scent of the putrid vapour becomes perceptible on their very garments. I have made the Meeting-house at Whitehart-court the particular subject of these remarks, because the evil, of which I have been treating, exists there in its greatest magnitude: but that there are other meeting-places of the society, which, at the time of the national yearly meeting, and at some other times, are too much crowded and too much deprived

prived of a proper circulation of fresh air, is evident from the frequent swoonings of women and other valetudinarians; which every one, who has been present at them, must have observed.

I expect censure for the freedom of these animadversions; but, whenever I see prejudice, avarice, ignorance, or negligence, manifestly operating to the injury of my fellow-creatures, I cannot avoid entering my protest against them; and, conscious as I am of the disinterestedness of my intentions, censure or applause is in these cases, to me, a matter of indifference: I therefore make no scruple to subscribe my name.

AMWELL.

J. SCOTT.

P. S. If the meeting-house in White-hart-court were to be improved, yet it is presumed a new one, erected on some proper more open spot of ground, will be necessary on extraordinary occasions; such as the yearly and quarterly meetings, &c. &c. As it would be of mutual benefit to the members of the society, in town and country, no reasonable objection can be advanced against building and supporting it by a general national collection or subscription.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

An Account of the Medical Memoirs of the General Dispensary in London, for Part of the Years 1773 and 1774, just published by Dr. Lettsom, F. R. and A. S. S.

WE introduce to our readers an account of this publication with more pleasure, as being the first medical production from the excellent charity of which the author is one of the physicians. The noble hospitals, established in this metropolis for the reception of the poor, have long been considered by foreigners as an honour to this nation; and the institution, which has given rise to these memoirs, must add lustre to our national character, as no other country in Europe has ever adopted a plan of this kind, which conveys the salutiferous aid of the faculty to the sick chambers of the most distressed of our fellow-creatures, whose situations may be such as render removal to an hospital equally inconvenient and dangerous.

The author has prefixed a copious introduction, containing reflections on the state of the poor in London, and likewise the

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the history of the General Dispensary. The first section contains *Observations on fevers with symptoms of putrescency*; in which he recommends a mode of treatment very different from what has been usually practised in the putrid fever; a disease which the author says "is rendered as little tremendous as a common intermittent, by a method of cure, neither tedious nor unpleasant, as the principal remedies I depend upon, besides good liquors, may be reduced to a very narrow compass; namely, Peruvian bark and cold air." To confirm the success of his practice, the author has annexed upwards of fifty cases of putrid fevers,* to which some of the faculty were introduced as spectators.

2. Speculations on opium, with cases and reflections.

3. Observations on a species of leprosy.

4. Defence of inoculation.

5. Method of treating the confluent small-pox.

6. Remarks on the whooping-cough.

7. Cases and reflections.

8. Tables of diseases and deaths during one year.

9. Formulæ of the General Dispensary.

As the jail-distemper has been a subject of much attention of late, the author, in the first section, has introduced several examples of his success in this disease. Part of his reflections, on the use of the bark, &c. as preservatives, we shall select for the entertainment of our readers; with which we shall close this piece.

"I doubt not the salutary effects, which the use of the bark would produce, with persons thus exposed to the duties of their office. As to myself, every day introduces me into some infected house; but hitherto I have escaped with impunity; which I attribute to my being, in consequence of habit, naturalized to infection. Dr. Priestly found, by experiment, that a mouse, which had been previously initiated to breathe in air rendered somewhat impure, was capable of enduring highly putrid air much longer than a mouse taken fresh but of vital or common air; and this I think applicable to the case of physicians who escape infection, to which they are so frequently exposed. Sometimes, indeed, after visiting highly putrid fevers, I have experienced a languor, and other sensa-

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* The new mode of treating this alarming disease, which has been attended with so much success, is particularly worthy of the consideration of the faculty; and our author merits the thanks of the public for attempting to diffuse the knowledge of it, which may, under Providence, be the means of rescuing the lives of many from the destruction with which this disease generally threatens the subjects of it.

tions, which have threatened a fever; but a glass of Huxham's tincture of bark has soon dissipated my fears; which I mention in confirmation of the salutary directions I have just quoted.

"But jail-fevers will never be totally obviated, unless more regard be paid to the vital fluid, air: were the places of confinement well ventilated, and proper attention paid to cleanliness, exercise, and diet, this dangerous disease would seldom or never be generated. In the airy parts of this city, and in large open streets, fevers of a putrid tendency rarely arise, because a free accession of good air counteracts the principal source from which they proceed, human contagion. In my practice I have attentively observed, that at least forty-eight out of fifty of these fevers have existed in narrow courts and alleys; a circumstance which should induce the public to promote every improvement which tends to the airiness and cleanliness of a great city. From a neglect of these circumstances, the dreadful fever at Naples became so fatal. Sarconi, an able physician who resided upon the spot, remarks, that the disease exerted its greatest influence in the narrow parts of the city, where the miserable peasants crowded from the country; but, in Caserta, famous for its winds and its lofty situation, this fever raged with much less violence and rapidity.

"When I have reflected upon these circumstances, I have often been surpris'd at the injudicious fashion which prevails through all parts of this metropolis, amongst persons of affluence, in choosing a residence in some confined court, without ventilation of air, or the vegetation of even one solitary shrub, to purify it when stagnant. No man who regards his health, who can afford to reside in an open airy street, should imprison himself in a confined court; especially when one end is terminated by walls, and the other by a stately gate; as if all the powers of art and false taste were united to the destruction of health and vigour.

"If we consider the salutary influence which a single plant in vegetation produces upon vitiated air, the old custom of decorating a window with a flower-pot and a myrtle, or a fragrant balsam, must appear equally rational and salutary, and well worth the attention of those who prefer the vitiated air of a court to the fresh breeze of an open street; which the remarks made by the worthy president of the Royal-Society, upon Dr. Priestley's ingenious experiments on air, will tend to confirm." From these discoveries we are assured, that no vegetable grows in vain; but that, from the oak of the forest, to the grass of the field, every individual plant is serviceable to mankind; if not always distinguished by some private virtue, yet making a part of the whole which cleanses and purifies our atmosphere.

atmosphere. In this, the fragrant rose and deadly nightshade co-operate; nor is the herbage, nor the woods that flourish in the most remote and unpeopled regions, unprofitable to us, nor we to them; considering how constantly the winds convey to them our vitiated air, for our relief, and for their nourishment.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

A brief Account of the Town of Colchester, and its Castle.

AMONGST the various articles of instruction and entertainment, which you present us with, monthly, I find very few that give us any account of antiquity; or of places of note, in ancient times. Some pieces of this kind would, doubtless, be very acceptable to many of your readers. The mind enjoys a secret pleasure in looking back to past ages, in surveying the state of things many centuries before its own existence, and in tracing the various succession of changes that a few centuries have procured. I therefore send you a short, but authentic, account of the ancient town of Colchester, and its famous Castle, for your next number; and

Am your constant reader and admirer,

HISTORICUS.

COLCHESTER was founded by the Romans, soon after they had subjected the ancient Britons to their government. It is pleasantly situated, on a fine sandy hill, on the banks of the river Colne, 52 miles from London, and about 60 from Norwich; and contested to have been the ancient Camelodunum, so famous in the Roman history. It enjoys a fine air, and is furnished with excellent water, and has all sorts of provision in great plenty. It is surrounded with a wall, the circumference of which, without side, is 3077 yards, or nearly one mile and three quarters. The wall, together with many of the churches, was much defaced in the time of Oliver Cromwell, when besieged by General Fairfax, and since that time it has gone much to decay. The ground, on which the town and wall stand, contains 118 acres, 2 roods, and 22 poles. Here are 4 fairs in a year, the 1st on the 27th of June, called Midsummer-Fair, is kept on St. John's-Green; the 2nd on July the 12th and 13th, called the New-Fair, is kept near St. Ann's chapel, in the parish of St. James; the 3d is on July 21 and 22, on Magdalen-Green; the 4th is on October 9, called St Dennis's-Fair; it is kept in the High-Street, and continues several days. The markets are weekly on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The principal manufactory of this town is baize, which formerly was

very considerable, but of late has very much declined; owing, in part, to its migration into the western and northern parts of this kingdom; but principally occasioned by the tyrannical proceedings of some monopolizers, by usages that have deterred many from engaging therein, although a free trade.

This town is one of the most celebrated in the kingdom for fine oysters, and is well supplied with other fish from the coast.

The castle is a fine fragment of antiquity, and deservedly worth the observation of the curious. This stately pile stands on the North side of the High-Street, almost opposite to All-Saints church. It is a square of about 224 yards in circumference, on the outside, all the angles, projections, and windings, included. The 4 sides lie nearly to the 4 principal points of the compass. The building consists of the outer walls, 12 feet thick in the lower story, and 11 in the upper story, flanked at the corners with strong and lofty towers. In the inside two strong parallel walls run North and South, which serve for partitions and supports to the several apartments; but the greater part of the western wall is taken down. The eastern is built in the herring-bone fashion, after the ancient manner of the Romans, and may probably be a remaining vestige of their labours. The lodging-rooms were all in the upper part of the castle; and there still remain two good chimneys on the West and the same number on the East side, turned (as all the doors and windows are) with handsome Roman arches: each chimney has a double funnel. The gate of the castle is on the South side; and within, on the left hand, is the grand staircase, which is still pretty intire, except at the top where it begins to decay. On the right, as you go in, is a large vault above ground, covered with a strong arch; over which, out of a door leading from the grand staircase, was the passage into the chapel, which stands in the South-East tower, or rather bastion, being strongly arched at the top. The length of the chapel, from East to West, is 47 feet; the width, from North to South, nearly 40 feet; and the height duly proportionate. Underneath it is a good arched vault, now used for a prison or bridewell. Within the ground, under the greatest part of the castle, are fine and spacious vaults. These were discovered about 56 years since, being full of sand, on which the arches were turned. The sand was taken away, at a considerable expence, by John Wheeley, who was endeavouring to pull the castle down. In order to carry off the sand, he cut a cartway through the foundation of the wall, near the North-East tower, where the wall was 30 feet thick; but it did not answer his expectation. The partition in these vaults, supporting the arches, is exactly in the form of a cross,

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There was not, originally, any other gate to the castle but that on the South side, abovementioned, except a small Sally-port, in the North wall; for the 3 gates and doors, that are now on the North and East sides, have been cut, with great labour, out of the solid wall. The whole building is of stone and Roman bricks; but most of the Roman bricks are in broken pieces, taken, probably, from the ruins of still more ancient edifices, formerly standing in this town. The corners of the walls, and sides of the doors, windows, &c. are of free-stone. It suffered extremely from the ill-judged and parsimonious attempts of the above mentioned John Wheeley, who purchased it of the late Robert Northfolk, esq. with intent, and upon condition, to demolish it and make money of the materials: but, after great devastation, the remaining part of the walls being so strongly cemented that the profit did not answer the expence of farther demolition, he was forced to desist. It is now carefully preserved by the present worthy owner, Charles Gray, esq. one of the representatives in parliament for this borough, who has been at no small expence in repairing part of it; particularly in fitting up a noble room, as a library, which is well furnished with the best authors.

This castle is said, by Norden, to have been built by Edward the Elder, but the truth of this account appears doubtful: he repaired, indeed, the town walls; and, if there were any remains of Coel's palace, he might perhaps bestow some pains in repairing that also, and making it a sort of fortification: but the castle, as it now stands, was most probably built after the Norman conquest, when fortresses were erected in most of the considerable towns in England, in order to awe the inhabitants and keep them in subjection. Possibly it was founded by Eudo, as is asserted in the Monasticon, and in *fundo palatii Coelis-quondam Regis*, according to our Colchester chronicle, anno 1076. The original proprietor was the king, and it continued in the crown till the year 1214, when king John granted it, with the hundred of Tendring, and the borough, to Stephen Harringood, during pleasure. In the year 1256 king Henry III. granted it to Guido de Rupeforti, or Rochfort; from whence it came through many hands to a grandson of Sir Isaac Rebow, of whom Charles Gray, esq. the present owner, purchased it, in the year 1727. There is an ancient tradition, that a subterraneous passage led from this castle to that of Hedingham, about 18 miles distant; but from the inequality of the surface of the earth, between these places, and many other circumstances, the truth of this tradition is, at best, extremely doubtful.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

MR. EDITOR,

I Am a plain countryman, who never had much school learning, and therefore you must not expect that what I send you will please your speculative readers; but if a few plain observations, on some of the obvious vices and follies of mankind, may find a place in your work, you are welcome to them.

Avarice and prodigality are two opposite evils, which I intend to treat of for the good of my countrymen and fellow citizens of the world. These evils I have a right to expose, because neither of them will be numbered in the catalogue of my sins: I have too much pride, if you please, to be a miser; and too little money to be extravagant. I am, however, content with that portion of this world's goods which the great Owner of all has depensed to me; and, at the same time, prize it too highly to squander it away in profusion. But let me recollect myself, and not fill half my sheet in preface, as some of your essayists do, till they quite forget the subject-matter. Be it known unto you, then, that I shall confine my present observations to avarice. Let not old Avaro start, when he reads this, and think I am going to draw his character, and tell the world that, although he possesses more than 500 *per annum*, in real, he gives a poor barber a halfpenny a number for reading your Ledger, rather than be at the expence of buying it: no, no, he need not fear it; he is past cure, and therefore beneath my notice: I will not add to his sufferings: he feels enough already, in the fears that alarm him on the least prospect of being removed from that wealth, which he knows he cannot take with him, to that country where rent-rolls and title-deeds lose all their value. He has my contempt; and here I leave him.

The avaricious man is not only an unprofitable, but a despicable, being. It is very difficult to trace his origin. Neither God nor nature formed him. Were I a disciple of Epicurus, I should suppose that his soul was moulded at random, by the fortuitous combination of the dregs of that metal which he adores. An odd origin, you will say: I grant it, and if you can find a better, I will give up the point. A covetous man loves money, as we should love virtue, in the abstract, not for the means it affords of procuring happiness. His comforts are all imaginary, his sorrows real. He knows no pleasure but in the barren contemplation of his wealth: it is the barometer of his joy or misery. If he makes a bad debt, (which, by the way, is very rare,) he suffers more by the loss of it than the peasant who sends his only shilling to the baker's for bread, to divide among seven or eight poor children. The miseries of
those

those who are ready to perish affect him not : his ear is deaf to the voice of want : his feelings are confined wholly to himself. Yet he dares not employ his money to render his own life comfortable. If you advise him to be charitable, he shrugs up his shoulders, and tells you, that charity should begin at home ; quotes the proverb of the ant, and laughs at some, whose too generous bounty has exceeded their incomes and reduced their fortunes ; thanks God for what he has, and declares his resolution to keep it.

History furnishes us with divers instances of these *living dead men*, in former times, and has handed their names and characters down to succeeding ages, to be hissed at and despised by the wise, the generous, and the worthy.

Atheneus mentions one who swallowed many pieces of gold, when he was dying, and sewed up the rest in a garment, which he strictly ordered should be buried with him. No doubt but so wise an order was strictly complied with.

Valere the Great tells us of another, who appears to have had more cunning than all the wise men of Greece put together : he was in the city of Cassiline when it was besieged by Hannibal, and preferred the hopes of gain to life itself ; for, having caught a rat, when famine raged in the city, he rather chose to sell it for 200 Roman denarii, than to satisfy his excessive hunger, of which he immediately died. This was a master-stroke of avarice indeed !

Jovian Pontan tells us a very good story of a lord, named Agelot, who used, every night, after the grooms had given his horses a constant feeding, to go down into the stable, by a trap-door, alone, and without light, to rob them of their corn, and convey it to the granary, of which he always kept the key. His lordship continued this practice so long, that he was taken notice of by one of his grooms, who watched his motions, surprized him in the fact, and, without seeming to know whom he was, gave him an excellent and hearty supper with an oak-sapling.

The present times and my own observation have furnished me with divers instances of the same contemptible disposition. I once knew a rich tradesman of this cast, who, being at Stourbridge-fair on business, contrived a clever scheme to get a breakfast for a halfpenny. He bought a roll of a baker's boy, and, going into the booths of the cheesemongers, under pretence of wanting to buy cheese, he tasted, and tasted, and tasted, one after another, till he had finished his roll ; and then, objecting to the price of the cheese, told them he could not afford to buy any at that rate, and withdrew, exulting in his own economy.

But

But the highest instance of this kind I ever knew, was that of a clever fellow, in his way, at Lincoln. This genius having found means to cheat almost every person he dealt with, and not daring, for the sake of his neck, to rob on the highway, at length, with much study and application, he formed a scheme to cheat and rob himself; and, for a long time, practised the art of picking pockets on a piece of wood, set upright in his chamber, which he had dressed up in his old cloaths, merely to enable himself to take money out of his own pocket without perceiving it. *O tempora! O mores!*

I shall conclude this letter with a smart epitaph on a miser, which I lately met with in some publication; and, if you give it a place, I may probably trouble, *alias oblige*, you again, when the *fit* comes upon me.

*Here lies Gripus, in his grave,
Who, when alive, nought gratis gave;
And even grumbles, now he's dead,
That you've these verses gratis read.*

SIMON TOUCH'EM-GENTLY.

P O E T R Y.

For the Editor of the Monthly Ledger.

IF the following trifle, to your ingenious correspondent, EUSEBIUS, merits a place in your well-chosen miscellany, by inserting it you will oblige

Yours, &c.

To EUSEBIUS.

PERMIT a stranger, and a stranger muse,
Uncouth in song, in note unmusical,
Low to approach. —
The sons of verse unbridled are in thought;
And though, beside the oft-sung stream,
I, near,
Culling sweet rhet'ric's flow'rs, pass'd
sadly-gay,
Yet deign, EUSEBIUS, to accept my
song.
Of THOUGHT I sing; a theme yet un-
explor'd;
The soul's chief property, the mark of
man,
From brute distinguishing the human race.
And what is thought, Eusebius?
We think — of what! — of something,
now no more.

Another thought, another now succeeds,

And sweeps the former to oblivion's peak;
Imagination's pow'r how wonderful!

Sporting, now, gamefome in the flow'ry
fields,

Below mount Hybla — vying with the
bees

In soft and tuneful note, and gathering
flow'rs,

And dreaming Ovid's tales — soft tales
of love:

How herb from man was chang'd; how
nymph to flow'r —

Fictions agreeable — now thought — now
lost.

Swift thought, Eusebius, flies from pole
to pole,

And what are distant regions, thought
can tell;

But can it tell me truly what am I?
Or tree! or herb! or flow'r! transient
alike,

Cut down by autumn's blast, or winter's
frown,

Or summer's scorching heat; by adverse
winds,

Or by rude shocks of whirlwind-poverty.
Confiscance

Confience-like monitor, thought, tells
me this :

And what is thought, Eusebius ?

Is it corporeal, substance, body-like ?

No ! for can body wed immensity ?

Can body, thought-like, build an uni-
verse ?

Can body fly, unwing'd, from shore to
shore,

(Distance immense,) and search all na-
ture through ? —

Rob either India of its secret stores ? —

Or rip earth's body for her inmost worth ?

And, spite of ling'ring lazy-footed Time,

Call up eternity ? These thought can do.

Nay, more : it can create imaginary woe,

Or airy scenes of visionary bliss ;

And, like J-hovah's word, in fruitful soil,

With godlike stroke, beget a famine
there.

For trial, now, Eusebius : think thou'rt
poor,

Needy, and comfortless, beside a tree,

A wither'd leafless tree, bemir'd, forlorn,

Desp'd, dejected, child of woe !

Of poverty ! of care ! — think long of
this,

And long-try'd thought makes ev'ry ter-
ror real.

How easily the mind creates herself
Ill-pictur'd fears ! nought easier, but to
paint

More evil-tending scenes of flatt'ring bliss.

Bliss ! — no : we little think of real joy :

A kind of hurrying wildly-daring hope

Conjures up fiends in the shapes of glad-
ness,

And tells us we are blest ! —

Else why do soldiers, wearing out their
lives, —

Their lives remains, — build fairy palaces,

To lodge them ? — nymphs more fair

Than fictitious Horæ were, to weave for
them

Wreathes never dying — dying then
themselves ?

Why do the poor, Eusebius,

In visionary scenes, tell show'rs of gold ?

Or why the needy dream of luxury ?

'Tis hope, fond guest ! 'tis thoughtful
hope, inspires ;

Hope, sweetest solace of a mind in woe !

Thus thought can roam. We first, like
airy youth,

Set out in flow'ry fields and Hyblan
mounts,

Dreaming of bees and flow'rs, and now
we're got

Through poverty and toil, to hope for Joy.

Whence, then, this pow'r, which travels
with such speed ?

Whence this amazing eye, which all
things sees ?

Self-create could it be ? Ah ! no : some
pow'r

Did thought create : that pow'r then call
we GOD !

Woodbridge, Suffolk,

LORENZO.

Dec. 10, 1773.

EPISTLE to a Friend in PHILADELPHIA.

W Hether thou ply'ft it with th'af-
siduous throng,

Whom pow'r, or fame, or int'rest, urge
along,

Or art reclin'd within the hickory grove,
Pierc'd with the pleasing pangs of gen-
'rous love,

Or roam'ft, alert, the spring-embroider'd
ground,

And mazy fields, and green Savannah's
round,

Or ey'ft th'unruff'd river's tranquil glide,
Or where o'er rocks abrupt he foams his
tide,

Or from the cedar'd heights thy view
pervades

A golden scenelate rescu'd from the shades,
(Whate'er the object now, thy eyes ex-
plore,)

Or ruminat'ft on scenes thou see'ft no
more,

May conscious peace and temp'rate joy
attend,

And virtue smile thy everlasting friend :

Not prude-like virtue, forward to de-
claim,

Which hugs those follies it affects to
blame ;

But what directs our passions to their end,
And points out every good they must in-
tend,

While their excessive pow'rs are taught
controul,

And virtue holds the balance of the soul.

May she, my friend, o'er all thy acts
preside,

And call thy passions still on reason's side :

Or, should their sadd'ning gloom obscure
thy way,

May she (bright pow'r !) ethereal gleams
display,

And check the tides of pleasure as they roll,
When joys tumultuous rush upon the soul ;

When fancy paints the ever-vernal scene,
Nor dreary waste nor sterile rock between ;

Elysian airs from ever-temp'rate skies,
Where light'nings never glare, nor whirl-
wind flies,

Nor peevish blast nor blighting dews molest,
Th'eternal spring with halcyon joys im-
prest,

Still shew thee, through the world's capacious round,
 That not one scene's in fair succession found,
 Nor yet one son, whom passions ne'er annoy,
 Whose bosom glows with unremitting joy.
 Blest, as thou art, with affluence, health, and ease;
 A mind at once dispos'd and form'd to please;
 A manly freedom, which decorum bounds;
 A pleasing poignancy, which never wounds;
 What though our sex their ready praise combine,
 And th'impartial fair their plaudits join;
 Do not some meddling passions still molest,
 And break the easy tenor of the rest?
 Let reason, then, maintain her proper sway,
 And call th'imperious prompters to obey:
 Though hard to conquer, once their pow'r restrain'd
 Yields all a victor's joy for conquest gain'd.
 Let virtue and them pursue no sev'ral aim,
 The same in action, and their end the same:
 But, virtue lost, eccentric tracks they find,
 And leave ungain'd the glory meant mankind.
 Now, whilst each strong pulsation fills thy veins,
 Oh! hold, determin'd hold, th'unloosen'd reins:
 Check Nature's ardor; stop her fervid speed;
 A time will come, to justify the deed;
 A time will come, to feel the wish'd release,
 And all thy pain's repaid with lasting peace.
 The voy'ger thus, when ev'ry peril's o'er,
 Reviews, with pleasure, all he fear'd before;
 Recalls the shelving rocks and leeward strand,
 The helmless bark and vicinage of land,
 Or crashing mast, rent hull, and scatter'd shrouds,
 When the scourg'd billows mingled with the clouds.
 Where rove my thoughts? and why this serious strain
 To thee whose order'd life has made it vain?

But while this mazy wood absorb'd I roam,
 Lost to myself, my friends, and social home,
 Some train of thought suspended sense invades,
 Till ev'ning drops around her twilight shades.
 In vain for me these woodland roses blow,
 And twining woodbines round the Hawthorn glow,
 Recruited sweets the late-hush'd zephyrus leave,
 And latent warblers hail the crimson eve,
 Ev'n now my restless fancy wings away,
 Basks in your sun, and drinks the golden day:
 Then, plung'd within your dark primeval woods,
 I hear th'astounding cataracts bellowing floods;
 Strange foliage mark of trees before unknown,
 And flow'rs to me a new creation strewn;
 Then nameless tribes of hidden life explore,
 Till my nerves tremble at the warwhoop's roar;
 The savage horror thrills through ev'ry vein,
 And throbs my pulse with visionary pain:
 Instant I fly to where your domes appear,
 New-strung my nerves, and banish'd ev'ry fear;
 Hang o'er the peerless plan and tillage scene,
 Your mart, your commerce, nor thyself unseen.
 My enraptur'd fancy bounds to meet thee there,
 When, lo! th'aerial vision melts in air,
 And naught but well-known groves attracts my eyes,
 While night's dusk mantle saddens o'er the skies.
 Reason, uncall'd, now warns me to retire,
 And checks the frantic muse that would inspire.
 Yet, yet, perhaps she'll strike a sprightly string,
 And, wak'd to joy, thy hymeneals sing;
 Bid the young loves (their golden shafts display'd)
 Wave their bright plumes, and point the myrtle shade;
 While laughing Hymen bears his torch along,
 And choral virgins chaunt the bridal song.

A Walk from Norwich to Saffron-walden.
Inscribed to S. W. jun.

"SWEET is the breath of morn; her
 rising sweet :"
 So Milton sang, and I with glee repeat.
 Yon golden clouds disclose the eye of day;
 Larks clap their wings, and hail me on
 my way.
 Though round my head vociferous plovers
 fly,
 And bid their unplum'd young more
 closely lie,
 Ye simple birds, I'll still my path pursue,
 Though your fleet race should crouch
 within my view :
 No schoolboy I; my folly's more refin'd :
 I'd outwalk half, as Powell all, mankind.
 Here Windham's tow'rs rise upon my view,
 The town whence Kett th'embattled
 rabble drew ;
 By whom the downy courtier was o'er-
 thrown,
 And consternation trembled to the throne ;
 Till a new band th'exulting host assail'd,
 And order o'er ferocity prevail'd :
 In vain the chiefs a shelter sought to find ;
 On yon high tow'r one floated to the
 wind.
 The Gothic spire of Atleburgh I greet,
 And stoop awhile, and felt reflection
 sweet.
 Here Rome's imperious cohorts watch'd
 our fires,
 Bound their strong hands, and damp'd
 their savage fires :
 Our painted fathers found resistance vain,
 And tug'd no more, but groan'd beneath
 the chain.
 Now Thetford's mount and crumbling
 tow'rs I've gain'd,
 Where Anglian kings in ancient splen-
 dor reign'd :
 So we suggest ; for now hath sick'ning
 fame
 flag'd her weak wing, and but conveys a
 name.
 Ev'n brazen gates and marble domes must
 fall,
 And dark oblivion waits to wrap us all :
 No, my lov'd lass ; not virtue shall de-
 cay,
 When fame's no more, and clos'd the
 final day.
 Next morn, Newmarket's ample heath I
 gain,
 Where the fleet racer seems to skim the
 plain :
 Here British peers, unburden'd with the
 state,
 And all those cares which made their fa-
 thers great,

Covet no praise but what may here be
 found,
 And greatly stand, in jockeyship re-
 nown'd.
 Now reach'd the Anglian kingdom's ut-
 most bound,
 I view'd, with pleasure, the stupendous
 mound ;
 A work of wonder, which, tradition says,
 The d—l himself was conjur'd forth to
 raise,
 Here the wide heath is clad in living green,
 While flocks contrast, and nature paints
 the scene ;
 The yellow furze its shining blooms dis-
 play,
 And sportive lambs round flow'ring haw-
 thorns play.
 Now Essex valleys catch th'enchanted eye,
 Where art in vain with nature strives to
 vie :
 I walk with joy, and Walden's fields be-
 hold,
 Those fields to bloom with vegetable
 gold,
 Saffron, whose aromatic drug has fame
 Superior rais'd, and gave the town its
 name.
 There Hadley's dome and pompous tur-
 rets rise ;
 Elaborate art and nature both surprise :
 Here the swell'd column lifts the lofty
 rooms,
 Whose walls are spread with silk from
 India's looms :
 The Parian marbles cast a lucid gleam,
 And through rich veins there glows a
 florid stream :
 The in-wrought flow'ret blooms within
 brocade,
 And gold and purple cast a dazzling shade,
 While flatt'ring portraits run in long ex-
 tent,
 And titles bruit and boast a proud descent,
 Here's Audley's heirs drawn in beauty's
 prime,
 With each enchanting grace matur'd by
 time,
 Which now, relentless, clouds that face
 with care ;
 Faded her bloom, and spiritless her air ;
 For here she's drawn just verging on
 threescore,
 And each grace fled which charm'd the
 world before.
 Lo ! the orchestra, whence the music
 falls ;
 Whence notes of rapture vibrate round
 the walls ;
 To give the banquet's joys a higher zest,
 Or calm conflicting passions into rest.

But

But what's this pomp, this pageantry of
pow'r ?

Can it avert or soothe the mortal hour ?

Can it a gleam of joy or ease impart,
When throbs the head, or sorrow wrings
the heart,

Then unambitious, like thy peaceful
cell,

Where the calm joys and virtues love to
dwell ?

Adieu, proud pile, I better like a wood,
Or the mild soothing of the gurgling flood ;
Or where yon shrubs their bloomy tints
display,

Bright as the clouds which verge the set-
ting day :

Embower'd warblers animate those shades,
And hares or trip or scud within the
glades.

In J—y's converse catch a joy that
springs,

Which grandeur cannot give, nor smiles
of kings.

May 20, 1774.

W.

PSALM CXLVIII. *paraphrased.*

By Dr. Ogilvie.

BEGIN, my soul, th'exalted lay ;
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name :
Lo ! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme !

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair !
Your Maker's wond'rous pow'r proclaim ;
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound !
While all th'adoring throngs around
His wondrous mercy sing :
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir :
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid :
Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God !
Ye thunders, speak his pow'r !

Lo ! on the light'ning's gleamy wing,
In triumph walks th' eternal King
Th'astonish'd worlds adore,

Whate'er the gazing eye can find,
That warms or soothes the musing mind,
United praise bestow :
Ye dragons, sound his dreadful name
To heav'n aloud ; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below.

Let ev'ry element rejoice :
Ye tempests, raise your mighty voice
To him who bid you roll !
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow :
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own !
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindl'd at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects flutt'ring on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise !
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting throngs, and sing
Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise,
To him who shap'd your finer mould ;
Who tip'd your glitt'ring wings with gold ;
And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the
The gen'ral burst of joy. [sound,

Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the silky lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne !
Ye princes, rulers, all adore !
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your pow'r
An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praise th' eternal Source of love,
With youth's enliv'ning fire !
Let age take up the tuneful lay ;
Sigh his blest name ; then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.

Dedicated

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*Dedicated to the Prince of Wales and Bishop of Osnaburg, on Saturday, June 25, 1774,
was published,*

NEATLY printed on an entire New Letter, and a Fine Demy Paper, and containing Six Sheets of Letter Press, Price Sixpence, Number I. (to be continued weekly) of a complete and universal ENGLISH DICTIONARY, on a new Plan; comprizing the Language, its Pronunciation, the Difference between Words esteemed synonymous, an Epitome of the Geography and History of England; with other Improvements. The Whole including several Thousand Articles not to be found in any other DICTIONARY of this Kind or Price. By the Rev. JAMES BARCLAY, Curate of Edmonton, in Middlesex, and many Years Master of an Academy in Goodman's-Fields, and at Tottenham; and Others.

LONDON: Printed for RICHARDSON and URQUHART, W. OTRIDGE, H. GARDNER, G. PEARCE, S. LEACROFT, W. GOLDSMITH, J. BEW, T. WRIGHT, and T. Leitchworth, Number 33, Tooley-Street. M.DCC.LXXIV.

C O N D I T I O N S.

I. **T**HIS Dictionary, which is beautifully printed on an entire New Letter cast by Mr. CASLON, and a fine Demy Paper, will make One handsome Volume in Octavo, containing near TWO HUNDRED Pages more than any other Dictionary of the same Kind and Price.

II. That it shall be comprised, if practicable, in TWELVE NUMBERS; and the Publishers hereby engage, if it should exceed THIRTEEN, to deliver the Overplus Gratis.

III. No. I. was published on Saturday the 25th of June, and the succeeding Numbers will be published regularly, till the Whole is completed.

To the P U B L I C.

AMONG the number of Dictionaries already published, it must be confessed that many of them are possessed of great merit and utility; and yet it will not be denied by proper judges, that the general plan of those Publications will admit of farther improvements.

It is by no means our design to decry the labours of former Lexicographers, to point out their defects, or to endeavour to set off the merits of our own by any invidious comparison with their works. We shall content ourselves with laying before the Reader the outlines of our plan, and submit its execution to his judgement and candor.

This DICTIONARY includes, in common with others, a full Explanation of DIFFICULT WORDS and TECHNICAL TERMS in all Faculties and Professions; together with the ORIGIN of each WORD, its different Meanings or Applications explained, and illustrated by AUTHORITIES, and properly ACCENTED; as also followed by INITIAL LETTERS, denoting the Part of Speech to which it is appropriated. The IMPROVEMENTS peculiar to it are the following.

I. A PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY, in which the proper SOUNDS of ENGLISH WORDS are given in a Manner so plain and simple, that both NATIVES and FOREIGNERS may correct an IMPROPER, or acquire a RIGHT PRONUNCIATION of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

II. The DIFFERENCE between WORDS esteemed SYNONYMOUS pointed out; and the proper Choice of them determined.

III. Instead of a very few Lives of Statesmen, Authors, Poets, &c. which other similar Publications, very often with little Propriety, contain, we have presented our Readers with a concise, though comprehensive, EPITOME of the HISTORY of ENGLAND, exhibiting the Characters of its several Monarchs, their most remarkable Actions, and the most distinguished Events of their reigns; with a brief Account of the Progress of the Arts and Sciences under each Monarch, as well as of the most eminent Personages, whether Statesmen, Men of Letters, Authors, &c. who flourished in each respective Period.

IV. The Historical and Geographical Description of the various Kingdoms, States, Republics, Provinces, Cities, and Chief Towns of the known World, we will venture to pronounce to be more copious, and more uniform, than in any other Dictionary of this Kind.

V. On the Account given of the COUNTIES, CITIES, and MARKET TOWNS in ENGLAND, WALES, and SCOTLAND; as also the VILLAGES with FAIRS; it may not be unnecessary to observe, that the Distances of the different Places, Cities, Towns,

Towns, &c. from London, have been taken with the greatest Care from the latest and most accurate Measurements; the Fairs held in them carefully copied from the latest and best corrected Publications of that Kind, and that the CITIES, TOWNS, BURGHS, and MARKET-TOWNS of SCOTLAND, are to be found in no other Dictionary.

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To these Articles are prefixed,

A Compendious ENGLISH GRAMMAR; an ESSAY on the CONSTITUTION, TRADE, and GOVERNMENT of ENGLAND; which was thought necessary to accompany, and in some Degree to illustrate, the History of England; and other useful Essays.

And to the whole is added,

An OUTLINE of ANTIENT and MODERN HISTORY: Together with a Complete List of the GRECIAN, ROMAN, and ENGLISH CLASSICS.

Any Person, who takes in the Monthly Ledger, may have the Number of this Dictionary regularly sent with the Ledger.

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER, For May, 1774.

	Wind.		Bar.	Therm.		Weather.
				lo.	hi.	
1	E.N.E.	fresh	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	50	52	Sunshiny day, night rain.
2	S.	little	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	52	53 ¹ / ₂	Cloudy, with light showers.
3	S.	little	29 ³ / ₁₀	52 ¹ / ₂	56	Fair.
4	S.W.	strong	29 ⁴ / ₁₀	52	54	Forenoon fair, evening rain.
5	N.E.	fresh	29 ⁴ / ₁₀	52	53 ¹ / ₂	Flying showers.
6	E.N.E.	fresh	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	50	51	Thunder and much rain.
7	W.N.W.	little	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	49	53	Cloudy and slight rain.
8	W.	calm	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	52	55	Fine brilliant day.
9	S.	calm	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	54	56	Ditto.
10	S.W.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	55	64	Ditto, some thunder.
11	S.W.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	55	60	Cloudy and frequent showers.
12	W.	fresh	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	54	63	Fair and sunshine.
13	W.	fresh	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	55	60	Ditto.
14	W.S.W.	fresh	30	56	65	Ditto.
15	W.N.W.	fresh	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	52	62	Ditto.
16	N.W.	strong	30	52 ¹ / ₂	61 ¹ / ₂	Ditto.
17	N.W.	fresh	30	52	54	Forenoon slight show. aftern. fair.
18	N.N.W.	calm	30	47 ¹ / ₂	52	Cloudy.
19	S.	calm	30	48	53	Cloudy and slight rain.
20	E.S.E.	fresh	30	52	55	Cloudy.
21	S.W.	fresh	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	54	56	Afternoon slight rain.
22	S.W.	fresh	29 ⁴ / ₁₀	55	57 ¹ / ₂	Heavy rain.
23	S.	fresh	29 ⁴ / ₁₀	54	56	Forenoon much rain, aftern. fair.
24	S.W.	fresh	29 ⁴ / ₁₀	52	56 ¹ / ₂	Showery weather.
25	N.W.	little	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	53	58 ¹ / ₂	Slight showers.
26	W.N.W.	fresh	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	53	55 ¹ / ₂	Cloudy.
27	N.W.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	48	54	Cloudy, intervals sunshine.
28	N.W.	fresh	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	48	53 ¹ / ₂	Heavy rain.
29	N.W.	fresh	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	47 ¹ / ₂	52	Heavy rain.
30	W.		29 ⁶ / ₁₀	48	56	Cloudy.
31	E.		29 ⁷ / ₁₀	52	57	Ditto.

AVERAGE

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

From June 6, to June 11, 1774.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	5	11	3	3	3	4	2	3	3	6

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	6	4	—	—	3	6	2	6	3	10
Surry,	6	6	4	0	3	9	2	5	4	3
Hertford,	6	5	—	—	3	10	2	6	4	2
Bedford,	6	3	4	5	3	11	2	5	4	0
Cambridge,	5	11	3	3	3	5	2	3	3	0
Huntingdon,	6	3	—	—	3	9	2	3	3	7
Northampton,	6	10	5	4	4	3	2	3	3	11
Rutland,	7	4	—	—	4	9	2	4	4	0
Leicester,	7	5	5	7	4	6	2	4	4	2
Nottingham,	6	10	4	11	4	6	2	4	4	2
Derby,	6	10	—	—	—	—	2	7	4	5
Stafford,	7	6	4	11	4	7	2	7	4	8
Salop,	7	3	5	6	4	3	2	7	5	3
Hereford,	8	0	—	—	4	5	2	3	—	—
Worcester,	7	6	5	0	5	2	2	10	4	8
Warwick,	7	2	—	—	4	0	2	6	4	10
Gloucester,	7	2	—	—	3	4	2	5	4	5
Wiltshire,	6	6	—	—	3	0	2	3	4	5
Berks,	6	5	—	—	3	4	2	7	3	10
Oxford,	6	11	—	—	3	7	2	7	4	3
Bucks,	6	9	—	—	4	3	2	9	4	0

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	6	1	3	3	3	5	2	3	3	7
Suffolk,	5	10	3	1	3	4	2	3	3	3
Norfolk,	6	1	3	2	3	0	2	3	2	11
Lincoln,	6	9	4	4	3	8	2	3	3	9
York,	6	9	5	0	3	10	2	5	3	7
Durham,	6	5	4	1	3	4	2	3	3	9
Northumberland,	6	0	4	1	3	2	2	3	3	8
Cumberland,	6	9	4	3	3	6	2	7	4	1
Westmoreland,	7	8	5	3	4	0	2	7	4	0
Lancashire,	7	7	—	—	3	3	2	7	3	8
Cheshire,	7	10	—	—	5	3	2	8	—	—
Monmouth,	7	6	—	—	4	2	1	11	—	—
Somerset,	6	10	—	—	—	—	2	3	3	10
Devon,	6	0	—	—	3	1	1	8	—	—
Cornwall,	5	9	—	—	2	11	1	7	—	—
Dorset,	6	8	—	—	2	11	2	2	4	6
Hampshire,	6	2	—	—	3	4	2	3	4	0
Suffex,	5	10	—	—	3	1	2	3	3	8
Kent,	6	0	—	—	3	9	2	2	3	2



THE
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.



HERE is a hobby-horse in the world, called nobility by right of *birth*, which was the invention of industrious policy, to entail and perpetuate virtue; but, like vinegar from the finest wines, it is so changed by its putrefaction, that there is not a sharper curse, among the scourges of God's vengeance, than is inflicted on mankind by that silly thing called *pride of descent*. It was first indulged as a mark of merit; but it clings inseparably to the line, after the most manifest extinction of all the worth which it was given for.

Yet there were both the rational and the generous in that hope which seems to have been conceived, by the first inventors of nobility, from its original institution. — Some great and powerful prince, when he had experienced a servant's courage, his conduct, or integrity, and was willing to transmit those virtues (after they had been useful to himself) to the future benefit of his heirs and successors, made it his first care to bestow on this able favourite such lands and extent of revenue as might place him above the necessity of concerning himself for his children's support in life; and this left him at perfect leisure to

enlarge and open their minds, till he made them capable of succeeding as well to his toils and dangers as to his honours and possessions.

To strengthen yet more their expectation of so good an end, they contrived these farther means of adding visible and outward marks, betokening honour, power, and wisdom: such as titles, robes, ranks, privileges, and a train of pomps and ceremonies. All these they made hereditary, for this weighty and sufficient reason; because it was a natural hope, that persons, who were exempt from private wants, should not be subject to private baseness: they would then be at liberty to enlarge and exalt their thoughts, in proportion to that high condition which they grew up in the expectation and foreknowledge of, till they came to disdain narrow principles and renounce selfish purposes, such as poverty might have seemed to justify, but which could never correspond with that magnificence and disinterested scope of mind which was proposed to be the consequence of so distinguished an education in life, so happily provided for.

A nobleman, the descendant of noble ancestors, when we consider him in this light, seems to be one of the pillars of human virtue, and the honoured ornament of a body politic. And the only reason why we talk with respect, or even with gravity, of the antiquity of a man's family, is, because, by how many more successions their line has continued noble, by so many more examples their virtues are supposed to have been fortified; till the practice and the love of glory, justice, knowledge, and compassion, are esteemed inherent in their very nature; and their blood flows down distinguished by a kind of inspiration which it carries with it.

But, exclusive of this single consideration, what a ridiculous pretence to reverence is the accident of having been born to live lazily. — It is insolence, in the highest degree, for a cypher of rank and title to expect submission, from a person who is venerable for his good qualities, upon no better foundation than because the accomplished commoner is the son of an honest man, who had nothing to depend on but his industry, and the foolish lord had a father who left him an estate and a title, which somebody, a long time ago, gave a sturdy valiant soldier, to maintain his posterity till they should grow good for nothing, and look with scorn at their first founder, drawing all their empty glory from the numbered ages which have passed since merit and humility could claim a place in their great family.

If, in the world, there is a pleasanter piece of stupid impertinence than ordinary, it is that conceited and satisfied self-preference with which one of these happy creatures looks down, from his own sublimity, upon the merit that lies below him. But I wonder

wonder what he would answer, if, in the height of his exultation, fortune should take a freak to whisper these questions in his ear, Pray, my lord, have you considered how to deserve this fine distinction, which you inherit without knowing why? Are you honefter than your steward? — Pretty much upon a par. — Are you braver than your ragged cousin? — Oh no; not at all. — Are you more pious than your chaplain? — Far from it, I assure you. — Are you wiser or more learned than my lady, your lordship's wife? — But a little, if any thing. — Are you richer than your banker? — Not so rich, by half a plumb. — Pray, what, then, may your lordship's pretensions be to that respect which you claim from others? — Why, you know, says he, that I was *born to it*.

It is a pleasant prétension! let us trace it a little higher. — Why is this lord's family of more dignity than that lord's, since their estates and rank are equal? Oh! there is a very good reason for that; it is because his race is most ancient. Pray, what do you mean by *ancient*? was not Adam their common father? Yes: but this my-lord has been longer in possession of lands than that my-lord has. So, then, the case, it seems, stands thus, Other mens acquirements must give him dignity, to whom other mens merit has given distinction.

Antiquity of name and family is one of the most ridiculous things in nature, when it is made use of as the ground of honours; there being nothing more certain, than that the revolutions of time and fortune have used all families alike: and, were it possible to see backward, into the obscurity of past ages, we might pick out beggars from our proudest lines, and point out princes in our humblest. This nobility, that consists in sound, is an empty and chimerical grandeur.

I fancy, that, if I were a lord, the turkey-cock, with his sweeping wing, erected neck, and peer-like strut, within the sphere of his barn-door royalty, would make me sick of my boasted quality, unless I had better claim than my pride to the stateliness I was distinguished by.

The true use of titles is, that they may serve as shining lights to lay open and illustrate the spacious chambers of a mind well-furnished; but, to a close and sordid soul, they are like torches, which we carry down to illuminate a sickly dungeon, where they expose but the more disgracefully the narrow cells, bare walls, and dirtiness.

The basest thing in nature is to have power to do much good without will to do any. How contemptible, then, are they, who, becoming insolent by prosperity, think on nothing so seldom as the distresses of the miserable! And, while they were made noble for this end only, to be active in good offices, they

live for pleasure, and to no better purpose than one of their hounds or their setting-dogs. If a nobleman, who has thus declined from the only end of his institution, can be author of any good, by effect of his example, it must be such an accidental and involuntary service as was done of old to the philosopher. He was asked from whom he learnt to be so steady in pursuits of virtue. "I learn it, said he, from the persons who live most viciously: for, observing what makes them despicable, I see plainly what to shun; and I guess, by the reverse, what it is that I ought to practise."

The eastern people ascribe to Plato several excellent sayings, which we do not find in his works; and, among others, they cite this following. "Plenty and want are two clouds, the fullest stored of any; the first rains dulness and arrogance, the second learning and humility; for, while the body of the poor is improving into spirit, the spirit of the rich is degenerating into body." It is a pretty remark; and every man's experience will enable him to justify it. For how few public or private improvements have been owing to our men of rank? and how many to the unsatisfied application of the unhappy? who, finding themselves pressed by uneasy circumstances, whet and urge their active talents, till prosperity can afford them leisure to be as useless as if they were born to it.

It is plain, then, that a nobleman, who has no other merit than his rank gives him, has no merit at all; and is just so much more despicable than a commoner, who is equally worthless, as the duties of his condition are more elevated and important. And that respect which is looked for by a lord, merely as a lord, deserves to be ranked among those sacrifices which we make to custom at the expence of common-sense, and to the dishonour of our natural liberty.

An essay-writer of the last age, who had learnt, from tiresome experience, that he had irrecoverably lost those years which he had spent in attending the great, (as they love to hear themselves called,) quitted the pursuit with a manly scorn; and having observed, for his reader's use, that these men make no friendships but such as are subservient either to their interests or their pleasures; he closes all with this remark: "I have so hearty a contempt for what is commonly called greatness, that, if I did not meet with the word *lord* in a prayer I repeat daily, I should never name it but with detestation." And (to allow this author but common justice) no man is so foolish a tyrant over his own heart as he that humbles himself to a will that is too proud to take notice of it, and waits on those from whom he can expect nothing but what he must dearly pay for in guilt, dishonour, or mortification.

I am pleased with a frank correction of that peevish and humourful arrogance, so inseparable from these proud mens behaviour, as it was given by a Syrian doctor to one of the caliphs of Babylon. They were angling upon the river Tigris, and the caliph, growing impatient because he had caught nothing, ordered the physician out of his sight, for he was sure he should have no sport in company with one who was so unlucky. "Nay, but methinks, replied the doctor, you accuse me a little rashly: my father was a drawer of water and my mother but a slave, yet I have been chief favourite of many successive caliphs, and am rich and fortunate beyond my wishes; how, then, can such a man as I deserve to be called unlucky? But, if you would be informed, I can name a person who may truly be stiled unhappy." The caliph told him he might explain himself. "It is, sir, pursued the physician, a lord, who, descending lineally from four illustrious caliphs, and being himself, too, a caliph, sits unmindful of his dignity, catching fish like an idle saunterer, while ignorance and rest are spreading nets to catch his people."

Since honours were first bestowed as a reward of mens past virtues, and for an excitement of their future, it seems the justest thing imaginable, that all lords, who possess them fruitlessly, should forfeit them, and step down among the herd, to hide the shame of those defects which, by reason of their too high situation, blaze out, like a beacon, to the disturbance of a whole country. As, for the same reason, where a nobleman is truly such, his wisdom, his charity, his courage, and his loyalty, strike out their influence in larger circles than the virtues of inferior ranks can possibly be extended to.

For my part, as it is my purpose to speak of every thing like a plain dealer, I declare, with the utmost indifference, that, though no man more sincerely reverences what a nobleman was meant to be, yet I can have no respect at all for the *name*, where the *thing* is wanting. On the contrary, it is my opinion, that every gentleman of spirit should despise and mortify the vanity of such a chimerical superiority as would advance itself above substantial honour by the empty memory and sound of it.

The breath of a sovereign may have power to create titles, but it can have none to invert qualities. Though the vessel is in the potter's hands, and the man must be called noble whom the king delighteth to honour, yet he will never be so, by his patent, if he was not before so in his nature. But there is a kind of man who will always be found noble, without aid of pomp or titles; and, in what place soever you chance to meet him, you may know him by these marks: he will be humble in greatness and immoveable in adversity; he will be compassionate, without weakness; brave, without arrogance; conscious, with-

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out pride; and sincere, without indecency. He will be wary, but not suspicious; and his anger will have no malice. He will love, without folly; and disapprove, without hatred. His hope will be strong, but patient; his fear awake, but easy. He will be active, without hurry; and at leisure, without idleness. And, at least, if he be not learned, he will be a lover of learning. Q.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

I Have read with pleasure several ingenious essays in the Monthly Ledger, tending to rectify the judgements of mankind in matters of a familiar nature; matters which, in the opinion of the great lord Bacon, "come home to mens own business and bosoms." The field of moral science has been traversed by writers of noble genius and extensive erudition; but, though their productions have been read with attention, and characterised with applause, it may admit of a doubt, whether the errors, attendant on the frailty of human judgement, have been rectified in proportion to the partial estimate such writers may ever have made of their powers to reform. This consideration may reasonably excite much diffidence in the mind of a new adventurer in the same track: but, as the fresh attempts, even of inferior genius, under some favourable circumstances of a personal or temporary nature, may possibly be attended with some degree of success, I am induced to lay before the public a few reflections on that kind of benevolence which is commonly understood by the term, *charity*.

The different degrees of ability to relieve the wants of the distressed are doubtless a reasonable ground of difference in point of obligation; for it cannot be the duty of any man to alleviate the sufferings of others to the immediate distress of himself or those for whose necessities he is more nearly concerned to provide: "He, who neglects to provide for his family, has forsaken the faith, and is worse than an infidel."—But, perhaps, were an impartial individual enquiry to take place, few, who have been favoured with manual strength, and who have not been strangers to industry and oeconomy, would be found so circumstanced, as not to be capable of sparing something to relieve the necessities of the indigent; and very small alms will be of great service to one who is in want of a piece of bread.

The deficiency too apparent in the world, in point of charity, seems to arise in a great measure from our not changing stations, in idea, with those who solicit our relief. Much wisdom

wisdom and much benevolence seem to be couched in an observation of the late amiable dauphiness of France ; who, when one of her thrifty and œconomical attendants reproved her for bestowing too much on a poor woman, replied, “ Madam, were you in her situation, you would be of another mind.” Where much is possessed, much may frequently be spared ; and, doubtless, much is required to be bestowed on those who are destitute of ability to render life tolerably easy ; sometimes of the means of supporting it at all ; and such solitary objects are not thinly scattered around the mansions of festivity and opulence, in any country where festivity and opulence abound.

Of all the errors which deform the human character, and render us the objects of divine displeasure, none surely can exceed the cruelty of stopping our ears against the supplicating voice of indigence ; especially where it is found in the habitations of the honest and laborious : but, such is our propensity to grasp the possessions of which we are at best but the stewards, for the good of *others*, as well as ourselves, that we rarely take the trouble to enquire into the merits and comparative necessities of those who implore our aid : and it is much to be feared, that, even when the impressions of pity are made on our minds, by the distresses of the poor before us, we too often give a small alms, rather to get rid of a troublesome sensation by removing the object from us, than from the noble motive of desire to render that object happy. If the degrees of rectitude in our motives to action be the measure of virtue and vice in the estimation of the Judge of the whole earth, (as I apprehend the most rational part of mankind believe,) I would ask, to what degree of reward, in a future state, can actions of this sort be entitled ? And let it ever be remembered, as an indubitable eternal truth, that the Author of all rewards here and hereafter, is as intimately acquainted with the motive which precedes, as with the action which follows.

I would not, however, while I am pointing out one error, draw the attention of the reader particularly to a point which may lead him into another : I would not enforce the duty of charity on the ground of consequent rewards ; for, in this case, the motive is likewise resolvable into mere *self-love*, and the *merit* of the action is equally destroyed. The doctrine I wish to inculcate is the moral fitness of liberality in itself, and the absolute obligation the affluent are under, to administer the bread of comfort to those who are in want.

Am I possessed of two coats (*viz.* one more than my immediate necessity requires) ; and is my poor neighbour, who has, equally with me, the capacity of being affected with cold,
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neither possessed of *one*, nor of the means of procuring one; in this case, I think there is a moral obligation on me to give him that which I do not want; and my withholding it from him would be criminal in a higher degree than my bestowing it upon him can be meritorious. But if, under such circumstances, I have my doubt about the rectitude of this principle, let me suppose myself for a moment in the situation of my poor neighbour, and, it is presumed, I must at once see the reasonableness, and feel all the force, of the argument.

It may perhaps be here objected, first, that a man, who should proceed upon this principle, would be continually liable to the impositions of the designing and knavish, who would not fail to plead poverty, the better to support sloth and debauchery. Secondly, that any practice, which tends to encourage such a disposition in the lower classes of the people, (who may be considered as the hands of community,) is not only a personal, but a national, injury. And, thirdly, that the most ample fortune would be insufficient to satisfy this sort of beggars. These objections have, indeed, a formidable appearance, and may not be wholly destitute of weight: impostors, it is too true, are to be met with amongst all degrees of men; and it is possible such may most abound in that class which is commonly most unhappy in point of education: but, in general, that observation and enquiry, which are so necessary for the satisfaction of the donor, and without which he will ever be unable to judge of the measure of his own duty in point of liberality, will be found sufficient to distinguish between truth and imposition; and the more this disposition to examine the merits of petitioners prevails, the more will it be attended with a twofold advantage: for the *vicious* will be deterred, in proportion, from making application, and the really-necessitous encouraged to look out of their miserable habitations, and unfold their griefs; and such *really-necessitous* poor are not so wont to be over-importunate in their requests, especially where they have reason to think that ability is wanting. But, should these considerations be thought insufficient, I hope this general maxim will never be controverted, — That it is better for *ten* unworthy men to avail themselves of the generosity of a nation, than for *one* object in distress to perish through its want of charity.

Bristol, May 7,

1774.

SYMPATHETICUS.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

S I R,

IF the following reflections on *men of honour*, and the term, *virtue*, selected from the works of a writer of no small eminence, be deemed proper for your instructive miscellany, insert them in your next number: they are *multum in parvo*, and will please such of your readers as prefer *sense* to *sound*. — I wish your work all the success it deserves; which is very great, in the estimation of your friend and ally,

Cambridge, May 12, 1774.

COMMON SENSE.

LET us leave the character of a *man of honour* to those who are satisfied with it; it is purchased at too low a price to create jealousy in noble souls. A good stock of assurance, an easy fortune, and popular vices, are all that constitute our modern *man of honour*: virtue has nothing to do in the case. Nor does this title of *honour* deserve more respect in the female sex: all that Egelia has done to obtain it, is, not letting every body know that she deals in gallantry and intrigue.

And yet, though easy it may seem for either sex to merit this title in the limited signification that custom has determined, still, were we to make a diligent search, how many usurpers should we find that have unjustly invaded it!

A wretch, oppressed by indigence, stops a traveller upon the highway, and takes or demands his purse: this is a man void of *honour*; and, if you doubt it, the gallows will determine the question.

But let us suppose a successful extortioner, who has enriched himself by the necessities of the state; let him have a magnificent palace, a numerous equipage, and a pompous title; though he sports with the public distress, and his fortune is raised on the ruin of five hundred families, he is still a *man of honour*, because he is rich, and riots on the public spoils with impunity.

Behold a beautiful young woman, that displays, perhaps beyond the bounds of decency, the charms she has received from nature, and heightens them by all the elegance of attire, by flowers, paint, and patches: but she is on foot, and has not a servant to attend her; therefore she must be a woman of *no honour*, and therefore, as such, every one points at her.

Two steps from her, another woman passes, in the very same dress, but drawn by six stately couriers, in a mourning

chariot : this is a woman of honour ; a lady of the first distinction. Thus the world blunders in its opinions.

All the *met* of honour, put together, are not worth one virtuous man. The former derive their titles only from their prosperity, opulence, and interest : take away these feeble supports, and their *honour* will undergo the same revolution as their fortunes.——

As for the virtuous man, it is manners that form his titles ; titles of the greatest solidity ; to which, adversity, far from making any diminution, adds a new lustre. The Assyrian minister, the enemy of the Jewish nation, loses his honour together with his life : but I esteem Fouquet in his disgrace, and St. Lewis I revere in his fetters.

But some, perhaps, will ask me what I mean by *manners* : I answer, it is a conduct regulated by the knowledge and love of truth and virtue. I say, knowledge and love ; for, for want of knowing virtue, we imbibe the manners of the vulgar ; and, for want of loving it, we acquire only the manners of the great ; that is, none at all. In order to love virtue, we should know it ; and, when once we love it, we shall infallibly practise it.

But do not form your idea of virtue from Cleobulus, Philemon, or any other particular person whom you imagine virtuous. Example is a dangerous rule, which seldom fails to mislead those who are blindly directed by it. It is with examples as with counsels ; in order to improve by them, we ought to have knowledge enough to fix their right value : with this, we may do without them. Bad examples are prejudicial, inasmuch as they lead to the practice of vice ; but even good examples are sometimes detrimental, as they confine us in the practice of virtue : for if those whom you propose to imitate are not models in every respect, (and where can you find any such ?) you must necessarily, by imitating them, remain in a state of imperfection and mediocrity. This is without doubt the reason why the great legislator of the Christians did not say, “ Imitate such an apostle, such an anchoret, such a king, such a father of a family ;” but, *Be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect*. There is no such a thing as attaining at sublimity by imitation, unless the model proposed be inimitable.

Theophilus is a pious man ; he sighs continually after heaven, and has no other desire but that of enjoying God ; but the contempt he has for earthly possessions extends itself to all the inhabitants of the earth. Except the little circle of the *elect*, that visit him and are improved by his converse, all the rest of mankind are profane worldlings in his eyes, wretches

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whom God hates, and who ought consequently to be the objects of his aversion. You imagine, perhaps, to become a saint by imitating Theophilus; but, instead of that, you would become supercilious, fierce, and inhuman; incapable of affection, indulgence, and pity; and, (which is still worse,) incorrigible in your faults, because you would look upon them as so many virtues.

Cleantus is a man of honour, as incapable of a mean action as of a heinous crime; but he is harsh and severe, always in a bad humour with mankind, constantly ready to think ill of others, hardly willing to allow even the good which he sees in them, and more displeased, perhaps, with the prosperity, than with the crimes, of the wicked. Are you desirous of resembling Cleantus? if you are, you will be a morose and unsocial wretch; a useless friend to virtue; so as to render it rather displeasing than amiable.

Damis is a person of quite another stamp: he has an universal friendship for mankind: he never contradicts any man; but is of every body's opinion, even when they are opposite to each other. He would be a most resolute stickler for virtue, were he to converse only with the virtuous. He has not courage to be a villain; neither will he ever have spirit enough to blame those who are. Surely you do not propose to take Damis for your model? for, after you had copied him exactly, you would be only an insipid complaisant fool, with a weak head and dissembling heart, blushing to be an honest man, when in company with knaves, as much as you would be ashamed to be a knave when in company with honest men. —

We frequently meet with examples of this nature, which strike at first sight: some shining part of a person's character gains our approbation, and prepossesses us in his favour: such an one, we are apt to say, is certainly a virtuous man. Not at all: a man is not virtuous for practising a single virtue; he must practise them all. Hell is full of the half-virtuous; and, if you have not the true touchstone, to distinguish the pure metal from the base, you run a risk of augmenting the number. Now, this touchstone is the knowledge of virtue.

But what is *virtue*? It is a constant fidelity in discharging the duties dictated by *reason*. And what is *reason* itself? It is a portion of the divine wisdom with which the Creator has adorned our minds, in order to instruct us in our duties. None but *fools* and *enthusiasts* decry or endeavour to debase it. Still you ask me, what are those duties? whence do they arise? by what law are they prescribed? I answer, the law which prescribes them is the immutable will of God, to which we are

by right reason advised to conform ; and that, in this conformity, virtue consists. No law, that has begun with time, or is liable to lose its obligatory force, can constitute virtue.—Sovereigns may publish or abrogate laws ; but they can neither make nor destroy virtue ; and how indeed should they be able to do what is even impossible to God, virtue being as immutable in its nature as the divine will that gives it an existence ? All positive laws had a beginning ; they are all liable to exceptions and dispensations, and may even be abolished : none but the law engraven on our hearts by the finger of Deity is indispensable in respect to men, and at all times.—

Whenever the characters of this law are undiscerned, this proceeds from our negligence, and not from the weakness of our sight ; or if they ever seem quite effaced, it is only for an instant. — We ought, therefore, to attribute the actual ignorance of our duty, and the corruption of our manners, to no other cause but to the violence of our passions. Let us silence these for an instant, and then the voice of reason will infallibly be heard : let us comply with her tender invitations ; she waits only for our own consent to make us happy.

But what does reason say ? what does she require of us ? what are we to do ? Love God ; love yourself ; love your fellow-creatures : these are all your obligations. From the first proceeds piety ; from the second, wisdom ; from the third, all the social virtues.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

AMONGST all the beautiful essays written by Mr. Addison, in the Spectator, there is none which affords me more pleasure than that wherein he considers the planetary and terrestrial worlds in a comparative view. I have, therefore, transcribed a part of it for your entertaining miscellany, and doubt not but it will give pleasure to most of your readers, if you will insert it.

SIMPLEX.

TO us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can any where behold : it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with variety of beautiful decorations : whereas, to a spectator, placed in one of the planets, it wears an uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who dwell at still greater distances, it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star (as, in one part of the orbit she rides foremost in the procession

cession of night; in the other, ushers in and anticipates the dawn) is a planetary world; which, with the four others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies, of their own; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life: all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that great dispenser of divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the distribution of his rays; and derive their comfort from his benign agency. The sun, which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is, in this respect, fixed and immoveable; it is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and those more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than the whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line, extended from side to side, through the center of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles: a girdle, formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out, in a transport of surprize, "How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire, and keeps alive, from age to age, such an enormous mass of flame!" Let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe. Every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of the day: so that every star is not barely a world, but the center of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence: all which are lost to our sight in immeasurable wilds of ether.

That the stars appear like so many diminutive and scarcely distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable, indeed, it is, since a ball shot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel, at this impetuous rate, almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries.

While

While, beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishing grand furniture of the skies? what, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable in the map of the universe. It is observed, by a very judicious writer, that, if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, was extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, is so exceedingly little, in comparison of the whole, that their loss would leave scarcely a blank in the immensity of God's works. If then not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a county? what are a few lordships, or the so much admired patrimonies of those who are stiled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions; but, when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size, how contemptible their figure! They shrink into pompous nothings.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Miscellaneous Reflections.

1. **M**AN, pent up between the elements of this world, may be compared to a person confined in a prison, where all the light he receives is let in through some crevices of the wall, which gives him but an imperfect view of the many objects contained in the apartment where he resides, and scarcely any distinct and clear perception of those that are without it. He finds, by experience, that many of his enquiries into the natural world end in uncertainty; and, when he attempts to pierce through the sphere of materiality, and wanders, in thought, too far into the intellectual world, he is in danger of being lost in the clouds of his own fancy, and at length thrown into a labyrinth of fruitless conjectures.

2. Contemplate *thyself*; survey the beings around thee, and look abroad on the phænomena of nature: evident signatures of supreme intelligence are conspicuous every where, and in all things; but that eternal first Cause, that self-sufficient intelligent Being, whom we call GOD, *no man hath seen, can see, or can comprehend*; neither can he form an adequate idea of his attributes, nor of the vast plan and mode of his righteous government

government and providence : *as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways than man's ways, and his thoughts than man's thoughts.*

3. Man made not himself, nor was he consulted what *vehicle* he should inform, nor what *sphere* he should be placed in. The *eternal first Cause* made thee, O man ; placed thee in this world, and gave thee those talents for virtue with which thou art endued. Study, then, thy place and station in the universe ; the relation thou bearest to God, and to beings around thee : survey the powers with which thou art invested, and exert them to the uttermost, in the pursuit of such measures of conduct as promise, upon the whole, to be the most conducive to thy own happiness and the good of thy fellow-creatures. More than this the righteous Author of thy existence does not expect from thee, and then thou wilt certainly possess that *kind*, that *due*, *degree* of felicity, which heaven designed thou shouldst enjoy ; and repine not if it be not so much as thy desires would have it be, lest thou afflict thyself, and render thy little, less.

4. Possess an awful sense of the SUPREME BEING, who is privy to all thy thoughts, words, and actions ; gratefully receive the blessings he allots thee in the course of his providence ; and, under those seeming ills which come upon thee unforeseen, and which thy prudence could not prevent, use the apparently most probable means to remove or alleviate them ; waiting the event of thy best endeavours, with a rational fortitude, patience, and resignation to the will of God. " To reason right is to submit."

5. Take not any proposition as God's word, on the bare authority of man's, unsupported by rational proofs.

6. In matters of religion judge freely for thyself. Be bound by no man's creed without being convinced of its rectitude ; adopt no practice as thy religious duty ; nor follow the example of any man implicitly.

7. In all cases of conscience be thy own judge ; but judge not the conscience of any other man : allow every man that liberty which thou desirest mankind should allow thee.

8. Worship God in a manner which thou thinkest will be most acceptable to him ; but exalt not thy own opinions and practices as a standard to ascertain the propriety of all other mens.

*Let not my weak unknowing hand
Presume God's bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge his foe. POPE.*

9. It is presumptuous to suppose or say that God wills every man should think and act alike in *all* things: as men, in point of strength and size, are not all equal, neither are they so in their intellectual, percipient, and ratiocinative powers. Education, tradition, and constitution, in conjunction with popular customs and notions, which are different in different places, impose a powerful bias on mens minds, and prevent them from perceiving all moral objects in the same light, or in the same point of view. That proposition and practice, which appears reasonable to some, is deemed unreasonable by others. This has been the case in every age of the world, and, it is highly probable, will be the case throughout all generations. Every man, who is fully persuaded of the rectitude of his conduct, and acts conscientiously for the apparent best, will doubtless be accepted of God. Do but as well as thou *canst*, and thou wilt do as well as thou *oughtest*.

10. If thou *hast faith*, as to any abstruse speculative point, *have it to thyself*; attempt not to impose it on any other man, or to publish it to the world; unless there appears a rational probability that the publication of it will be of service to mankind. *Many things that are lawful may not be expedient.*

11. Disturb not the peace of society by being forward to attack any popular opinion that may appear erroneous to thee, unless it be of such a nature as to weaken the obligation to practical piety and moral virtue amongst mankind; and even then let thy opposition to it be well-timed, and the mode of it such, that thou mayst not offend, if thou dost not inform;—mayst not inflame mens passions, if thou dost not convince their judgements.

12. Treat no serious subject in a ludicrous manner; neither ridicule any man's conscientious scruples.

13. Interfere cautiously in party-affairs. Be not partial to any party, but approve thyself the friend of all. Attempt not to put men farther asunder, but use thy influence to bring them nearer together: if possible, make up the breaches between them; and, by the cords of love, endeavour to draw all men to agree in charity, if not in sentiment.

14. In thy commercial affairs, make not the *law of the land thy gospel*, or the test of justice; nor *consult cases of conscience with thy attorney*. Let it be the rule of thy conduct to do unto others, in all cases, as thou couldst reasonably desire others should do unto thee, supposing thyself in their case, and they in thine.

15. Be just to thyself, and to mankind, before thou art generous. — Charity should *begin at home*, but it should not *end there*.

16. Cherish

16. Cherish the sympathetic feelings of humanity, and compassionate the distresses of thy fellow-creatures : give them all the relief thou canst, at least with thy counsel, and with as much of thy substance as thou canst spare, without injuring thyself, and those who are more immediately dependent on thee, and primarily demand thy attention.

17. Postpone not the execution of any virtuous purpose till to-morrow, which ought to be done to-day ; but, when thou hast power and opportunity of doing good, neglect not to use that power on the first occasion that offers itself.

18. Resent injuries dispassionately, and shew thy dislike rather to *measures* than to *men*. Without a spirit of revenge, attempt the conviction and reformation of thy enemies ; and not, by unnecessarily rendering evil for evil, keep open the wound that should be speedily healed. A soft answer sometimes abateth an enemy's wrath, whereas a hasty vindictive reply frequently increases the flame of contention.

19. Exaggerate not the errors of an enemy, neither depreciate his virtues.

20. Upbraid not any man with those errors which he has confessed, corrected, and forsaken.

21. Give not credit to any report, to the injury of any man's character, that is not well attested ; and then be not the propagator of scandal.

22. Give not thy sentiments of persons, characters, and measures, when occasion doth not call for them ; and when thou dost give them, do it not hastily nor incautiously, but with candour and prudence.

23. Be a faithful witness when thou art called upon ; yet never speak ill of any man with pleasure, but with reluctance : be more ready to praise, than to dispraise, even thy avowed enemy.

24. Let no man have just occasion to become thine enemy.

25. Frequently review thy own opinions and practices, and be ready to correct every apparent error in both.

26. Repent of the evils thou hast committed ; and possess such a sense of them as would prompt thee, if possible, to undo all the evil acts thou hast done : so mayst thou expect to find mercy of God.

27. If thou hast injured any man in his person, property, or character, make him ample amends, if it be in thy power. At least, confess thy faults, and ask an excuse of them, to whom thou canst not make adequate restitution.

28. Be courteous to all men ; but avoid having too much familiarity with any man.

29. Be not desirous of hearing any man's secrets ; but, if any are committed to thee in confidence, be faithful to the trust reposed in thee, and disclose them to no one, unless they are of such a nature as to render the person criminal who conceals them.

30. Endeavour to be more blind to other people's foibles than to thy own.

31. Be as ready to forgive those who have injured thee, as thou art desirous of having thy trespasses finally forgiven of God.

32. *Be thou as wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove.*

33. Beware of contracting any bad habit. Be not a slave to any custom, nor indulge thyself in any lawful pleasure to excess. Let all God's creatures, the blessings thou enjoyest, or the good things thou possessest, be thy servants, not thy masters : use them temperately, and do not abuse them, nor thyself with them. Idolize not the gifts received of the bounteous Parent of the universe ; but look through them to the glorious Giver, who is God, and *worship* him. Let all these things be subject unto thee, and be thyself subject to the law of truth and right reason, which is the law of God.

34. Be not lifted up with any temporal acquisition ; neither be cast down by the contrary. Prosperity and adversity are not the tests of real merit and demerit : for God, who made us and all things, *causeth the sun to shine upon the evil and upon the good, and his rain to descend upon the just and upon the unjust.*

35. Envy not any man who enjoys what it is not thy lot to possess. "*The envious man cannot be happy.*"

36. Flatter not thyself, and then thou wilt not be deceived by flatterers.

37. Attend to the remarks made on thee by thy enemies ; and, if they be just, endeavour to profit by them.

38. If thou wouldst know the real character of any man, ask it of one of his friends and of one of his enemies ; and, by making a proper allowance for the partiality of both, thou mayst come near the truth.

39. Be cautious of placing too much confidence even in a friend, nor unnecessarily commit to him a trust which may lay him under a strong temptation to deceive and injure thee. Remember, self-love is strong, and human-nature is weak.

40. Death is an object that we either view too near, or at too great a distance, to profit by it.

41. So partial is man to himself, that he perceives his own foibles in most men, and his virtues in but few.

42. When we view our own vices and the virtues of others, it is through a medium that *diminishes* them ; but, when we

view

view our own virtues and other mens vices, it is through one that *augments* them.

43. Of all our errors this is not the least, — we too seldom suspect ourselves and think we err.

44. It is as noble in a man to retract an error as it is ignoble in him to persist in it; but it is a species of nobility that few people covet.

45. We are often ashamed of that which is truly laudable, as well as often glory in our shame.

46. When we desire and expect a future pleasure, time moves slowly, as with leaden heels, and an hour seems a day: but, when we dread and expect a future evil, time flies swiftly, and a day seems no more than an hour.

47. Man frequently pursues a mistaken interest with ardour, while his real interest is either totally neglected or pursued with indifference.

48. Read not too much, but endeavour to digest well what thou hast read: *commune with thy own heart*; converse oftener with thyself, and with nature, than with men, and with books.

49. Acquaint thyself with the strength and extent of thy own faculties, and employ them not on subjects to which they are unequal. The judicious Locke wisely said, (page 4, Introduction to his Essay on Human Understanding,) “When we know our *own strength*, we shall the better know what to undertake with hopes of success; and when we have well surveyed the powers of our own minds, and made some estimate what we may expect from them, we shall not be inclined to *sit still*, and not set our thoughts on work at all, in despair of knowing any thing, and disclaim *all* knowledge, because *some things* are not to be understood. It is of great service to the sailor to know the *length* of his line, though he cannot with it fathom *all* the depths of the ocean: it is well he knows that it is long enough to reach the bottom at *such places* as are necessary to direct his voyage, and caution him against running upon shoals that may ruin him. Our business here is not to know *all* things, but *those* which concern our conduct. If we can find out those measures, whereby a *rational creature*, put in that state which man is in, in this world, may and ought to govern his opinions and actions depending thereon, we need not be troubled that some things escape our knowledge.”

50. Some vulgar opinions, like some current coins, deceive people by their colour, image, and superscription, while they contain a base alloy, and are deficient in weight; but the wise and wary will receive neither without proving them by an impartial *assay*.

51. Every man has a *monitor* (call it by what name you please) within himself, which is sufficient to direct him ; and, while he continues to be directed by it, his own conscience will acquit him ; and then it matters not who besides shall condemn him.

52. Whosoever sincerely desires to know the will of God respecting *himself*, and pursues such means of enquiry as he verily believes are proper to acquire that knowledge, will attain as much knowledge of the will of God as God designed he should attain ; and will not err in judgement or speculation, about any matter which essentially concerns him, or that is necessary to render him acceptable in the sight of God.

53. Whosoever sincerely means and endeavours, to the utmost of his power, to do his *duty*, will do his *duty*.

54. Whosoever is conscious of having done some things which he ought not to have done, and of having neglected to do others which he is conscious he ought to have done, and sincerely repents of such commission of sins and omission of duties, and endeavours honestly to correct in future the errors of his past life, does all that can be expected of him, and will doubtless be forgiven of God, through *Jesus Christ*.

55. To give pain unnecessarily, or without a just and reasonable cause or motive, to any being, is a *moral evil*, or *vice*.

56. To communicate pleasure, or to attempt, by every reasonable method, to promote the happiness of our fellow-creatures, is a *moral good*, or *virtue*. CATO.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

A Dissertation on the Scriptures, from a learned Work.

(Continued from P. 573.)

THE gospel being preached in all nations, there is no doubt but that the Bible, which is the foundation of the Christian religion, was translated into the respective languages of each nation. St. Chrysostom and Theodoret both testify that the books of the Old and New Testament had been translated into the Syrian, Egyptian, Indian, Persian, Armenian, Ethiopic, Scythian, and Samaritan, languages. Socrates and Sozomen tell us, that Ulphilas, bishop of the Goths, who lived about the middle of the 4th century, had translated the holy scriptures into the Gothic language ; and pope John VIII. gave his approbation to the version of the holy scriptures made into the Sclavonian.

The Ethiopic version of the Old Testament is made immediately from the Greek text of the septuagint ; and there is a very plain

plain agreement between this translation and the Alexandrian manuscript; the order of the chapters, the inscriptions of the psalms, and every thing else, being exactly alike. The Ethiopians attribute this version to Frumentius, the apostle of Ethiopia, sent thither by Athanasius, bishop of Alexandria.

The Coptic, or Egyptian, translation is likewise made from the Greek of the septuagint; in which the Egyptian translator so punctually followed the Greek text, that he refused to make use of the labours of Origen, and others, who had been at the pains to compare the Greek version with the Hebrew text. We are quite in the dark, as to the author and the time of this version: but probably it is very ancient, since we cannot suppose the Egyptian church was long without a translation of the scriptures in their mother-tongue.

There are several versions of the Bible in the Persian language, most of which are in manuscript. There is a translation of the Psalms by one father John, a Carmelite, and another of the same book, done from the Latin by the Jesuits. Walton, in the London Polyglott, has published the gospels, translated by one Simon, the son of Joseph, a Christian of Persia, who lived in the year 1341. We have, likewise, some manuscript translations of the Bible in the Turkish language; particularly a version of the New Testament, printed at London in 1666.

The Armenians have an old translation of the scriptures in their language taken from the Greek of the septuagint. Three learned Armenians were employed about it, in the time of the emperor Arcadius; viz. Moses, surnamed the Grammarian, David the philosopher, and Mampreus. The Armenians, in 1666, procured an edition of the Bible, in their language, to be made at Amsterdam, under the direction of an Armenian bishop. Another was printed at Antwerp, in 1670, by the procurement of Theodorus Patroëus; and the New Testament separately, in 1668.

Whilst the Roman empire maintained itself in Europe, the reading of the scriptures in the Latin tongue, which was the universal language of that empire, prevailed every where. But, since the face of affairs in Europe has been changed, and so many different monarchies erected upon the ruins of the Roman empire, the Latin tongue has, by degrees, grown into disuse; whence has arisen a necessity of translating the Bible into the respective languages of each people: and this has produced as many different versions of the scriptures, in the modern languages, as there are different nations professing the Christian religion. Hence we meet with French, Italian, Spanish, German, Flemish, Danish, Sclavonian, Polish, Bohemian, and Russian, or Moscovite, Bibles; not to mention, at present, Anglo-Saxon,

glo-Saxon, and modern English Bibles; the most remarkable of which I shall just point out.

The oldest French Bible, that we hear of, is the version of Peter de Vaux, chief of the Waldenses, who lived about the year 1160. Raoul de Presle translated the Bible into French, in the reign of Charles V. king of France, about the year 1380. Besides these, there are several old French translations of particular parts of scripture. The doctors of Louvain published the Bible in French, at Louvain, by order of the emperor Charles V. in 1550. Cardinal Richlieu had set some persons about a new translation; but his death put a stop to the execution of this design. There is a version by Isaac le Maitre de Sacy, published in 1672, with explanations of the literal and spiritual meaning of the text, which was received with wonderful applause, and has been often reprinted: as to the New Testaments, in French, which have been printed separately, one of the most remarkable is that of F. Amelotte, of the Oratory, composed by the direction of some French prelates, and printed with annotations, in the year 1666, 1667, and 1670. The author pretends he had been at the pains to search all the libraries in Europe and collate the oldest manuscripts: But, in examining his work, it appears, that he has produced no considerable various readings, which had not been before taken notice of, either in the London Polyglott, or elsewhere. The New Testament of Mons, printed in 1665, with the archbishop of Cambray's permission, and the king of Spain's licence, made a great noise in the world. It was condemned by pope Clement IX. in 1668, and by pope Innocent XI. in 1679, and in several bishoprics of France at several times. The New Testament published at Trevoux, in 1702, by M. Simon, with literal and critical annotations upon difficult passages, was condemned by the bishops of Paris and Meaux in 1702. F. Bohours, a Jesuit, with the assistance of F. F. Michael Tellier, and Peter Bernier, Jesuits likewise, published a translation of the New Testament in 1697: but this translation is, for the most part, harsh and obscure, which was owing to the author's keeping too strictly to the Latin text, from which he translated.

There are likewise French translations of the scriptures published by protestant authors: one by Robert Peter Olivetan, printed at Geneva, in 1535, and since often reprinted, with the corrections of John Calvin and others: another, by Sebastian Castalio, remarkable for particular ways of expression, never used by good judges of the language; such as *trepasser* instead of transgresser, *rognement* instead of circumcision, and *avant-peau* instead of prepuce. John Diodati likewise published a French

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Bible at Geneva, in 1644; but some find fault with his method, in that he rather paraphrases the text than translates it. Faber Stapulensis translated the New Testament into French, which was revised and accommodated to the use of the reformed churches in Piedmont, and printed in 1534. Lastly, M. John le Clerc published a New Testament in French at Amsterdam, in 1703, with annotations, taken chiefly from Grotius and Hammond: but this version was prohibited in Holland, by order of the States-General, as tending to revive the errors of Sabellius and Socinus.

We read of an Italian translation of the Bible, made by James de Voragine, who lived in 1270; but there is reason to doubt whether there ever was such a version. The first Italian Bible, published by the Romanists, is that of Nicholas Malerme, a Benedictine monk, printed at Venice, in 1471. It was translated from the vulgate. The version of Anthony Brucioli, published at Venice, in 1532, was prohibited by the council of Trent. The Calvinists, likewise, have their Italian Bibles. There is one of John Diodati, in 1607, and 1641; and another of Maximus Theophilus, in 1551, dedicated to Francis de Medicis, duke of Tuscany. The Jews of Italy have no entire version of the Bible in Italian, the Inquisition constantly refusing to allow them the liberty of printing one; to supply the want of which, Leo of Modena, in the year 1612, published a dictionary, in Italian and Hebrew, explaining all the most difficult passages of the Bible in Italian.

The first Spanish printed Bible, that we hear of, is that mentioned by Cyprian de Valera, which he says was published about the year 1500. The epistles and gospels, were published, in that language, by Ambrose de Montefin, in 1512; the whole Bible by Cassiodore de Reyna, a Calvinist, in 1569; and the New Testament, dedicated to the emperor Charles V. by Francis Ewzinas, otherwise called Driander, in 1543. The first Bible, which was printed in Spanish for the use of the Jews, was that printed at Ferrara, in 1553, in Gothic characters, and dedicated to Hercules d'Est, duke of Ferrara. This version is very ancient, and was probably in use among the Jews of Spain, before Ferdinand and Isabella expelled them out of their dominions in 1492.

The first and most antient translation of the Bible, in the German language, is that of Ulphilas, bishop of the Goths, about the year 360. This bishop left out the books of Kings, which treat chiefly of war, lest it should too much encourage the martial humour of the Goths. An imperfect manuscript of this version was found in the abbey of Verden of Cologne, written in letters of silver; for which reason it is called *codex argenteus*; and

and it was published by Francis Junius, 1665. The oldest German printed Bible extant is that of Nuremberg, printed in 1447; but who the author of it was is uncertain. John Emzer, chaplain to George duke of Saxony, published a version of the New Testament, in opposition to Luther. There is a German Bible of John Eckius, in 1537, with Emzer's Testament added to it; and one by Ulembergius, of Westphalia, procured by Ferdinand duke of Bavaria, and printed in 1630. Martin Luther, having employed eleven years in translating the Old and New Testament, published the Pentateuch in 1522, the historical books and the Psalms in 1524, the books of Solomon in 1527, Isaiah in 1529, the Prophets in 1531, and the other books in 1530: he published the New Testament in 1522. The learned agree, that his language is pure, and the version clear, and free from intricacies: it was revised by several persons of quality, who were masters of all the delicacy of the German language. The German Bibles, which have been printed in Saxony, Switzerland, and elsewhere, are, for the most part, the same as that of Luther, with very little variation. In 1604, John Piscator published a version of the Bible in German, taken from that of Junius and Tremellius: but his turn of expression is purely Latin, and not at all agreeable to the genius of the German language. The Anabaptists have a German Bible, printed at Worms, in 1529. John Crellius published his version of the New Testament, at Racovia, in 1630; and Felbinger his, at Amsterdam, in 1660.

The Flemish Bibles of the Romanists are very numerous, and, for the most part, have no author's name prefixed to them, till that of Nicholas Vinck, printed at Louvain, in 1548. The Flemish versions, made use of by the Calvinists till the year 1637, were copied principally from that of Luther. But the synod of Dort having, in 1618, appointed a new translation of the Bible in Flemish, deputies were named for the work, which was not finished till the year 1637. The first Danish Bible was published by Peter Palladius, Olaus Chrysostom, John Synningius, and John Maccabæus, 1550; in which they followed Luther's first German version. There are two other versions; the one by John Paul Resenius, bishop of Zealand, in 1605, the other, being the New Testament only, by John Michel, in 1524. In 1534, Olaus and Laurence published a Swedish Bible, from the German version of Martin Luther; it was revised, in 1617, by order of king Gustavus Adolphus, and was afterwards almost universally followed. The Bohemians have a Bible translated by eight of their doctors, whom they had sent to the schools of Wittenberg and Basil, on purpose to study the original languages. It was printed in Moravia, in the year 1539. The first

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first Polish version of the Bible, it is said, was that composed by Hadewich, wife of Jagellon, duke of Lithuania, who embraced Christianity in 1390. In 1599, there was a Polish translation of the Bible, published at Cracow, which was the work of several divines of that nation, and in which James Wieck, a Jesuit, had a principal share. The Protestants, in 1596, published a Polish Bible, from Luther's German version, and dedicated it to Uladislaus IV. king of Poland. The Russians or Moscovites published the Bible, in their language, in 1581: it was translated from the Greek by St. Cyril, the Apostle of the Slavonians; but, this old version being too obscure, Ernest Glik, who had been carried prisoner to Moscow, after the taking of Narva, undertook a new translation of the Bible of the Slavonian; who, dying in 1705, the czar Peter appointed some particular divines to finish the translation: but whether it was ever printed we cannot say. [*To be continued.*]

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

So empty bodies yield the greatest sound. ANON.

SOME writer (but I cannot now recollect who) has observed, that "there is a wide difference between a man's *saying nothing*, when in company, and having *nothing to say*." This observation contains much truth; and I have frequently seen it verified, both to the reputation and disgrace of the respective characters.

People, whose tongues are in perpetual motion, "from morn to dewy eve," are always disappointed, and often disgusted, when they fall in company with one of your silent men. Being strangers themselves to thought and reflection, and accustomed, like parrots, to repeat by rote what they hear from others, they measure the extent of his understanding by the number of words he utters when in their company. That silence, which is the most delicate but strongest satire on the insignificancy and nothingness of common small-talk, is, by such, attributed to a deficiency in sense. Your unwearied chatters generally value themselves highly on account of their volubility, and think every man beneath them, and unworthy of their company, who cannot be as incoherent and as noisy as themselves.

I think these geniuses may not unaptly be compared to the little bells which the Chinese hang round their temples, which are under no direction but that of the wind, but which every breeze of air sets in motion, and causes to give forth rude, in-

articulate, and unmeaning, sounds. As talking is the principal employment and happiness of their waking hours, silence is consequently their aversion. But, notwithstanding their loquacity, they seldom take any pains to regulate their conversation, so as to render it either rational or useful: it is sufficient for them that they can hear themselves and are heard by others; no matter whether what they say means any thing; sound supplies the place of sense; and, if they are but indulged in their unmeaning verbosity, they are happy. If a person happens to be silent, in their company, they soon conclude he has nothing to say; and take great pains to be heard themselves, although they are all the while saying nothing. The same scanty portion of sense, which estimates the crude ebullitions of folly and inanity to be marks of wisdom, will always suppose silence to indicate a barren fancy and weak understanding.

I was lately a witness of the effects which silence (in a gentleman who had much to say) produced, in a company of voluble empty-headed prattlers, who took great delight in saying nothing. The scene was in a stage coach: a mode of travelling to me not disagreeable, as it frequently throws new characters in my way, which I generally contemplate with the taciturnity of a silent spectator. I survey a new character with the same pleasing avidity that an astronomer would a new star, or an antiquarian a newly-discovered coin or precious relic of antiquity. But to return to the coach. — We entered, six in number, about two hours before day-light: the company consisted of a waiting Abigail to lady Chatter, a rosy butler to lord Bluster, the hostess of an inn, (whose husband being lately dead, she had all the care and weight of the business on her own hands,) a millener, a gentleman of great sensibility and of a studious turn of mind, and myself. From the free use the major part of the *dramatis personæ* made of their tongues, while the horses were harnessing, I formed but an indifferent opinion of my company, except the gentleman abovementioned, of whom I had some knowledge. Had I not hoped for some rational entertainment from him, I should have put myself into a sleeping posture; but I was soon convinced this would have been in vain; I might as well have attempted to sleep in the workshop of a trunkmaker, or amongst the gossips at a country christening. I presently found the butler and the three ladies (for so custom obliges us to term all females who rank higher than the scowerers of bras and pewter) were disposed to give each other the strongest demonstration of their abilities in the science of talking. Each of them, like a bottle of new small-beer, was impatient to get vent; and so fond were they of discovering their vocal powers and trite common-place knowledge, that there seemed but little

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left for the rest to know. Law, politics, trade, fashions, good-breeding, and at length *religion*, were hauled into the dispute; but in such a manner did they handle every subject, that it was easy to perceive they had no coherent ideas about any thing. In short, their conversation was a mere chaos of senseless jargon, which tired the ear, without conveying any pleasure or instruction to the mind.

In the course of the debate, (which was carried on with much vehemence of sound,) they would frequently appeal to the gentleman for his assent to the justice of their remarks and the wisdom of their conclusions; but, as he generally answered them with only monosyllables, I soon saw they formed a very contemptible idea of his understanding. This was frequently expressed by smiles, winks, nods, and half sentences.

The waiting-woman observed, that, "to be sure, some was born to speak and others to hear; and that, when a person have nothing to say, why, he must e'en hold his tongue, and hear them as can."

The butler observed, that "he found, by experience, that the office he held had greatly improved him; for that good liquors raise peoples genuses, and gave free vent to discourse: that every one, to be sure, wasn't collified for polite conversation; but that them, who was, should make use of their tongues for the benefit of them who could not speak themselves." — "Aye, aye, Mr. Fasset, (said the landlady,) I has no notion of your dull souls, that can set by the hour together, and says nothing. My tongue (here she bridled up) have brought a great deal of the best company to my house; and, between you and I, (here she lowered her voice,) they have often told me I was never at a loss what to say." Then she adjusted her handkerchief, and looked round on the company for a confirmation of her remarks, which she received in a volley of compliments, as awkward as they were insincere. For my own part, I at length counterfeited sleep, to avoid their impertinence; and, for three or four hours, I sustained, without a moment's intermission, "the shock of nonsense ringing in my ears." About nine o'clock we stopped to breakfast; and, as soon as we were out of the vehicle, I overheard our female orators, in the adjoining room, treating us with the greatest ridicule and contempt, for our silence, which, the millener said, "she was sure, in such good company, was intolerable, and could only proceed from our vast stupidity and monstrous ignorance of the world."

My friend, as well as myself, being heartily tired of their company and conversation, we discharged the coach, and took a chaise the remaining part of our journey. As we went along, we could not help congratulating ourselves on being free from

their impertinence ; and my friend made the following observations on the folly of estimating a man's character and abilities by the number of words he utters in public company.

" I have frequently wondered, sir, (said he,) that people, who do not appear destitute of common-sense, should deem silence an indication of weak intellects, and measure a man's understanding by the number of his words. Were this allowed to be a just criterion, we might readily admit our late companions amongst the number of those who possess the greatest abilities. These incessant talkers seem ignorant that, while they burden others with their impertinence, they are laying a tax on themselves, too heavy for humanity. Sense and wisdom are articles so scarce, in the commerce of the tongue, that no individual possesses a sufficient share to distribute it in every company and on all occasions. Men of the greatest abilities are so diffident of themselves, so sensible of the difficulty there is in talking sensibly and wisely on any subject, long together, that, in general, their words are fewer than those of other men. All conversation, that has not a tendency to entertain the fancy, inform the judgement, or improve the mind, is, to all sensible persons, disgusting, vain, and unprofitable.

" The passion for talking immoderately arises either from self-conceit or inconsideration ; a high opinion of their own knowledge, and a mean one of the understandings of those they converse with. These are all indications of a little mind, and that pride occupies the seat of sense. Did they but give themselves time to think, before they speak, they would not utter so much folly. Could they but see the motley figure their conversation would make on paper, I think they must receive such conviction of its nothingness and absurdity as would check their ardor, and teach them to be more sparing of their words in future. They would, on a retrospection, be convinced of their folly, and learn to practise that silence which the vanity of their hearts has led them to despise in others.

" In the course of my observation, I have remarked, that persons, who possess the greatest sensibility, are the most cautious of discovering it in common company, and most sparing of their discourse in public. They never display their knowledge, through ostentation, " to make the unlearned stare," but reserve it for such as are qualified to receive it with advantage and to return it with usury. They have no pleasure in the common chit-chat of the times, where mere common-place sounds are reverberated from one solid head to another, without exciting ideas ; but, when they cannot retreat from this penance, they are content to suffer in silence. By these means they preserve their sentiments till occasions offer, wherein they may be communicated

municated with advantage and pleasure, both to themselves and others. The mind, like the body, must concoct and digest what it receives, before it can be really benefited, or benefit others, by it. There is more advantage in silence and reflection than little minds can comprehend. Sentiments and ideas, which are received without reflection, and bolted out, on every occasion, without thought or judgement, are like the "crackling of thorns under a pot," they shine for a moment, without animating, and then sink and expire in smoke and darkness.

"The mind, that is collected within itself and feeds on its own stock, will neither thirst after, nor relish, that vulgar vapid aliment which floats on the impertinent tongues of the common throng. It is a kind of food which reason cannot relish nor sense approve. But those superficial minds, who have no entertainment within themselves, who are indebted to the news of the day, or the puerile conversation of every one they meet, for subsistence, are truly in a very pitiable situation. They verify the words of the oriental moralist: *A fool is full of words, but his heart proclaimeth foolishness; while a prudent man concealeth knowledge.*"

CRITO.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

An Account of the Inundations of the Nile. From a learned Work.

THE NILE is the greatest wonder of Egypt. As it seldom rains there, this river, which waters the whole country by its regular inundations, supplies that defect, by bringing, as a yearly tribute, the rains of other countries; which made a poet say ingeniously, "The Egyptian pastures, how great soever the drought may be, never implore Jupiter for rain."

*Te præter, nullos tua terra postulat imbres;
Arida nec Pluvio supplicat herba Jovi.*

To multiply so beneficent a river, Egypt was cut into numberless canals, of a length and breadth proportioned to the different situation and wants of the lands. The Nile brought fertility every where, with its salutary streams; united cities one with another, and the Mediterranean with the Red-Sea; maintained trade at home and abroad; and fortified the kingdom against the enemy: so that it was at once the nourisher and protector of Egypt. The fields were delivered up to it; but the cities, which were raised with immense labour, and stood
like

like islands in the midst of the waters, looked down with joy on the plains which were overflowed, and at the same time enriched by the Nile.

This is the general idea of the nature and effects of this river, so famous among the ancients. But a phenomenon so astonishing in itself, and which has been the object of the curiosity and admiration of the learned in all ages, seems to require a more particular description; in which I shall be as concise as possible.

I. The Source of the Nile.

The ancients placed the source of the Nile in the Mountains of the Moon, (as they are commonly called,) in the 10th degree of south latitude: but our modern travellers have discovered that they lie in the 12th degree of north latitude; and by that means they cut off about four or five hundred leagues of the course which the ancients gave that river. It rises at the foot of a great mountain in the kingdom of Goyam in Abyssinia, from two springs, or eyes, to speak in the language of that country; the same word, in Arabic, signifying *eye* and *fountain*. These springs are thirty paces one from another; each as large as one of our wells, or a coach-wheel. The Nile is increased with many rivulets, which run into it; and, after passing through Ethiopia in a meandrous course, flows at last into Egypt.

II. The Cataracts of the Nile.

That name is given to some parts of the Nile where the water falls down from the steep of the rocks. This river, which at first glided smoothly along the vast deserts of Ethiopia, before it enters Egypt, passes by the cataracts: then growing, on a sudden, raging and violent, in those places where it is pent up and restrained, after having at last broke through all obstacles in its way, it precipitates from the top of high rocks to the bottom, with so loud a noise, that it is heard three leagues off.

The inhabitants of the country, accustomed by long practice to this sport, exhibit here a spectacle to travellers that is more terrifying than diverting. Two of them go into a little boat; the one to guide, the other to throw out the water. After having long sustained the violence of the raging waves, by managing their little boat very dexterously, they suffer themselves to be carried away with the impetuous torrent, as swift as an arrow. The affrighted spectator imagines they are going to be swallowed up in the precipice down which they fall; when the Nile, restored to its natural course, dis-

covers

covers them again, at a considerable distance, on its smooth and calm waters. This is Seneca's account ; which is confirmed by our modern travellers.

III. Causes of the Inundations of the Nile.

The ancients have invented many subtle reasons for the Nile's great increase ; as may be seen in Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, and Seneca : but it is now no longer a matter of dispute ; it being almost universally allowed, that the inundations of the Nile are owing to the great rains which fall in Ethiopia, from whence this river flows. These rains swell it to such a degree, that Ethiopia first, and then Egypt, are overflowed ; and that, which at first was but a large river, rises like a sea, and overspreads the whole country.

Strabo observes, the ancients only guessed that the inundations of the Nile were owing to the rains which fall in great abundance in Ethiopia ; but adds, that several travellers have since been eye-witnesses of it ; Ptolemy Philadelphus, who was very curious in all things relating to arts and sciences, having sent thither able persons, purposely, to examine this matter, and to ascertain the cause of so uncommon and remarkable an effect.

IV. The Time and Continuance of the Inundations.

Herodotus, and, after him, Diodorus Siculus and several other authors, declare, that the Nile begins to flow in Egypt at the summer-solstice, (that is, about the end of June,) and continues to rise till the end of September, and then decreases gradually during the months of October and November ; after which it returns to its channel, and resumes its wonted course. This account agrees almost with the relations of all the moderns, and is founded, in reality, on the natural cause of the inundations, viz. the rains which fall in Ethiopia. Now, according to the constant testimony of those who have been on the spot, these rains begin to fall in April, and continue, during five months, till the end of August and the beginning of September. The Nile's increase in Egypt must consequently begin three weeks or a month after the rains have begun to fall in Abyssinia ; and accordingly travellers observe, that the Nile begins to rise in the month of May, but so slowly, at first, that it probably does not then overflow its banks. The inundation happens not till about the end of June, and lasts the three following months, according to Herodotus. I must point out, to such as consult the originals, a contradiction, in this place, between Herodotus and Diodorus on one side ; and, on the other, between Strabo, Pliny, and Solinus. These last shorten

shorten very much the continuance of the inundation, and suppose the Nile to draw off from the lands in three months, or a hundred days: and that which adds to the difficulty, is, Pliny seems to ground his opinion on the testimony of Herodotus: *In totum autem revocatur Nilus intra ripas in Libra, ut tradit Herodotus, centesimo die.* I leave to the learned the reconciling of this contradiction.

V. *The Heights of the Inundations.*

The just height of the inundation, according to Pliny, is sixteen cubits. When it rises but to twelve, or thirteen, a famine is threatened; and, when it exceeds sixteen, there is danger. It must be remembered, that a cubit is a foot and a half. The emperor Julian takes notice, in a letter to Ecdicius, prefect of Egypt, that the height of the Nile's overflowing was fifteen cubits, the 20th of September, in 362. The ancients do not agree entirely with one another, nor with the moderns, with regard to the height of the inundation: but the difference is not very considerable, and may proceed, first, from the disparity between the ancient and modern measures, which it is hard to estimate on a fixed and certain foot; secondly, from the carelessness of the observators and historians; thirdly, from the real difference of the Nile's increase, which was not so great the nearer it approached the sea.

As the riches of Egypt depended on the inundation of the Nile, all the circumstances and different degrees of its increase have been carefully considered; and, by a long series of regular observations, made during many years, the inundation itself discovered what kind of harvest the ensuing year was likely to produce. The kings had placed, at Memphis, a measure, on which these different increases were marked; and from thence notice was given to all the rest of Egypt; the inhabitants of which knew, by that means, beforehand, what they might fear, or promise themselves, from the harvest. Strabo speaks of a well on the banks of the Nile, near the town of Syene, made for that purpose.

The same custom is observed, at this time, at Grand-Cairo. In the court of a mosque there stands a pillar, on which are marked the degrees of the Nile's increase; and common-cryers every day proclaim, in all parts of the city, how high it is risen. The tribute paid the grand-signior for the lands is settled by the inundation. The day it rises to such a height is kept as a grand festival, and solemnized with fire-works, feasting, and all the demonstrations of public rejoicing; and, in the remotest ages, the overflowing of the Nile was always attended

tended with an universal joy throughout all Egypt, that being the fountain of its happiness.

The heathens ascribed the inundation of the Nile to their god Serapis; and the pillar, on which was marked the increase, was preserved religiously in the temple of that idol. The emperor Constantine having ordered it to be moved into the church of Alexandria, the Egyptians spread a report, that the Nile would rise no more, by reason of the wrath of Serapis; but the river overflowed and increased as usual the following years. Julian the apostate, a zealous protector of idolatry, caused this pillar to be replaced in the same temple; out of which it was again removed, by the command of Theodosius.

VI. *The Canals of the Nile, and spiral Pumps.*

Divine Providence, in giving so beneficent a river to Egypt, did not thereby intend that the inhabitants of it should be idle, and enjoy so great a blessing without any pains. One may naturally suppose, that, as the Nile could not of itself cover the whole country, great labour was to be used, to facilitate the overflowing of the lands, and numberless canals cut, in order to convey the water to all parts. The villages, which stood very thick on the banks of the Nile, on eminences, had each their canals, which were opened at proper times, to let the water into the country.* The more distant villages had theirs also, even to the extremities of the kingdom. Thus the waters were successively conveyed to the most remote places. Persons are not permitted to cut the trenches, to receive the waters, till the river is at such a height, nor to open them all together; because, otherwise, some lands would be too much overflowed, and others not covered enough. They begin with opening them in Upper and afterwards in Lower Egypt, according to the rules prescribed in a roll or a book, in which all the measures are exactly set down. By these means the water is disposed with such care, that it spreads itself over all the lands. The countries overflowed by the Nile are so extensive, and lie so low, and the number of canals is so great, that, of all the waters which flow into Egypt, during the months of June, July, and August, it is believed that not a tenth part of them reaches the sea.

But as, notwithstanding all these canals, there is abundance of high-lands which cannot receive the benefit of the Nile's overflowing, this want is supplied by spiral pumps, which are turned with oxen, in order to bring the water into pipes, which convey it to these lands. Diodorus speaks of such an engine, (called, *cochlea Egyptia*,) invented by Archimedes, in his travels into Egypt.

VII. *The Fertility caused by the Nile.*

There is no country in the world where the soil is more fruitful than in Egypt ; which is owing entirely to the Nile : for, whereas other rivers, when they overflow lands, wash away and exhaust their vivific moisture, the Nile, on the contrary, by the excellent slime it brings along with it, fattens and enriches them in such a manner, as sufficiently compensates for what the foregoing harvest had impaired. The husbandman, in this country, never tires himself with holding the plough, or breaking the clods of the earth. As soon as the Nile retires, he has nothing to do but to turn up the earth, and temper it with a little sand, in order to lessen its rankness ; after which he sows it with great ease, and with little or no expence : two months after, it is covered with all sorts of corn and pulse. The Egyptians generally sow in October and November, according as the waters draw off ; and their harvest is in March and April.

The same land bears, in one year, three or four different kinds of crops. Lettuces and cucumbers are sown first ; then corn ; and, after harvest, several sorts of pulse which are peculiar to Egypt. As the sun is extremely hot in this country, and rains fall very seldom in it, it is natural to suppose, that the earth would soon be parched, and the corn and pulse burnt up, by so scorching a heat, were it not for the canals and reservoirs with which Egypt abounds, and which, by the drains from thence, amply supply wherewith to water and refresh the fields and gardens.

The Nile contributes no less to the nourishment of cattle ; which is another source of wealth to Egypt. The Egyptians begin to turn them out to grass in November, and they graze till the end of March. Words could never express how rich their pastures are, and how fat the flocks and herds (which, by reason of the mildness of the air, are out night and day) grow in a very little time. During the inundation of the Nile, they are fed with hay and cut straw, barley, and beans, which are their common food.

A man cannot, says Corneille le Bruyn, in his travels, help observing the admirable providence of God to this country, who sends, at a fixed season, such great quantities of rain in Ethiopia, in order to water Egypt, where a shower of rain scarce ever falls ; and who, by that means, causes the driest and most sandy soil to become the richest and most fruitful country in the universe.

Another thing, to be observed here, is, that, (as the inhabitants say,) in the beginning of June, and the four following months,

months, the north-east winds blow constantly, in order to keep back the waters, (which otherwise would flow too fast,) and to hinder them from discharging themselves into the sea, the entrance to which these winds bar up, as it were, from them. The ancients have not omitted this circumstance.

The same Providence, whose ways are wonderful and infinitely various, displayed itself after a quite different manner in Palestine, in rendering it exceedingly fruitful; not by rains, which fell during the course of the year, as is usual in other places; nor by a peculiar inundation, like that of the Nile in Egypt; but by sending fixed rains at two seasons, when the people were obedient to God, to make them more sensible of their continual dependence upon him. God himself commands them, by his servant Moses, to make this reflection: "The land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs; but the land, whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven." After this, God promises to give his people, so long as they should continue obedient to him, the former and the latter rain; the first in autumn, to bring up the corn; and the second in spring and summer, to make it grow and ripen.

VIII. *Two different Prospects exhibited by the Nile.*

There cannot be a finer sight than Egypt, at two seasons of the year: for if a man ascends some mountain, or one of the largest pyramids of Grand-Cairo, in the months of July and August, he beholds a vast sea, in which numberless towns and villages appear, with several causeys leading from place to place; the whole interspersed with groves and fruit-trees, whose tops only are visible; all which forms a delightful prospect. This view is bounded by mountains and woods, which terminate at the utmost distance the eye can discover; the most beautiful horizon that can be imagined. On the contrary, in winter, (that is to say, in the months of January and February,) the whole country is like one continued scene of beautiful meadows, whose verdure, enamelled with flowers, charms the eye. The spectator beholds, on every side, flocks and herds dispersed over all the plains, with infinite numbers of husbandmen and gardeners. The air is then perfumed by the great quantity of blossoms on the orange, lemon, and other trees; and is so pure, that a wholesomer or more agreeable is not found in the world: so that nature, being then dead, as it were, in all other climates, seems to be alive only for so delightful an abode.

IX. *The Canal formed by the Nile, by which a Communication is made between the two Seas.*

The canal, by which a communication was made between the Red-Sea and the Mediterranean, ought to have a place here, as it was not one of the least advantages which the Nile procured to Egypt. Sesostris, or (according to others) Psammetichus, first projected the design, and began this work, Necho, successor to the last prince, laid out immense sums upon it, and employed a prodigious number of men: it is said, that above sixscore thousand Egyptians perished in the undertaking. He gave it over, terrified by an oracle, which told him that he would thereby open a door for Barbarians (for by this name they called all foreigners) to enter Egypt. The work was continued by Darius, the first of that name: but he only desisted from it upon his being told, that, as the Red-Sea lay higher than Egypt, it would drown the whole country. It was at last finished by the Ptolemies; who, by the help of sluices, opened and shut the canal, as there was occasion. It began not far from Delta, near the town of Bubaste. It was a hundred cubits, that is, twenty-five fathoms, broad; so that two vessels might pass with ease: it had depth enough to carry the largest ships; and was above a thousand stadia, that is, above fifty leagues, long. This canal was of great service to the trade of Egypt; but it is now almost filled up, and there are scarce any remains of it to be seen.

X.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Of the Love we owe to God. Extracted from the Works of an eminent Writer, whose Book, it is apprehended, is now out of print.

LOVE arises from the relation between two objects, one of which contributes to the other's happiness. Those perfections of God, from whence nothing results to our advantage, may, indeed, raise our admiration and fill us with respect, but can no way inspire us with love. It is not merely because he is almighty, great, or wise, that I love him; no, it is because he is good; because he himself loves me, and every moment gives me convincing proofs of his affection. Were he not to love me, what would his omnipotency, grandeur, and wisdom, signify to me? He could do every thing, but would
do

do nothing, for me : his supreme majesty would only serve to render me mean and contemptible in his eyes : he would know how to make me happy, but would never concern himself about it. On the contrary, let him but love me, and all his attributes become dear to me : his wisdom will contrive proper measures for my happiness ; his omnipotence will surmount every obstacle that may obstruct it ; and his supreme majesty renders his love infinitely estimable. To ask whether God loves mankind, is asking whether he is good ; which is questioning his very existence. For how is it possible to conceive a God without goodness ? And what goodness can he have, were he to hate his own handy-work, and to desire the misery of his creatures ? A good prince loves his subjects ; a good father loves his children ; we love even the tree we have planted and the house we have built ; and is it possible for God not to love mankind ? Where can such a suspicion rise, except in the minds of those who form a capricious and barbarous being of God ; a being who makes a cruel sport of the fate of mankind ; a being who destines them, before they are born, to hell, reserving to himself one, perhaps, in a million, who has no more merited that preference than the others have deserved their destruction ? Impious blasphemers ! who endeavour to give *me* an aversion to God, by persuading me that I am the object of *his* aversion ! You will say, he owes nothing to man : true ; but he owes something to himself. He must necessarily be just and beneficent : his perfections do not depend on his own choice : he is necessarily what he is : he is either the most perfect of all beings or he is nothing.

Besides, I know he loves me by the very love I feel for him. It is because he loves me that he has engraven on my heart this sentiment, the most precious of all his gifts. His love is the source of mine, as it ought to be, at the same time, a motive to it.

It is a mistake, to think there is an essential difference between human and divine love. We have but one way of loving ; men love God and their friends in the same manner ; and these affections differ only in the diversity of their objects and ends. Thus a pious man, filled with sentiments, towards God, like those of a passionate lover, would be glad to behold him and be united to him ; he thinks of him with delight, and speaks of him with reverence ; he studies, meditates, and observes, his laws ; this is the proof, as well as the effect, of his love : for, if you love God, you will obey his commandments ; and, if you obey them, you certainly love him. — Mankind never confine themselves to a just medium, but always run into extremes. The great author of Christianity said to his disciples, that “ he loves

loves God who does what he commands :” they have concluded, therefore, that it would be loving him still more to do more than he commands : hence sprang superstition.

He requires men to pray to him, to honour him, and to give him thanks ; wherefore they have imagined that the sublimity of perfection consists in abstaining from every other occupation. Hence such a number of pious drones, who pretend they are intirely consecrated to the divine service, and whose lives, in reality, are either criminal, or useles to society.

He condemns a fond attachment to riches ; they have consequently supposed that it is a virtue to have nothing of their own : hence such a swarm of sturdy beggars, those wasps, that live on the substance of the industrious bees.

He forbids adultery, rapes, and debauchery : this prohibition has led them to imagine that a perpetual continency would be extremely acceptable to him ; or, in other words, that there was already enough of the species. It is true, they do not make marriage a crime, but they have made (which amounts pretty nearly to the same) virginity a virtue ; forgetting, without doubt, that their master cursed a fig-tree merely because it resembled a virgin.

He blames, in fine, effeminacy and sensuality : in consequence of which, they are transported with a kind of fury, arming themselves with whips, scourges, and iron spikes, and lacerating their bodies in a cruel and unnatural manner, like the priests of Baal before Elijah. What could you do worse, wretched fanatics, had you chosen for your God that malignant spirit whom you call the devil ?

So far is it from being true, that we must hate ourselves, in order to love God, that, on the contrary, self-hatred is inconsistent with divine love. Is it right we should entertain sentiments contrary to those of God ? He loves us ; let us not, therefore, expect to please him by hating what he loves. He requires us to love our neighbours like ourselves : can it be supposed, by this, that we ought to be the objects of our own aversion ? Let us rather subject the flesh to the spirit without destroying it. Let us be chaste, but not deny ourselves lawful pleasures : let us beware of the inordinate love of riches, but not neglect to provide for our wants.

There are some bigots who imagine, that, to love God as we ought, we must love nothing else ; that he is jealous, and displeased that a husband should be fond of his wife or a lover of his mistress. They represent him like a whimsical husband, who would esteem it criminal in his wife to be fond of a canary-bird.

SIMPLEX.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

YOUR ingenious correspondent, Omicron, has given a laconic *good-humoured* definition of *good-humour*, and has recommended it too, with so good a grace, that I hope, Mr. Editor, for your sake, it will have a happy effect on all your gentle readers, especially at this juncture : the numbers due to your subscribers are nearly completed, and the delivery of the last will be an important period to you.

I could, were I not in a *good-humour*, find fault with some pieces which have appeared in the Monthly Ledger ; though, upon the whole, I approve your miscellaneous compilation, and wish you may find your readers in a *humour* to subscribe freely for the second volume : but, presuming you are *good-humoured*, I will take the liberty, in much *good-humour*, to give you a little advice. — Very much depends on the time and mode of your application for a fresh subscription. Never attempt to ask a favour of a man about noon ; for people are seldom so *good-humoured*, when their stomachs are empty, as after a good meal. There is such a sympathy between the nerves on the coats and waistcoats of the stomach and the nerves about the sensorium in the pericranium, and with those nerves and the mind itself, that the twitching of the former, occasioned by hunger, produces a corresponding vibration in the brain, and, from the brain, in the mind, which generates a degree of *ill-humour* in some of the best-humoured people in the world ; who, while that paroxysm remains, are not disposed to grant favours. Observe also the face of the heavens : when they are obscured by clouds, and the thermometer is above or below *temperate*, (which are both unfavourable to *good-humour*,) you may deem the day *unlucky* for your purpose ; and therefore postpone your application till the heavens are fair, and the weather is moderate. You should likewise study the science of *physiognomy*. The features of the face are an index which points out the disposition of the mind. When the eye-brows appear contracted, and the whole countenance wears a sullen aspect, (which may be occasioned by intense thought and the disappointments which occur in life,) you may be assured that a degree of *ill-humour* lurks in the mind : the phænomena indicate that the moment is unfavourable for your address, which can only be successful when the party is in a *good-humour*. Some of your subscribers, too, may be troubled with a disease vulgarly called the HYP : be particularly cautious that you apply not to such persons while the paroxysm of that disorder is upon them ; for some of the most opulent, at those seasons, are apt to indulge the fear of want,

and

and cannot easily be prevailed on to grant any request that may affect their pockets : the trifling sum of 6s. 6d. for one year's subscription, they would part with as reluctantly, at such a time, as 60*l.* in a good humour. The prudent knowing man, who has a pecuniary favour to ask of another, consults the complexion, constitution, and circumstance, of the person whom he designs to address ; and never makes it, till the tide of good-humour is flowing, to carry his petition home to his heart : and then there is no doubt of succeeding ; for, Mr. Editor, let me tell you, that the wisest of men are governed more by passion than by principle. Mens humours, whether good or bad, oftener govern their actions than *right-reason* : every man talks of right-reason : a few are governed by it ; but the many mistake the clamour of passion for the *still small voice of truth*, which is drowned during the storm, and is only heard in the calm : I mean in the best sense of the terms, while a man is in a *good-humour*.

Omicron judiciously recommends good-humour to your female readers in particular, " as a more effectual beautifier of the complexion than any paint or cosmetic whatever ;" and if your male readers possessed as much philosophic evenness of temper and *good-humour* as Omicron, the females features would not often be clouded by *ill humour*. A good-humoured man is not blind to his own foibles, nor does he expect to find perfection in the *reputed* weaker sex, while he is conscious that it is not the attribute of his own :

" *Be to their faults a little blind ;*
Be to their virtues very kind ;"

then we may hope to see the female features, if not effectually purified from cosmetics, yet at least cleared of that gloom of *ill-humour*, which sometimes veils the most beautiful part of the visible creation. HUMOROUS.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

S I R,

YOU are desired to insert, in the Monthly Ledger, the following short History, which took its rise from a series of affecting incidents that happened in the year 1757 ; in which nothing is fictitious but the names of the parties.

Yours, &c. A. B.

CREDULIA was the daughter of a farmer in one of the midland counties. In the days of her childhood her mother paid her last debt to nature. In consequence of which event,

vent, and her father's second marriage, she was consigned to the care of her grandmother Serena, whose heiress she now was. Under the tuition of Serena, she not only became instructed in every branch of domestic duty, but in all the fundamentals of piety and virtue ; passing the early part of life in rural oeconomy, and a state of comparative innocence, beneath the hospitable roof of her venerable guardian.

Serena resided on her own estate ; contiguous to which stood a little village. Honorius was one of its principal inhabitants ; whose regard and esteem for Serena led him often, with others of the neighbouring gentry, to look in upon her. In one of these visits, business or accident threw Dolosus in his way ; who, bearing him company to Serena's, received an invitation to dine with her the same day ; which they accordingly accepted. At dinner Dolosus cast his eye upon Credulia (then about sixteen years of age) ; whose unsuspecting heart felt no other emotions than what respect had inspired, and such as are common among country girls on the first appearance of strangers, whose figure and address bespeak them (at least in their apprehensions) superior to the rest of the world.

The first interview being over, (in which nothing passed, on one side, but transient glances and well-dissembled modesty ; nor, on the other, more than the usual forms of civility,) it was not long before Dolosus framed a pretence to repeat his visit. In this he took courage to converse a little with her ; but carefully concealed the genuine motive of his coming ; nor once dropped the least hint, that herself was the sole object of his attraction. In his third visit he gradually grew more familiar and conversible ; and now, finding a suitable opportunity, he requested her to meet him, on a day appointed, in a field hard-by. Credulia consented, little imagining what he had to propose to her, or that love was at all in the case.

At the time fixed, they met. But scarcely had they come together, before they were observed by a husbandman, who was no stranger to either. The man directly hastened to Serena, and informed her whom he had seen with Credulia. No sooner was Serena apprised of this, than she dispatched a messenger to Candidus, a neighbouring clergyman, and brother to Dolosus ; acquainting him with her disapprobation of this newly-commenced intimacy, and her fears for the consequences of it. — Upon this intelligence, Candidus set out for Serena's ; and, Credulia being then returned home, he took the opportunity to argue the case very earnestly with her, and to set before her the miserable prospects which in all probability would open to her, provided she gave credit to the fair

promises, which he doubted not Dolofus had made her; and plainly told her, that, although he was so nearly related to him, he had abundant reason to believe his intention was dishonourable; and that, even if he should marry her, he was destitute of the means of providing for her.

Quickly upon this, Dolofus quitted the country, and went to London; where he had not been long, before he renewed his suit to Credulia, by a letter, which he contrived means to get conveyed to her, without the knowledge of Serena. This letter she carefully preserved in her pocket: and, being on a visit shortly after, at a town about six miles from home, she fell into company with Vivacia, one of her school mates, with whom she had contracted a particular intimacy. To her, in confidence, she found an opportunity to shew Dolofus's letter; and at the same time begged her counsel as to the manner in which she should conduct herself, in a matter of so great consequence. Vivacia replied, that, were she in her situation, she would direct a sheet to him, and not insert a syllable in it: "This (added she) will highly affront him, and you will hear no more about the matter."

Credulia took her counsel: but, instead of the effect Vivacia had supposed, she received one from him, abounding with such affecting expostulations and tender intreaties, as but too easily found access to her heart, and prepared the way for all the misfortunes which afterwards befel her.

Having paid her visit, she returned to her grandmother's; where she soon received a third letter from Dolofus; in which he referred to one immediately preceding it, which she then found had been intercepted. This awakened all her caution, and put her upon finding means for preventing the like in future: but Dolofus soon obviated all her fears of that sort, by appearing once again in the country.

After his return, he spared no pains to procure private interviews with her; in each of which he seldom failed to importune her to commit herself to his protection, and immediately set off for London; where, he assured her, they would find no difficulty in meeting with a clergyman to join their hands, impossible as it then was in the country: strongly expressed his repentment against Serena; begged Credulia not to regard her; lavished his promises of equipage and servants; and frequently enlarged upon the extensiveness and excellency of his future prospects.

Their interviews, growing frequent, were at length discovered, and strictly forbidden. But, when strong prohibitions were found ineffectual to prevent them, it was determined that Credulia should be closely confined from the company

pany of Dolofus. Confined she was, accordingly, in her own chamber. But scarcely was this step taken, when she grew utterly distracted; and to such a height did her phrensy rise, that topical applications were found absolutely needful, in order, if possible, to restore her. Her head was shaved, and a vein six times opened, before her reason perfectly returned; and, as soon as it did, her attendants judged it highly requisite to permit her the liberty of little airings, with a view, by that means, to amuse her, and prevent the danger of a relapse.

By the help of these she gradually recovered. But all the vigilance her friends could use proved insufficient to prevent new interviews between her and Dolofus: in which he so constantly and so importunately urged her to depart with him to London, that, after a solicitation of near a year and a half, he conquered her aversion to such a step, and obtained her promise to comply with his proposal.

Accordingly, at midnight, Credulia prepared to execute her unhappy resolution; and, with that view, packing as much of her apparel as she could collect together in a bundle, (for her best had been taken from her, and locked up in Serena's drawers, during the time of her distraction,) and putting her whole stock of cash, which amounted to nineteen guineas into her pocket, she stole softly down stairs; and, advancing to the gate, found Dolofus waiting with two horses; one of them belonging to Serena, which Credulia had directed him where to find, and the other provided by himself.

[*To be continued.*]

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On the Advantages of Poverty.

THERE is not any consideration would more contribute to render a man easy, in the low sphere of life allotted him to move in, and the bounds of which he cannot exceed, than to reflect on the inconveniences which are to be found in superior ones. This maxim is seldom attended to by people in any class, from the highest to the lowest: but I have compared my own condition with my rich neighbour's, and, putting his conveniences in one scale of my judgement and my own in the other, I find the balance preponderates in my favour.

It appears, from the constitution of men and things in this world, that the Author of it did not design his sentient creatures should enjoy uninterrupted happiness, in any

part, situation, or attainable circumstance, in it. Every condition in life is attended with some evils: the prince has his cares and the peasant his toils. The desire of something, unpossessed, prevents the enjoyment of that which is possessed; and the anticipation of future ill is a present ill. Amongst the many evils, the supposed evils of POVERTY are generally dreaded as some of the most alarming to which human beings, in this world, are incident: the eye of imagination looks down into this HORRIBLE PIT, and can behold no more light in it than to perceive its inhabitants are surrounded with every hateful reptile, and pining away in a state of wretchedness, from which they can find no relief but in death. The pride of licentious fancy creates numerous evils, which the God of nature never designed; and, for want of regulating our passions by sober reason, we afflict ourselves more than we are afflicted.

I, as well as the rest of mankind, was born out of PARADISE; and I am not so vain as to expect so much happiness as might have been enjoyed in it: yet I enjoy more than I deserve, and am humbly thankful that it is no less.

I am what the world calls a *poor man*; and it is true that I acquire but little more, daily, than what is necessary for the maintenance of life. *Gentlemen, alias idlemen*, take but little bodily exercise, and it profits them as little; I take much and it profits me much: for I am a stranger to the gout, and a thousand other ills, of body and mind, which the rich are heirs to. If I earn my morsel before I eat it, it eats the sweeter for it: exercise prepares for me the best sauce, which never prevents digestion; it creates an appetite: I divide my morsel with my family, and enjoy it in quietness: I want no French wines to help digestion, nor any chymical preparation to correct or prevent crudities; the essence of my simple diet is distributed imperceptibly, by ways and means I know nothing about, to the several parts it was designed to nourish, and the excrementory dregs go off without producing any intestine broils. My humble board, in an evening, is not graced with claret, burgundy, or champain, nor can my pocket command more than a *nipperkin of nut-brown ale*, which however, with my family around me, I enjoy over a pipe of Virginia, and then retire to a flock bed, where my sleep is sweet and refreshing; and I rise on the morrow with the sun, free from sickness or the head-ache. When I travel abroad it is on foot, with no other servant than "my faithful dog, who bears me company;" but then I consider that I am in less danger than those who are carried about in a vehicle: for I have nothing to fear from *hair-breadth 'scapes* when horses *run resty*, nor from a drunken coachman, who calls himself a good *whip*, and, at the hazard

zard of his own and his master's life, will frequently drive within an inch of destruction. I see some *rich* people, who are too lazy to use their feet, lose the use of them by indolence and luxury, and carried about, like pale waxen images, in tinsel cases and band-boxes; while the reputed *poor* trip along the streets or over the green with roseate health on their countenances, and have no occasion for artificial washes, perfumes, or cosmetics. Moreover, I am free from that tormenting passion called *envy*, strongly expressed in the features of the gentry, who are so fond of empty pomp, as to sacrifice every domestic and public virtue at the shrine of pageantry.

*"Let to the rich such empty baubles fall;
Content has plac'd me far above them all."*

My commerce extends not from sea to sea or from pole to pole, it is confined within the small circle of my neighbours; with whom, as the article I manufacture is not of much value, though of much use, I have no occasion either to take or give much credit, but deal principally for ready-money, and have therefore no fear of becoming a bankrupt, through the bankruptcy of others, nor of making a bankrupt of any man. I hear, indeed, a great bustle about *India affairs* and the *Bostonians*, which "plays round my head but cannot reach my heart," though I can perceive even *worshipful aldermen*, as well as other great merchants, look very *blue* about them, while they give me no anxiety. If the India Company's affairs ultimately end in a *bubble*, I shall lose nought by the bubble:

*With equal eye, plac'd far above them all,
I see such empty bubbles rise and fall.*

Let the colonies appoint a congress, I have nothing to fear from their hostile or commercial resolves: I make for *home* consumption, and shall not be affected by their non-importation agreements: I shall receive my *grist* as usual, and suffer only by the poor *thief in the mill*, though the colonies, like a lord in days of yore, should refuse to account with our merchants for *millions*. I have no *country box* to quit or *equipage* to lay down, nor do I desire to take one up: no *idle footmen*, *French cooks*, *valets de chambre*, *mistresses*, *monkies*, or *lap-dogs*, to dismiss; my *wife* is my only bosom-friend, and my children compose my retinue; of which however I am as proud as any *lord*, with his *Italian* female fingers, and a train of *sycophants* at his heels.

I have no *real* estate or a foot of land which I can *legally* call my own, but am a tenant at will to my landlord; and he, indeed, is not, properly speaking, a proprietor of what he possesses
but

but in common with the rest of mankind; the highest as well as the lowest is a tenant at will to his LORD, and may be obliged to quit his large possessions as suddenly, and perhaps more reluctantly, than his reputed vassal; especially if he considers that he must afterwards give an account of his stewardship. But, if I have no estate, I am chargeable with no land-tax: it makes no difference to me whether it be four or fourteen shillings in the pound. —

“What is’t to me, if land-tax rise or fall?”

Thanks to my fortune, I pay none at all.

Let muck-worms, who in dirty acres deal,

Lament these hardships which I cannot feel.”

Whatever the exigences of the state may require, they must be supplied where supplies are to be raised: we shall never, I presume, have a parliament weak enough to pass an act to draw supplies from people who have nothing to be taken from them. Besides, I have no trouble with bad tenants, nor any bad stewards to watch, lest they should imbezzle the rent paid into their hands by good ones; nor am I one of those errant fools who concern themselves with the quarrels of *statesmen* and *idle politicians*, who make tools of our reputed lowest class, to contend about certain supposed interesting points, which, if obtained by their prowess, they will not gain any thing by; for those, who stand in the front of the battle, and bear the burden in the heat of the day, are left to perish in solitude and wretchedness, in the evening, after victory is obtained; while the rich, who sit at ease in their chimney-corners, or pass their days in the softest dalliance, engross the fruit of their spoils, and curse the wounded hands that laid it at their feet, when they have no longer occasion for their service, calling them the *canaille*, and the *mob*. O ye deluded class, resolve, with me, to let the ambitious contend amongst themselves about what they do not design should benefit us, were we even to risk every danger to promote it. — But to return; excuse my digression. —

I sleep more void of fear, in my cottage, than my landlord and many other rich people do in their own mansions: no enemy lurks within doors, nor does any watch without, to surprize, murder, and plunder, me, for I have nothing worth the notice of a housebreaker; nor would any one be benefited by my death; and therefore no one can have a motive to disturb my rest, by robbing me of my goods or depriving me of my life; for such is the generosity of notorious villains, that they would sooner give to him who wants, than take away the little which is not worth their taking.

I am not learned in foreign languages, but my parents had me tolerably well instructed in my own; and that, with their blessing,

bleffing, was the only portion I received of them. Yet I feel no regret that I cannot convey the idea of a *horse* or an *afs* in feveral differently articulated founds, called *Latin*, *Greek*, or *Hebrew*, for I prefume I fhould not be better or happier if I could. My library is indeed but fmall, but then it is well cho-fen: a Bible, a Dictionary, an Englifh Grammar, and a Pilgrim's Progreff, are the principal; but, befides thefe, there is a mighty volume, called the *Book of Nature*, which ever lies open to my view, and which all men have an equal right to perufe. The copy-right of this book is not to be fold, or fome avaricious bookfeller, ere now, might have attempted to purchafe it: the fupreme Being and common Father of us all is the only proprietor of it, and the copy-right will ever remain in his hands. In this *divine book* and the *Bible* I read oftener than in any other, and, leaving the craggy fteep of artificial fcience to be climbed by thofe who prefer the claffic fcientific road, which leads through the dark metaphyfical mifts of a college, I "look through nature up to nature's God;" "fee him in clouds and hear him in the wind;" and, contented with what he gives, and owning my ignorance, (which the learned do but manifef without owning it,) I never prefume to "weigh my opinions againft Providence;" nor am I afhamed to confeff I do not know that which I do not know.

The knowledge, adapted for common ufe, is to be attained by *common fenfe*; like our common food, it is eafily acquired; and, like that too, it is the moft ufeful if properly applied. I need not confult the ancients, or rather *youngsters*, who lived fome thoufand years ago, to know myfelf and my duty, or to acquire that degree of the knowledge of God which God defigned I fhould poffefs. The philofophers, who never agreed among themfelves, are yet deemed oracles of faged intelligence: they held, it feems 288 feveral opinions about the *fovereign good*, and 300 about *God*: in attempting to bring down philofophy from the clouds, they quitted the fphere of common-fenfe, went up into the clouds, and were themfelves loft in them. They utter dark fayings and an unintelligible jargon to their difciples, and "reprefent the Almighty either monftroufly terrible or meanly familiar." In refpect to human learning, "we fhould remember, it is a man who delivereth, and a man that receiveth, it; a mortal hand that prefents it, and a mortal hand that receives it;" and fome mens painful and tedious ftudies have at length been no more ferviceable to us than the forbidden fruit was to our primogenitors; it indeed opened their eyes, but it was to fee their own nakednefs. — The poor have not leifure for abftrufe ftudies; but are they worfe livers or lefs happy than the rich and men of leifure, who purfue them?

If

"If some men, of reputed fine imagination, think themselves happy, that their lively sense and abilities let them into several pleasures that the vulgar are strangers to, the vulgar are equally happy, that their want of delicacy secures them from numerous distates and disgusts which too elegant a taste exposes others to. If there are numberless refined delights, which, like the delicate strokes in painting, are too subtle, exquisite, and fine, to affect men of grosser apprehensions, there are, too, numberless tender sollicitudes and soft distresses of which they have little or no notion; so that the account is nearly balanced; a quicker sensibility of pain and grief bearing a just proportion, in men of finer spirits, to that of joy and happiness. If the learned value themselves on their superiority of knowledge, the unlearned are as content, and sometimes more secure, in ignorance, which as much contributes to the repose of the mind as darkness does to that of the body. They travel on in the plain high road of *common-sense*; whereas speculative adventurers, by striking out into new and unbeaten tracks, bewilder themselves and their followers," oppressed with doubts which they cannot solve, and with fears, too, which minute investigations excite, and which philosophy cannot dispel. — Guard me, heaven, from the presumptuous sin of attempting things which are too high for me, nor let me increase in that species of wisdom which will but increase my grief or add to my sorrows.

Thank heaven, I enjoy liberty, without being able to give a logical proof of *free will*; fine weather, too, in common with philosophers, without knowing the philosophical causes of either good or bad. I also enjoy the grateful flavours of fruits, and the colours and odours of plants, though I am entirely ignorant what particular configuration and texture of the parts produce the sensations. I enjoy, in my humble sphere, the same salubrious air, and am cheered and enlightened by the same genial sun: — the heavens are as open to the Peasant's contemplation as to the prince's, and are as propitious to the *cobler* as to the *cobler's* king. When the jarring elements "roll the big thunder through the vast profound," "and forkly lightnings flash from pole to pole," the loud tremendous peal is heard by both, and the celestial fire is not more dangerous, when it darts through the clay-built cot, than when it flashes along the imperial vaulted dome: the inhabitants of both are obnoxious to the winged messengers of destruction, which fly abroad under the direction of Jehovah, as well as to the *pestilence that walketh in darkness, and to the destruction that wasteth at noon-day*: resigned, therefore, let me take my lot,

"Safe in the hands of one disposing pow'r,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour."

But,

But, hark! my wife invites me down to supper: — I must break off abruptly, though my reputation should suffer by sending you my nocturnal reverie crude and unfinished. — Let that phantom, literary fame, glide by, if she will, without giving me one blast of her trump; I will not postpone a good meal one moment, to stir an inch after the capricious wanton jade, for I know her tricks. *Weigh solid pudding*, Mr. Editor, *against empty praise*: prefer the former: adieu. Sleep more and study less, your appetite and thoughts will be twice the better for it.

A HAPPY POOR MAN.

From my garret, *alias* study,
July 20, 1774.

P O E T R Y.

ODE to SPLEEN.

THE pensive brow, the downcast eye,
The absent mien, the languid sigh,
These are thy gifts, O spleen:
Dulness thy sway delights to own,
And all her fogs surround thy throne,
Thou cloud-compelling queen.

Hapless, who drags thy galling chains,
Who still endures and still complains,
The sickle slave of whim:
The friendly chat, the social bowl,
"The feast of sense, the flow of soul,"
Command no charms for him.

Seen through this intellectual gloom,
The various ills of life assume
A larger ample size:
Ev'n hope withdraws the cheering ray,
That beautifies our wintry day,
And the fair vision flies.

Then, memory, thy shadowy train,
Rebellious to thy lawful reign,
Revolt to spleen and chance:
Hence motley images combine,
Strange shapes in quaint disorder join,
And form th'ideal dance.

The pleasing forms of gay delight,
On outstretch'd pinions speed their flight
From thy infectious breath:
See, in their stead, heart-vexing care,
And fear, and doubt, and wan despair,
And the black shade of death.

There are who Lucifer adore;
Not that they love, but fear, his pow'r;
So to thy shrine I bend:
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And, oh, thy wayward spells remove,
Far, far, from me, and those I love,
Thou peace-corroding fiend.

PSALM XXIII. *attempted in Verse.*

THE Lord of Hosts, omnipotent and
wise,
My shepherd is, and all my wants supplies.
In pastures green, where sweetest lilies
grow —
Beside the rills, where waters softly
flow —
Gently he leads or causes me to lie,
And hourly guards me with a Father's
eye.
My drooping soul, by him restor'd, shall
trace
The sacred paths of righteousness and
peace.
Though, through the vale where death's
dark shades arise,
To brighter realms my mournful passage
lies,
Thy sacred rod and staff my comforts
are:
Guarded by these, no evil will I fear.
Thou spread'st my table in the desert
land,
While thick around my foes encircling
stand.
My cup o'erflows; and, on my pensive
head,
Thy sacred oil has bounteously been shed.
Through all my days, to life's uncertain
end,
Thy mercy and thy goodness shall ex-
tend.

EUSEBIUS.

*On Recovery from a Fit of Sickness.
By the Rev. Mr. Merrick.*

WHAT grateful off'ring shall I bring
To thee, my father and my king,
For thy unbounded grace?
How shall I celebrate thy fame,
And magnify thy sov'reign name,
In equal songs of praise?

Thine, Lord, is wisdom, pow'r, and love;
The earth below and heav'n's above
Thy streaming glories shew:
Thou guidest all things by thy hand,
And, duteous to thy high command,
Thy num'rous creatures bow.

Submissive to thy awful will,
They haste thy counsel to fulfil,
Alike in life and death:
At thy almighty word they live;
And at thy word again they give
To thee their given breath.

When late, with sacred awe, I stood
Hard by the margin of the flood
Which bounds our being here,
Thy providential care, I found,
Did then, even then, my life surround,
And save from danger near.

Thine eye the rising waves descry'd
Roll on their unmolested tide,
In spite of human skill:
And instant, at thy pow'ful word,
Thou nature's universal lord,
The raging sea grew still.

The fever own'd thy healing pow'r,
And gave its mortal fury o'er,
Obsequious to thy nod:
And, snatch'd from death, thy grace I prove,
And sing thine everlasting love,
My Father and my God.

The School-Boy, a poetical Essay.

BACK, memory, to scenes of pleasure
past,
To scenes ere childhood ripen'd into
man,
When school-day sports employ'd the busy
hours,
And ev'ning finish'd what the morn be-
gan.

In those gay meads how glad some have I
play'd!
Those meads encircled with meand'ring
streams,

Where lavish Flora spreads her checquer'd
sweets,
And Phœbus darts his lustre-adding
beams.

Of, as the pale-ey'd regent of the night
Held forth her lamp, and lighten'd all
the green,
Have I, exulting, frolick'd with my mates,
And hail'd the brightness of the silver
scene.

Yon sloping lawns, where skips the frisky
lamb,
Yon herbag'd vales, and woodbine-twisted
bow'rs,
Yon velvet plains, and daisy tufted hills,
Can sweetly testify my playful hours.

Beside that pebbled spring I oft have sat,
And listen'd to each vernal warbler
there;
And oft, well pleas'd, I puff'd the clay-
form'd tube,
And view'd the bubbles mount and burst
in air.

Can I forget how oft the race I've won,
While hope of conquest beat in every
vein?

Pomona's prize has crown'd my vast suc-
cess,
And all have hail'd me hero of the plain.

Then wast the day (so jocund was my life)
When I could smile at every feather'd
joy;

When each vain trifle, that the man
might shame,
Delighted nor disgrac'd the laughing
boy.

Where now are all those festive days of
ease?

Alas! fast bound in time's all-girding
roll;

Yet as, in thought, each sport I fondly
trace

The lov'd idea warms my panting soul!

When years increasing swell the age of
man,
How pleasing's then the recollective
pow'r!

Rememb'rance of past joys, in youth play'd
o'er,
Gives a fresh relish to the present hour.

Adieu that happy transit: for no more
Those moments, pleasure-wing'd, shall
I behold;

Reality

Reality no more can give them birth,
Though airy fancy may the shade unfold.

Let not proud man, buoy'd up by self-conceit,
Contemn the various frolics of the child;
Nor wisdom, seated on her aged throne,
Deem youthful sports romantic, vain, and wild.

The title bearing star, the garter'd badge,
The coat emblazon'd, and the flowing gown,
Are little more than emblematic face;
One half of man is childhood overgrown.

Oft, now, with curious retrospective eye,
The stealing progress of the mind I view;
I mark how slow it to perfection tends,
Guided by pliant education's clue.

Blest education! all, who feel its fire,
The genial comfort it imparts must own;

This great distinction elevates the soul,
And adds the richest jewel to a crown.

Where'er it spreads, it polishes the rude,
Extracts the finer from the grosser part;
The brutish passions gently charms away,
And levigates the marble of the heart.

The mind, that beauteous spark of heav'nly flame,
How by degrees it rises to a blaze!
Its fury spent, as gradually it expires,
Nor leaves one glimpse of its diminish'd rays.

So shoots a flowret's bud, from day to day,
Slowly, till all expanded it appears;
Then fade its colours, wither all its leaves,
And time effaces what the florist rears.

Yet, e'en amidst the school-boy's happy hours,
(So sure at pleasure's side pain takes her stage,)

Oft have I fear'd Lorenzo's angry frown,
And the rod quiv'ring in his nervous hand.

One look from him, if anger swell'd his eyes,
My classic-searching spirits has depressed;

One look from him, if smiles seren'd his brow,
Again call'd forth the sunshine in my breast.

But slight is all the terror of the school,
Match'd with the tumult of a bustling world;
Where intermingling passions rack the soul,
From vice to vice, in restless motion, hurl'd.

Here, seated in her silver-axled car,
Proud fortune rides, with indiscreet command,
Spurns lowly worth, who courts her to be kind,
Yet spreads, unask'd, her wealth to folly's hand.

Here envy pours her snakes on merit's head,
And low-born pride extends her ample reign;
Here, fly, beneath religion's specious veil,
Lurks dark deceit with flattery's servile train.

Bear me from those to where contentment dwells;
There shall each prospect harmonize each thought;
There shall I moralize on nature's plan,
And all her works contemplate as I ought.

O pure content! descended from above,
Parent of smiles, with sweets eternal fraught,
Beam on thy poet's breast, thy kindling blaze,
Thou guide to peace, and source of tranquil thought.

Administer thy balm, or else in vain
The plodding merchant forms his airy schemes;
In vain his head grows big with embryo thought;
In vain the nodding politician dreams.

Fair painting's vivid art, sweet music's pow'r,
The gorgeous edifice, the rural cot,
The fanning gales, that cool the feverish air,
The tent umbrageous, and the shelly grot;

The soft delights of pleasure's fairy-land,
And all that rolls on fortune's ample
tide,
Without thy aid remove us from our bliss,
Without thy presence vainly sooth our
pride.

Through thee the mind, in flights excur-
sive, roves;
Confinement's welcome to the willing
slave;
On rapid pinions fancy mounts the wings,
And poverty sleeps easy in her cave.

With thee O let me dwell, celestial maid!
Or in the vale, or on the mountain's
brow,
There will we two, the envy of the world,
Die, as we liv'd, in friendship's holy
vow.

JUVENIS.

*On the Troubles and Crosses met with in hu-
man Life.*

WHILE down the stream of time
we swiftly sail,
From youth's gay port to life's declining
vale,
Various the scenes which on our way we
meet,
And snares unnumber'd lurk beneath our
feet.
The stormy tempest and the genial breeze,
That fans the groves or sweeps the foam-
ing seas,
Present a genuine picture, to the mind,
Of human passions, varying in their kind.
By turns they *give*, by turns *destroy*, our
peace;
Restricted or indulg'd, they rage or cease:
Now, with wild fury, they the soul alarm,
Then, sunk in rest, e'en danger they dis-
arm.

When *Reason*, rightful Queen, ascends
her throne,
A tranquil, pleasing, sweet, repose is
known:
She, with mild sway, the little kingdom
rules,
But, once dethron'd, her subjects turn to
fools.
For, when usurping passions gain her seat,
Confusion rules, with num'rous ills re-
plete.
The soul, enslav'd, her dignity resigns,
And partial int'rest all her views confines.
Vain hope and tim'rous fear, alternate,
sway
The doubtful sceptre, and, by turns, be-
tray

The mind to low'ring discontent, or pride,
And all the ills that are to *these* ally'd.
O happiness! fair offspring of the gods,
Vainly pursued in these obscure abodes!
Thou look'st on mortals with forbidding
frown;

In spheres celestial thou art only known,
If one kind glimpse thou giv'st to man
below,

'Tis instant clouded by the shades of woe.
So the bright sun, in April's show'ry days,
Peeps forth a moment with benignant
rays,

But soon, ah soon, obstructing clouds a-
rise,
Veil his bright face and hide him from our
eyes.

Like some lone trav'ler, on Riphean
hills,
Whose tow'ring heads a snowy prospect
yeilds,

If, in the shining waste, some trace ap-
pears
Of human steps, joy stops his falling tears,
Hope fills his breast, a length of happy
days

And future bliss, in prospect, he surveys;
So thy bright form deligh't my longing
eye,

While disappointment prompts the fre-
quent sigh;

For still thy pleasing form is chas'd away,
And to returning grief I fall a prey.
The tear, the silent, solemn, trickling
tear,

Flows down my cheek; my bosom throbs
with fear.

Fain, fain, would I extend my feeble arms,
Allure the goddess, and possess her charms.
From hill to vale, from grove to plain, I
roam,

In quest of that which always *is to come*,
Is ne'er possess'd, yet still in prospect lies,
And mocks our hopes, and spreads with
gloom our skies.

In those sweet blooming haunts, where
science reigns,

In laurel groves, and sweet Arcadian plains,
Where sacred muses spend their joyous
hours,

Amongst the myrtle shades and breathing
flow'rs,

Early I trod, with anxious steps, to find
A solid center to my wand'ring mind:
But vain the search and fruitless was the
toil,

For seldom deign'd the goddess bright a
smile.

Vain was the search; in vain I eager ran
To snatch that bliss which heav'n denies
to man.

Ill fortune haunts my steps where'er I go,
And my days darken with distinguish'd woe.
Long did I strive th' increasing load to
bear;

Now faints my soul, a victim to despair.
Far from the haunts of busy men retir'd
With melancholy musing grief inspir'd.
O let me seek some hanging mountain's

cell,
In whose brown cliffs the fowls of dark-
ness dwell;

Where waters, trickling from the rifted
wall,

May lull my sorrows with their murmur'ring
fall.

There let me sigh in secret, mourn, and
weep,

Or in the arms of cold oblivion sleep.

Let, o'er my grave, (if grave these limbs
obtain,)

No frail memorial recognise my pain;
Mark not the spot where my remains are
laid;

Forgot, neglected, leave me in the shade.
Yet still I hope (O may that hope in-
dure)

That Death, of all my woes, will prove
a cure!

That then (the measure of those woes com-
plete)

Heav'n will, in mercy, grant a happier
seat,

Where peace and unmolested bliss shall be
My glorious portion through eternity!

EUSEBIA.

THE letters signed *E. L. A. S. Eusebius, Ignotus, I. K. Occasional, Diomed, A* second Letter from a Tutor to his Pupils, and several anonymous pieces, are received. *A. K.'s, on Hatred*, contains some observations worthy of publication, and the Editor designs to give them a place in the Monthly Ledger. The remarks on *Ogilvie's Day of Judgement* came too late for publication in this number, but they shall appear in the SUPPLEMENT, which will be delivered with the FIRST NUMBER of the SECOND VOLUME of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

✧ Any person, who takes in the Monthly Ledger, may also be regularly supplied, at the same time, with the *Reviews*, and any other periodical work, by sending their orders to the Editor of the Monthly Ledger, at Number 33, Tooley-street, Southwark.

E R R A T A.

Number XI. p. 589, l. 30, for *confine* read *confines*. P. 589, l. 32, instead of the doors of the *meeting*, read, the doors of this *room*. P. 589, in the note, l. 1, instead of *as soon as*, read, *when*. P. 592, l. 10, for *censure or applause is*, in these cases, to me a matter of indifference, read, *censure and applause are*, in these cases, to me matters of indifference.

AVERAGE

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,
From July 11, to July 16, 1774.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	6	3	3	6	3	4	2	3	3	4

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	7	1	—	—	3	6	2	8	3	10
Surry,	6	10	3	4	3	9	2	7	4	3
Hertford,	6	11	—	—	—	—	2	6	4	2
Bedford,	7	1	4	7	—	—	2	6	4	0
Cambridge,	6	2	3	2	—	—	2	3	3	0
Huntingdon,	6	7	—	—	3	5	2	4	3	9
Northampton,	7	5	5	1	4	0	2	4	4	1
Rutland,	7	3	—	—	4	9	2	4	4	0
Leicester,	7	6	5	2	4	6	2	4	4	2
Nottingham,	6	11	5	0	4	6	2	5	4	2
Derby,	7	3	—	—	—	—	2	9	4	7
Stafford,	7	7	5	4	—	—	2	8	4	7
Salop,	7	4	5	7	4	3	2	7	5	4
Hereford,	7	6	—	—	4	2	2	3	—	—
Worcester,	7	8	5	0	5	2	2	10	4	8
Warwick,	7	2	—	—	4	1	2	7	4	11
Gloucester,	7	7	—	—	3	4	2	5	4	7
Wiltshire,	7	0	—	—	2	11	2	4	4	6
Berks,	6	10	—	—	3	5	2	7	3	10
Oxford,	7	2	—	—	3	8	2	8	4	3
Bucks,	7	2	—	—	4	0	2	10	3	11

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	6	3	3	7	3	6	2	4	3	7
Suffolk,	6	0	3	0	3	3	2	2	3	2
Norfolk,	6	1	3	4	2	10	2	3	3	10
Lincoln,	6	9	4	0	3	9	2	2	3	8
York,	7	0	4	9	3	3	2	6	3	8
Durham,	6	7	4	3	3	4	2	8	4	0
Northumberland,	5	10	4	1	3	1	2	3	3	8
Cumberland,	7	4	4	8	4	2	2	8	4	5
Westmoreland,	7	11	5	0	4	5	2	9	3	9
Lancashire,	7	9	—	—	3	3	2	7	4	0
Cheshire,	7	9	6	2	4	9	2	8	—	—
Monmouth,	7	8	—	—	—	—	2	6	4	0
Somerfet,	7	1	—	—	3	3	2	3	4	0
Devon,	6	2	—	—	3	1	1	10	—	—
Cornwall,	6	0	—	—	3	6	1	9	—	—
Dorset,	6	9	—	—	2	10	2	3	4	7
Hampshire,	6	4	—	—	3	2	2	3	4	0
Suffex,	6	0	—	—	2	10	2	3	3	8
Kent,	6	3	—	—	3	9	2	3	3	2

From July 4, to July 9, 1774.											
W A L E S.											
Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans			
s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.		
North Wales,		5	10	4	9	3	2	2	2	4	5
South Wales,		7	7	6	6	3	11	2	2	3	4
Part of S C O T L A N D.											
Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans		Big.	
6	2	4	0	2	11	2	7	2	11	2	9
Published by Authority of Parliament.										WILL. COOKE	

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
For June, 1774.

	Wind.	Bar.	Therm.		Weather.	
			lo.	hi.		
1	S.W.	little	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	54	61	Cloudy and rainy.
2	E.N.E.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	56	65	Forenoon fair, afternoon slight rain.
3	S.W.	little	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	55	63	Showery.
4	S.W.	little	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	55	58	Heavy rain.
5	W.S.W.	calm	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	54	58	Much rain.
6	W.	calm	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	55	60	Fair bright day.
7	S.W.	calm	30	55 ¹ / ₂	61	Ditto.
8	S.W. var.	calm	30 ¹ / ₁₀	56	63	Ditto.
9	W.	little	30	59	65	Cloudy and sultry.
10	S.W.	calm	30 ¹ / ₁₀	59	64	Ditto.
11	W.S.W.	calm	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	60	64 ¹ / ₂	Ditto.
12	S.E.	calm	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	60	62	Ditto, at night slight rain.
13	W.	little	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	59	65	Sultry.
14	S.E.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	58	63 ¹ / ₂	Ditto and sunshine.
15	E.	fresh	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	60	64	Ditto.
16	N.E.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	60 ¹ / ₂	71	Ditto, night thunder and lightning.
17	N.E.	fresh	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	60	68	Pleasant morn. and even. showers.
18	S.E.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	61	69 ¹ / ₂	Cloudy.
19	S.W.	little	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	58	68 ¹ / ₂	Ditto.
20	W.S.W.	little	29 ³ / ₁₀	57 ¹ / ₂	68	Light showers.
21	S.W.	fresh	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	57	68	Much rain.
22	W.N.W.	little	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	56	60	Cloudy, and light showers.
23	W.N.W.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	55 ¹ / ₂	60 ¹ / ₂	Cloudy.
24	W.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	56	62	Fair and sunshine.
25	W.	fresh	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	60	68	Ditto.
26	W.	little	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	61	71 ¹ / ₂	Brilliant and sultry.
27	W.N.W.	fresh	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	59	61	Fair.
28	W.	fresh	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	60	64 ¹ / ₂	Slight showers.
29	S.	strong	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	59	61	Cloudy.
30	W.	fresh	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	60	64	Ditto.

[illegible]



THE
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.



Have sometimes employed a leisure hour in considering the penal laws of this country. I have examined their justice and propriety, by comparing them with those of Judaism and Christianity; and I behold, with regret, that they do not appear agreeable with either. The Mosaic code of laws appear to have had an eye to *strict justice*, and but little regard to the exercise of those milder attributes, mercy and forgiveness. The Christian dispensation has been justly defined, a dispensation, wherein the severity of *strict justice* should be tempered with *grace* and *mercy*. Christianity was intended, by its divine founder, to relax the severity, and supply the deficiencies, of Judaism; therefore its laws are, in their own nature, more consistent with mercy than were those of the Jews. The penal laws of this realm are, in some instances, more severe than those of the Jews were. By the latter, theft, or the injury of property, was not considered as a crime for which the offender deserved death. Acts of injustice were punished in a less degree; and that punishment was wisely proportioned to the nature of the offence. By our penal laws, many crimes,

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very

very different in their degrees of guilt, are comprehended under the term *felony*; every species of which is, by those laws, punishable with death. Hence multitudes have been consigned to the fatal tree, whose offences merited a milder sentence, and who, by inferior punishment, might have been reclaimed to virtue. Thus the community has suffered loss; and merciful men have been long pained to see the havock that has been made among their fellow-creatures. As the taking away life is the utmost length human vengeance can go, the dictates of reason and humanity forbid that it should ever take place for a less crime than murder. Thieves certainly deserve punishment; but still they have not forfeited the privilege of existence: the injury, society has sustained by their crimes, is not so great. Their offences, although of a deep dye, have not been written in blood.

To exceed the proper proportion of punishments to offences, is not justice, but severity: to remit a part of the punishment, which strict justice enjoins, is sometimes a necessary extension of that mercy which is the darling attribute of the Judge of the whole earth, and the noblest jewel in a monarch's crown. But to punish a *thief* equally with a blood-thirsty *murderer*, appears to be inconsistent with the divine precepts of the gospel.

It will, perhaps, be alledged, that, although our laws have sentenced the man, who steals a horse, a sheep, or is guilty of housebreaking, and the like, to die for his crime, yet, where any favourable circumstances appear, the severity of the law is mitigated, and the delinquents are not deprived of life. That this is sometimes the case I readily allow; and I think it is much to the honour of our judges that they are thus tender and compassionate. But even this discretionary power of *reprieving criminals*, after condemnation, is a tacit confession that the *law itself*, by which sentence was passed, is *unjust*. And, although the punishment of death, for the abovementioned crimes, is often remitted, yet numerous instances have occurred, of poor wretches losing their lives for only the invasion of property.

I am as desirous as any man can be that our property should be strictly guarded, and would not have the least invasion of it escape due correction: all I plead for, is, that the punishment may be proportioned to the nature of the offence. It is a consideration worthy of note, that most robbers are persons of idle lazy dispositions: to these, confinement and hard labour would be punishments much more terrible than death itself. They consider death as soon over, and seem to have no just ideas of the awful scene which succeeds it. This, indeed, has been represented, by some short-sighted reasoners, as a strong reason against the probability of their reformation. I freely own myself

self of a different opinion. I think time and suffering might often bring them to repentance; and I am certain that such insensibility is a far stronger reason against sending them into eternity in a state so obdurate.

There is something so shocking to humanity in the reflection, that numbers of our species are thus annually bereft of life,

*(Cut off ev'n in the blossom of their sins,
No reck'ning made, but sent to their account
With all their imperfections on their heads,)*

that a relaxation of our laws, in this respect, would be an event which I think every merciful and good man would not regret to see take place in these kingdoms.

The present mode, of cutting off so many offenders at stated periods, has, by long and sad experience, been found ineffectual to deter fresh adventurers from succeeding them in their crimes: old offenders are, indeed, swept from the stage of life, but their places are quickly filled up by others, who soon arrive at the same exit; and multitudes have been precipitated to eternity, whilst little, if any, reformation has been produced thereby. The frequent dreadful processions, from the prison to the places of execution, the last expiring scenes of that deep tragedy of death, have, through frequency, lost their power to terrify, and are become so familiar that they affect common spectators with no lasting impressions.

But perhaps other milder punishments might be inflicted, that would be far more likely to produce reformation, and prove powerful warnings to others. Our iron and glass works, lead, tin, and coal, mines, inland navigations, and turnpike roads, would furnish employment for more than are annually convicted in Great Britain. Some of these are prejudicial to health; and herein the greatest offenders (excepting murderers) might be employed. Much service might thence arise to the public; and compassionate minds would be greatly relieved from the anxiety they feel on account of the frequency of our public executions. Here they might (if necessary) be chained together, with some external mark of infamy upon them, and kept to hard labour, till they had given proof of repentance and reformation. The advantages hence arising would be great and various. Part of the profits of their labour would easily supply proper guards and overseers; those whom they had robbed might be recompensed their losses; and the remainder would raise a fund for defraying the expence of prosecutions, or might be appropriated to the service of government. The true end of punishment is, to reform the offender, as that of medicine is to cure the disease. Punishment is a medicine. But where, like a noxious potion,

it terminates existence, the end cannot be answered. Punishments of a milder nature may, in time, bring the most hardened offenders to repentance. Criminals, thus treated, might live to make atonement for their crimes, both to God and man, and would be continual warnings to others. But, from the present inequality of our penal laws, many thieves are voluntarily suffered to go on, from crime to crime, till they *merit death*, because, had they been convicted earlier, they might have *suffered death* before they deserved it.

Men of humane Christian principles, of all denominations, will ever consider the life of an offender as of infinitely greater consequence than the loss of a horse, a sheep, or a purse of money. And hence many are hindered, by motives of justice and benevolence, from bringing such offenders to justice, lest a too severe sentence should consign them to unmerited punishment.

I wish these few hints may excite some abler pen to set this matter in a more clear and striking light. The subject is important and interesting to us all; and it is a task, worthy the most extensive understandings, to promote the good of the community, and contribute their assistance to so valuable an end.

HUMANUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THERE is no employment more worthy the Christian philosopher than to promote the promulgation of right principles, the increase of useful knowledge, and to set the moral, social, and religious, duties of life in the most amiable and interesting point of view before mankind. It is in this light I survey the exercise of human abilities with the greatest satisfaction. The most eminent display of fine parts and genius ceases to attract the approbation of the wise, when it ceases to promote these valuable purposes; but, when exerted in the interests of mens passions, and carried beyond the sacred restrictions of reason, it becomes the proper object of censure.

That the general torrent of vice, corruption, folly, and dissipation, has been impeded by the pens of moralists, as well as by public declamations from the pulpit, is a truth which, I apprehend, few will deny. Even works of real wit and humour, when judiciously pointed at vice, have had a better effect than merely to amuse and entertain mankind. Many, who would laugh at the studied solemnity of vocal declamation, have attended, with seriousness, to the more pleasing language of moral precepts, in the closet. The pill, which, in its native hue, would have been rejected with contempt, has, when gilded, been

been swallowed with avidity, and had its proper effect on the mind. The effect of single attempts, to reform mankind by moral precepts, like drops of water falling on a stone, may be imperceptible, but their continued force has, doubtless, made a sensible impression, and contributed to the welfare of the general community. There are still amongst us numbers, whom heaven has blessed with superior degrees of intellectual knowledge: the secret springs of the human heart lie open to their view; they see the dangers that await us in the perilous journey of life, and are capable of setting up land-marks in the way, to guide the incautious traveller. It were greatly to be wished that such would exercise their talents for the good of mankind, by enforcing, with all the powers of persuasive eloquence, the practice of virtue and moral righteousness. Instead of merely amusing, not to say corrupting, the minds of the people, as some have done, let them treat on subjects worthy the attention of reasonable and immortal beings, the duration of whose existence here is uncertain, and only a preparative to a more lasting state. To endeavour, by the sound maxims of reason and prudence, to remove that false bias which education, custom, and the indulgence of sensuality, have hung on the judgement, will ever be pleasing to the candid and sensible part of mankind; they will consider every attempt of this sort as the product of an honest heart, an auxiliary in the cause of virtue. But it is cause of regret, that many persons, of distinguished genius, have shamefully prostituted their abilities to purposes unworthy their attention. Instead of checking, they have promoted, the growth of vice; instead of purifying and exalting, they have corrupted and debased, the minds of their readers; while they have had power and opportunity to regulate, they have employed it in confusing, mens ideas of right and wrong; in giving too much encouragement to the licentiousness of passions; and disturbing the harmony of the intellectual œconomy.

This surely merits the contempt of every honest man. Charity itself can scarcely find an excuse for such conduct, in men who have not the plea of ignorance to make in their defence. In the hour of inattention, when the passions are clamorous, and numerous objects of gratification solicit acceptance, with a pleasing importunity, it is not surprizing that men should often yield to the allurements of temptation. Human nature is weak, and vice, skreened in the mask of pleasure, is powerful. We behold their error with grief, but compassion effaces the register of their crimes from our memory. But what terms of ignominy can be too severe for him who sits down, in the hours of cool reflection, and deliberates on the means of promoting most successfully the cause of folly, dissipation, and open immorality?

To

To study methods of spreading that poison and depravity, which are already too widely diffused, and endeavour, by eradicating virtue from the human mind, to deprive it of that happiness which only renders life valuable, discovers a heart, not only alienated from all the restraints of virtue, but hardened to all sense of shame, and established in wickedness. The accumulated censure of every wise and good man ought to rest heavy on the heads of such monsters, and stigmatise them with eternal disgrace and infamy.

If the above remarks are allowed to be just, what shall we think of the Rochesters, the Haywoods, the Behns, of the last, and the Pilkingtons, the Harrises, and the *****, of the present, age? Better, far better, had it been for mankind, had these authors been ideots to the day of their death, than thus to have abused their talents by corrupting the morals of the people.

Notwithstanding the false estimation in which their writings are held by the slaves of passion, they are justly held in contempt by every sound understanding and truly-rational mind. Their names are recorded on the column of infamy; while those of a Boyle, a Milton, an Addison, a Steel, a Richardson, a Langhorne, a Johnson, a Hawkesworth, and a Goldsmith, will be admired and revered as long as learning, genius, and virtue, remain amongst us. Let these venerable names excite, in the minds of others, a laudable emulation to make the same wise application of those faculties with which heaven has blessed them. Although few can hope to arrive at the same point of excellence which these have attained, yet proportioned to the abilities and endeavours of each will be their reward.

Every action, that promotes vice and error, is justly censurable, however limited its apparent effects, because it is by the accumulation of small causes that the aggregate of human evil is produced. On the contrary, every attempt, to advance the cause of truth and universal righteousness, be it ever so small, entitles the author to public esteem, as well as to the gratulations of an approving conscience. He who, with small abilities, does his utmost to promote virtue, peace, and order, is equally intitled to our regard with the man of shining talents, even though his attempts are not productive of equal visible success. Neither ought it to be any discouragement to such, if little fruits appear to arise from their labours. If they have acted their part well, on the stage of life, be that part ever so small, they will meet the approbation of him who "judgeth righteously in the earth," and find, in the end of days, that sweet complacency of mind which nothing can destroy.

Let these considerations excite to diligence in whatever lies within the reach of our abilities. In the estimation of true wisdom,

dom, none are great or little but as they are virtuous or vicious. The next crime, in degree and turpitude, to that of actual vice, is the encouraging it in others; and, in some instances, the latter is the greatest. A man, who possesses a fertile imagination, may contaminate more minds by his writings than by his example. The latter, from various causes, may be confined within a narrow sphere, but the former may extend to regions where the author was never known, and to ages that succeed his dissolution. Dissolute and licentious as Rochester was, his writings have poisoned multitudes more than his actions. This consideration ought to have due weight with all writers of taste and genius. Error proves fatal from the pen of a Beattie, a Johnson, a Robertson, or a Hume. They know not the extent of that influence which their sentiments may have in the world. These sentiments, when published, are no longer their own; but, mixed with the general mass of literature, become the property of the public, and may prove useful or injurious to thousands. Numbers of our unthinking youth have been much injured by that tide of poisonous novels, which, for these last twenty years, have disgraced the press. These, in general, may be compared to that species of poison which, operating insensibly on the human frame, destroys, by degrees, its *vital flamina*. Their effects are not felt but in the consequence; they amuse the mind, lull its reflecting powers into a kind of lethargy, relax the springs of virtue, awaken our passions, and, by degrees, reconcile us to objects and actions, which, while under the exercise of our nobler powers, we should retreat from with horror. I know the stale pretence of most of our novelists is, to give a moral lesson in a pleasing garb; to render vice hateful and virtue amiable. This is a false representation of the matter. To get money is the spring of action: consequently, they must accommodate their works to the depraved taste of a vicious age. Thus we find their vicious characters are generally represented as enjoying a continual round of pleasure and success: virtue, indeed, they affect to represent as the only permanent substantial good, but bestow little pains to render her truly amiable. If they attempt to recommend or enforce her precepts, it is generally with such languor as evinces them not to be her real friends. Vice they dress up in all the ornaments of glowing imagery, while they affect to condemn it. But men of real sense, learning, and genius, will act a nobler part: they will endeavour to take off this false bias from the minds of their readers, by presenting them with writings worthy their perusal. Whatsoever tends to restrain our passions, or to engage them in the interest of virtue, merits the esteem of all men, and will obtain it from those whose esteem is worth cultivating. PHILO-VERITATIS.

For

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

The History of Credulia concluded.

THEY travelled the remainder of the night, and in the morning reached London, taking up their quarters at an inn. When they had continued here a few days, Credulia thought it highly requisite to preis for the performance of the ceremony; and, after repeatedly urging it, at last prevailed with Dolofus to attend her, in order to make good his reiterated promise. To a clergyman they accordingly went; but how great was Credulia's disappointment, when the gentleman frankly told them he could by no means consent to join their hands! being firmly of opinion that Credulia had been stolen away from her friends.

A circumstance so unfavourable could not fail to affect the poor girl in a very near manner. Dolofus perceived it; and, in order to divert her chagrin, he proposed to give her a turn to Greenwich; where he doubted not but the beauties of the place would greatly contribute to disperse the gloom of her disappointed hopes. To this proposition she acceded; and, after having viewed all the objects of public curiosity, they agreed to provide themselves lodgings in that town, instead of returning to London.

After a week or two's residence at Greenwich, the ardor of Dolofus's passion began visibly to abate. Credulia soon perceived it; and his absence, for two or three nights successively, confirmed it to her, and gave her strong apprehensions of a rival. But, notwithstanding his change of conduct pained her to the heart, she ceased not her assiduity to recover his love, and preserve him still her own, by every engaging tie she could invent; yet all without effect.

At Greenwich they remained till all the cash, which Credulia had set out with, was expended; and the next resource was to pledge such of her little matters as she could most easily spare. To this proposal, which was made by Dolofus, she at first objected. But the cold indifference, with which he thereupon treated her, got the better of her reluctance. Her silver snuff-box and buckles went first; then some of her apparel; but a part not being sufficient to answer their expences, almost her whole stock was gradually sent away.

At first the unhappy girl made use of the assistance of a confidante to transact these affairs for her, through shame of appearing in person. But the same necessity frequently recurring, she no longer hesitated to manage them herself.

The

The time was now at hand when every airy prospect of felicity, which the art of Dolofus had raised before the deluded eye of Credulia's imagination, was about to disappear, and give place to scenes of bitterness and keen remorse. In a seeming return of his former kindness, Dolofus proposed an excursion to Gravesend, and invited Credulia to give him her company to that place. Pleased with an opportunity of obliging him, and extremely desirous to manifest it on every occasion, she received his proposal with all imaginable readiness.

A post-chaise was quickly provided, and they soon arrived at Gravesend.

They alighted at an inn in the town; and being conducted to a room, they had not been long seated, before Dolofus broke forth in the following words; "I have done for myself and you too."—Terrified at these mysterious expressions, and desirous, yet afraid, to know their meaning, "Oh! what, what, have you done?" inquired the trembling girl. He immediately answered, "I have entered on-board of ship; and my advice now is, that you return forthwith to your grandmother."—All in distress she replied, "Ah, how can you think of such a thing! a stranger as I am in these parts, and destitute not only of money, but almost of every necessary, except what I now have on?"—It could not be helped; for go he must, was all the reply Dolofus gave her.

Credulia, now hopeless of retaining him, yet unwilling to be for ever blotted from his remembrance, earnestly pressed him to write to her. This he promised he would do within three days, at farthest, provided she would return to Greenwich, and tarry there so long; he told her he should come home again loaded with riches, and then he would actually marry her.

He then prepared for his departure; leaving Credulia overwhelmed with anxiety and sorrow. But the hopes of hearing from him somewhat abated the pungency of her grief. In order therefore to put herself in the way of his letter, she disposed of the small remains of her apparel, (reserving nothing but what she then wore,) and with part of the produce took a passage behind the stage-coach for Greenwich.

At Greenwich she impatiently waited above ten days for the promised letter; but none came.—And now being driven to extremities, and having contracted some small debts there, without the means of discharging them, she turned her face towards London; scarcely knowing which way she took, nor whither it would lead her.

It was night when she entered the city. And, having only a few halfpence in her pocket, she wandered about in hopeless search of some compassionate person, of her own sex, to whom

she might make known her hapless situation. At length she met a woman, of whom she inquired for a lodging. The woman told her she would conduct her to a house, where she would be well accommodated. But no sooner had she entered into it than her heart misgave her it was a brothel. Frighted at the apprehension, and scarcely knowing what she did, she immediately threw down all the half-pence she had; and taking the advantage of a favourable opportunity that presented, she made her escape from among them.

When she had once again got into the street, she was as much at a loss which way to take as before. But, dreading the consequences of falling in with people of the like sort with those she had just escaped from, (at least in her apprehensions they were such,) she wandered up and down the whole night, without either food or sleep.

The next day she traversed the city in the same manner. And, passing by a church, the doors of which were open, she went into it, hoping her disconsolate mind might there find some relief. But no sooner had she entered it, than melancholy apprehensions, followed by strong temptations to destroy herself, crowded so thick upon her, that she scarcely was able to support the weight of her distress.

All the remaining part of the day and night she continued to walk about the city; endeavouring, if possible, to find her way out of it, but without success.—At last, being almost spent with fatigue and want of sleep and food, between five and six in the morning, she found herself unexpectedly strayed down to the side of the Thames.

She now, for the first time since her departure from Deptford, found an inclination to eat. Hunger began to pinch her sorely; her money was all gone; and nothing remained that she could so well dispose of as her stays. To a private corner she therefore retired, in order to take them off. But, no sooner had she done it, than she was so greatly shocked at the indecent appearance she thought she made, that she retracted her design, and laced them on again.

In this extremity, a strong temptation seized her to end her sorrows, with her life, in the water which was now before her. But, just as she was about to determine upon the dreadful deed, Humanus, whose business had called him out early that morning, came up to the spot, where he saw Credulia surrounded by some watermen. The men seemed at loss what to think of her; but, in general, looked upon her as a person distracted.—Humanus viewed her with attention; and, perceiving her distress was great, kindly invited her to go to his house, which was situated hard-by;

hard-by; where he assured her she would be hospitably received by Euphemia his wife, and his mother Sophronia.

In the aspect of Humanus, Credulia thought she read the goodness of his heart; and, in consequence of that, accepted of the offer he made her, as a providential means of saving her from the dismal purpose she had formed. She accordingly was conducted to his house, and received with a welcome that fully answered the highest hopes she could entertain.

While breakfast was preparing, she fixed her eye attentively upon Sophronia; but, suddenly taking it off, and turning her face aside, with clasped hands, and cheeks bedewed with tears, she thus expressed herself. "Oh! madam:—you cut me to the heart!"—then waiting awhile, till grief permitted utterance again, she added: "You bring to my remembrance one who even doated on me, and now is in pain upon my account; for she knows not what is become of me: it is my poor grandmother."

Sophronia and Euphemia endeavoured to console her; and Benevolus, an intimate friend of Humanus, being present when Credulia was introduced, in compassion to the sufferer, (who yet seemed extremely averse to make known the whole of her story,) offered his mediation between her friends and her, by a letter, provided she would acquaint them with the circumstances which had reduced her to so unhappy a condition. Covered with blushes of confusion, yet almost determined, as it seemed, to comply with their united request, she paused awhile; but then, with great emotion, she abruptly answered, "Oh! no:—I *must* not—*can* not."

The agitation of her mind was too discoverable for them to press the matter closely upon her just then. But, after a little farther conversation, she was persuaded to disclose the whole affair, and accepted the offer Benevolus had made. When the letter was finished, Benevolus read it to her for her approbation; but Credulia, instead of reply, was almost dissolved in tears, which trickled down her cheeks in one incessant stream, and prevented all possibility of utterance for a considerable time; but then, recovering her speech, she begged it might be transmitted by the very next post; and accordingly it went.

Four days passed without either letter or messenger from Credulia's relations; during which her anxiety became so great, in apprehension that she was for ever abandoned by them, that the consequence of it began much to be dreaded by the whole family of Humanus: and what contributed to increase their fears was the following event. For some time past, Humanus had been grievously afflicted with a painful disorder in his bowels, which frequently attacked him in the most excruciating manner: while

Credulia remained in suspense for an answer to Benevolus's letter on her behalf, Humanus was seized with a fit of this sort, and was obliged for ease, to retire to his chamber. Credulia and Euphemia were sitting below, when the acuteness of her husband's pain obliged Euphemia to go up to him. But she had not been long gone, before she heard a voice below, which, rising higher and higher, alarmed her so much, that she left Humanus to enquire the cause of it. But what a spectacle did she behold when she was returned! Credulia on her knees; in the height of her agonies; loading herself with condemnations and reproaches; and for a while inconsolable and almost distracted. In the midst of this sad scene Benevolus returned; and by gentle expostulation, and mild argument, happily soothed her anxiety a little, and calmed the storm that her dreadful apprehensions had raised.

Generosus and Materna were the first on the list of Humanus's friends. This amiable pair, having heard in confidence the case of Credulia by Humanus's means, made a visit that very evening in order to see her. With them they brought two of their little family; one about six and the other about five years old. After tea was over, Credulia, whose attention had been somewhat taken up by the various conversation which had passed, now turned her eyes on the little folks; and, affectionately kissing each of them, with tears of penitence rolling fast down her cheeks, broke forth into these expressions: "May God Almighty, my sweet souls, bless you, and give you his grace, and grant that you may never do as I have done!" A visible perturbation instantly seized her; and then, with uplifted eyes and hands, "Oh! that it were possible that I were sucking at my mother's breast again! What a blemish have I brought upon my relations! and how have I stained the reputation of a creditable family!" Every one endeavoured to comfort her; and, after awhile, she became somewhat composed; yet now-and-then seemed extremely sorrowful, and sighed as if her heart would have burst its inclosure.

After supper, Generosus and Materna proposed that Credulia should be their visiter, till an answer was returned from her relations; hoping, by these means, to render the state of suspense more tolerable to her, by change of place and employment. Upon leave obtained from Humanus's family, she accepted of the invitation; and, about the fifth day after her arrival in town, a messenger came from her relations. The purport of the message was, that her friends were highly incensed against her, and would by no means consent to receive her: that Serena (however *she* might be disposed to favour her) had not the power she once had: for, having married

a second husband, who was a man of an arbitrary and resolute temper, he had solemnly declared, Credulia should never enter the doors again while Serena was alive. So unfavourable a prospect gave no small concern to the two families, who had given protection to the unhappy girl. But, determining to leave no means in their power untried, they came to a resolution to set out with her, in person, for Serena's house. Humanus and Euphemia, Generosus and Benevolus, accordingly prepared for their journey; and after lodging a night on the road, they arrived the next morning at the place above-mentioned.

They left Credulia in the orchard, and advanced to the house. The venerable Serena was the first that met them, whose countenance wore the impressions of deep sorrow. Humanus quickly informed her of their business; and, on this, she gave them an invitation to walk in. As soon as they were seated, it was proposed that a minute account should be given to her of every material circumstance relating to Credulia's story: this was accordingly done; and so strongly was Serena affected with it, that she wept exceedingly; expressing herself in these words, "What a calamity was this! and what a deliverance! It is the greatest act of providence I ever knew. But alas! what can I do! Petrosus, my present husband, is not her own grandfather; and he declares she must never think of coming again." Petrosus just then came in from his garden. At first he seemed amazed at the sight of the strangers; but was quickly made acquainted, by Serena, with the occasion of their visit. At this he was extremely incensed; threatened hard Credulia should never more enter that house; and vented his anger against her in a furious manner. Serena came from him with a heart almost ready to break, and begged of Humanus that he would plead Credulia's cause with her husband; which he undertaking, she went a second time, and intreated him to hear what Humanus had to say (for Petrosus was extremely deaf). I'll hear nothing, replied he, with vehemence.—Humanus nevertheless drew nigh, and began to open the case. Petrosus grew more incensed; threatened Credulia with the house of correction, and the like; and appeared to be quite inaccessible to tenderness or pity. The company were now almost hopeless of Credulia's return. But at length Benevolus and Euphemia went up to him, (for he had seated himself with his back towards them all from the first mention of Credulia's name,) and began to expostulate with him. Mean while the poor Serena, overcome with sorrow and despondency, unable to support her affliction, sunk down in her chair; and in a meek voice, and with weeping eyes lift up to heaven, cried, "Lord, if it be thy will, deliver me out of all my troubles!" All on a sudden, the heart of Petrosus (who had

listened

listened with much attention to Benevolus and Euphemia) began to relent. His lips quivered, and his eyes overflowed; then, turning his head round to Serena, he beckoned her to him, she came immediately; and, after he had recovered the power of utterance, (though very brokenly,) he bid her to make the whole company welcome with the best his house afforded. They thanked him for his offer, but requested his excuse, urging the distance they had to return, and the necessity they were under for expedition; but Petrosus would not be refused. Credulia was next introduced (having remained in the orchard till then) and presented weeping to the old man; who, after some sharp reprehensions, and general reflections, permitted her once again to be instated in his family, &c. The company departed soon after; esteeming themselves sufficiently rewarded, by the agreeable reflection that they had, under providence, been the means of rescuing, from apparent destruction, a young creature, whose heart, notwithstanding, throughout all the sad scenes she had passed, still retained a love of virtue; which, when her distresses had awakened her most serious reflection, appeared to her in a light so amiable, that she looked upon herself as the most abandoned of her sex. And so atrocious did her fault appear to her, that, rather than consent to a repetition of it, she chose to endure the worst of evils.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

“GIVE me neither riches nor poverty, but feed me with a food convenient for me,” was the humble petition of a wise man, who saw the inconveniences and danger that attend us in both these stations. Such is the weakness of human nature, that, notwithstanding we are furnished with *reason* to direct our actions, and with *ability* to restrain the undue influence of inordinate desire, yet the prevalence of our passions often prevents us from regulating them in a manner consistent with our present as well as future happiness. There are some, who, from a mistaken apprehension of the nature of true felicity, have sought for it where it is never to be found. In order to conciliate the Deity, they have voluntarily deprived themselves of those blessings which the munificent Author of all good has dispensed to mankind, and vainly imagined that an increase of poverty, pain, and wretchedness, in this life, was necessary to procure happiness in that which is to come: hence some deluded people have contemned those blessings which were graciously designed to sweeten the cup of life, and, by the voluntary infliction of almost every species

species of distress, been offering to their merciful Creator
"the sacrifice of fools."

There are others, (and of these the number is much greater,) to whom riches are the *summum bonum*, and the accumulation thereof, without regard to the *means*, is the primary object of their pursuit. Wealth, unbounded wealth, is the center to which their wishes invariably tend, and they have little care or concern but to increase it. They seem not to reflect, that the footsteps of the great are encompassed with many sorrows and innumerable dangers: they consider not that the sphere of our duties enlarges with the increase of possessions; and that, where the ability to do good is enlarged, much is required at their hands.

But the extremes of *riches* and *poverty* are situations too dangerous to be the objects of a wise man's wish. In the eye of dispassionate reason, they appear fraught with such difficulties and inconveniences, as will more justly render them the object of our *dread* than *desire*.

The unhappy effects that result from *poverty* are so numerous and obvious, that there are very few who will not readily join in this part of the wise man's petition, and wish to be preserved therefrom. To him, who shares not the common bounty of Providence, the brightest scenes of nature wear a lowering aspect: he sees his fellow-creatures partake of those blessings to which he is an unhappy stranger; and, from the severity of his lot, proceed murmurings and the language of complaint. The numerous and pressing wants which assail him add strength to temptations which sometimes prompt him to acquire, by unjustifiable methods, those things which he cannot lawfully attain; and, in the anguish of his soul, he is sometimes excited to charge the munificent Parent of the universe with *injustice* in the distribution of his bounty. He feels not the sweet enlivening influence of those blessings which raise joy and gladness in the human heart, and his virtues are chilled by the piercing blasts of adversity.

But the dangers arising from riches are still more numerous and dreadful, though less obvious to common minds. Few are furnished with that stability and equanimity which are requisite to preserve it secure and steadfast, while under the enervating beams of uninterrupted prosperity. That warmth, which might have ripened their virtues to perfection, when increased to the fervent heat of affluence, too frequently cherishes and expands those seeds of vice which lie hid from the eye of public observation, in the latent recesses of the human heart. As these predominate, their growth retards the slower progress of those humble virtues which are too weak

to bear the fervor of so bright a day, and which are easily choked by the influence of prevailing vices. It requires the utmost care and circumspection to crush the rising inclination to vicious indulgence, where prosperity and affluence give wings to the desire of vanity, and enable men to execute the schemes dictated by self-love, pride, or ambition. He who dwells in the midst of affluence is thereby subjected to innumerable temptations, from which those are happily exempted whom heaven has placed in the *equinox* of human life. It is very difficult for those, on whom the beams of prosperity shine with unremitting fervor, to retrench their desires within the prudential boundaries of sober reason.

The essential duties of temperance and moderation, without the practice of which no man can be a real Christian, are found difficult to perform when the alluring charms of pleasure court every sense to unlimited enjoyment, and an ample fortune gives opportunity for the indulgence of every inclination. Even in this situation no permanent security is found. Those, who are placed on the very pinnacle of terrestrial greatness, are most subject to the caprice of fortune, the envy of others, and the unforeseen contingences of life: they seldom enjoy that happiness and serenity which those experience who fill the middle station. From such an elevated spot, the eye of human wisdom, although it takes in a more extensive prospect, cannot discriminate surrounding objects with the same accuracy and precision as when placed more on a level with them: it often fixes its attention upon objects which, from their remoteness, wear an illusive aspect, and by their fallacious charms awaken desire; but it sees not that ambuscade of dangers which fill the intermediate space, and secretly lurk to assault the unwary enterprizer.

The charms of affluence and splendor are apt to dazzle the eye of feeble understandings, but will melt away before the piercing investigation of real wisdom: when viewed through the just medium of dispassionate reason, their lustre will fade, and they will appear replete with dangers which a wise man will ever seek to avoid. Those who seriously reflect on the sufferings of such as sit pensive in the vale of poverty, and on the imminent dangers that attend riches, will have but little cause to covet a place in either station: but, when they extend their views to the blessings of moderate independence and unenvied competence, they will have reason to join in this wise petition, "Give me neither riches nor poverty." — Give me such a portion of thy blessings as is consistent with thy superior wisdom. Remove me equally distant from the severe probation of pinching necessity, and from the alluring blandishments

blandishments of too exalted a station. Keep me, through life, in the safer paths of mediocrity, and "feed me with food convenient for me."

PHILANTHROPOS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

A second Letter from a Tutor to two of his Pupils, soon after their leaving School.

IN my former letter, I took the liberty to present you with some reflections, principally on study, as it respects different kinds of reading, which I then thought would be all I should address to you in this way: but those friendly motives, which gave birth to that address, have so far operated, as to induce me to sit down, and employ an evening hour in throwing together, for your perusal, a few farther miscellaneous thoughts.

In order for a man to become *wise*, it is not only necessary that he acquaint himself with language, (which, of whatever nation, whether ancient or modern, is at best but the shell of wisdom,) but it is essentially requisite that he also acquaint himself with men and things. The mere linguist, who spends almost his whole life in accumulating a variety of sounds, without making any other use of them than occasionally to recollect what particular sounds denote the same thing in different languages, may be called a man of knowledge; and he generally piques himself on his title; but he has just as good a claim to the epithet of wise as the miser, who is always heaping up gold, without ever purchasing those enjoyments which gold should only be considered as the instrument of procuring.

A theoretic knowledge of men and things may be acquired, by close reading, even in *one* language; but that practical knowledge, which fills up the measure of wisdom, can only be completed by active experiment, in the company and conversation of the wise. Mathematical experiments, of many kinds, may be made even in solitude; but that observation, or mental experiment, which qualifies for usefulness and true pleasure in society, is only to be made by mixing with society. And, in order to do this to the greatest advantage, it is, in the first place, requisite for us to cultivate, in ourselves, an even placid temper of mind, and a strictly decent obliging behaviour: qualifications which will always please, and which will ever be found the most capital recommendations, not only to the respect of inferiors and the love of equals, but also to the notice and friendship of superiors. The two former are very convenient and pleasing attainments, but the latter is the grand acquirement,

ment, from which the most solid advantage is to be expected. In the company of such men, a modest, but open, frank, communication of our sentiments, at proper opportunities, will be attended with a like freedom in them. But a freedom of this sort should always be considered in the light of a favour conferred upon us; and therefore we should be extremely careful not to abuse the bounty of such benefactors, by injudiciously proclaiming it among our more familiar, but less valuable, acquaintance. This caution must be adopted for very general use. But, respecting any matter which we have reason to think is not designed to be communicated to others, though we are not absolutely enjoined silence, we must observe, upon all occasions, an inviolable secrecy. The character of a babbler is universally odious among men of sense, and always noted as the index of a superficial mind. One error, on the score of babbling, may alienate from us the confidence of a man, whose equal, for wisdom, we may never be able to find; and consequently lose us a prize, for which, if rightly estimated, the treasures of either India could not afford us an adequate recompence. — But let us view the more pleasing and more animating side of the picture. Let us reflect, that, if it be possible, by one instance of indiscretion, to sustain such a loss, it is also possible, by an assiduity, which will become pleasing in proportion as we exercise it, to acquire a more than equal degree of gain.

When I speak of superiors, I do not mean altogether such as have more money than ourselves: money confers a kind of imaginary superiority, which is much noticed in the world, but which can never maintain its rank, when brought to the standard, the wise man's invariable standard, of reason. The rich man's superior may sometimes be found in the humble walks of life: a genius bright as the morning, cultivated by study and contemplation, and adorned by the milder graces of diffusive benevolence and piety. Such a man, though clad in the mantle of penury, and inhabiting the cell of the valley, is equally the dignified and exalted character; and, had he been otherwise circumstanced, might have enlightened a nation and added lustre to a palace.

There is not a greater mark of an ill-informed judgement, or of that pride which is said not to have been made for man, than a contemptuous behaviour towards the poor man, on account of his poverty. If respect be due to an individual, in proportion to his usefulness in a community, (which I conceive to be the most rational ground of respect,) the laborious poor man is a character highly to be regarded. Many a peasant, had he been born of parents in affluent circumstances, might have equalled the most

able

able and active statesman in the arts of civil polity; but we are not sure that the statesman would so usefully have sustained the character of the peasant.

The common distinctions of rich and poor are frequently accidental and arbitrary. The rich are often rich because they could not be poor, and the poor as often poor because they could not be rich: and even, sometimes, where what is called *merit* has been supposed to have had a share in advancing a man from poverty to affluence, a close examination may convince us that such a man owed more to a series of accidental circumstances in his favour, which concurred to stimulate his activity, than to any inherent capacity and foresight superior to other men. But, admitting his talents were superior, and that his riches were acquired in consequence of that superiority, these talents were not self-derived; they were given him; he could not avoid possessing them. So that, in either case, we may look in vain for any of those qualities, in the rich man, which can reasonably entitle him to a greater share of respect than the poor man. So strictly philosophical is the sacred precept, "Let not the rich man glory in his riches, nor the strong man glory in his strength."

Among the many maxims, which philosophers have laid down for the guidance of youth, there is one, not only supported by the authority of all antiquity, but, which is still more, by the highest reason, and the primary dictates of nature; *viz.* "Honour thy parents." I well know, you are under numerous obligations on the score of this parental honour; but the knowledge I have of your understanding to discern those obligations, and the hopes I have entertained of your disposition to discharge them, preclude the necessity of urging the matter any farther upon this occasion: and I trust that the same reason for silence, on this head, will not be removed, so long as those honourable objects of your attention are continued with you.

There is another document, grounded also on the principles of decorum, which the sages of both ancient and modern times have agreed to inculcate; and that is, "Honour old age." This is a rule somewhat more indefinite than the former, as it not only respects individuals of various classes, but as they stand allied to us in a variety of relations; a circumstance which may sometimes justify our taking cognizance of their different degrees of merit, as well as our withholding, in particular instances, those external tokens of honour which the impartiality of our judgements cannot admit to be due. Far be it from me to attempt to loosen one of those bonds on which the comely order of civil society may be supposed to depend. But, as your good sense will guard you against any improper construction of my words, I shall take the liberty to express myself the more freely

upon this point. Observation and some share of experience have convinced me, and your own growing experience will convince you, that there are some to be found, among the elder classes of mankind, who have but little honour to claim on the account of "old age." And, indeed, much to be pitied is the situation of a rational being, who cannot ground his title to honour on a more rational bottom. In our occasional intercourses, however, with such men, there is a sort of *punctilio* to be observed, which must secure them at least from our forward censure, if not from our deliberate blame. Whenever their station, in the line of moral rectitude, is found but a little removed from the grosser vices, their age claims from us a share of respectful attention, somewhat more than proportioned to their merit; and if we take the liberty to rebuke, it must always be with an apparent reluctance, bordering on reverence.

There are others to be met with, in the circles of conversation, who, rating their knowledge and importance in proportion to their years and the clearness of their moral character, take the liberty to speak in a decisive tone upon almost every subject: they can hardly hear, with tolerable patience, an argument against their opinions, from a man twenty years younger than themselves; but a difference of forty years would be deemed a sufficient reason for their treating his sentiments with the utmost indifference, if not with a supercilious contempt. The most modest and sensible remonstrance, in these cases, will avail a young man but little: his best resource is, to avoid such company as much as possible, or, if accidentally engaged in it, to withdraw as soon as he decently can. He must always shew himself superior to resentment upon such occasions; and may advantageously treasure up this lesson of instruction for his own future use. That the glory of grey hairs consists not a little in gentleness of manners towards others, and in humility respecting opinions, which, at best, are but human: that, as there are few subjects on which a human being can be infallibly certain, it is extremely ungraceful, in an old man, to require an implicit assent to his opinion, or imperiously to attempt to impose silence on the young one, on the assumed prerogative of seniority.

The old man, who shall spurn at what I say, because of my comparative youth, acts, in my judgement, just as wisely as another, who should arraign my morals, because I am less corpulent than himself, or a trifle shorter in the legs.

But, though I have chosen, in opposition to the full sense of those doctrines which some moralists have so freely laid down, to warn you, on the one hand, against an uniform implicit reverence of aged counsels, I would not be understood to wish to inculcate, on the other, a fixed confidence in the strength of your

own judgements: that is a dangerous extreme, not only in youth, but even in the most mature stages of life. "Wisdom dwells with prudence," and to hit the golden mean is the golden point.

But, after all, there is not a greater mark of human prudence, than a scrupulous avoidance of all unnecessary disputation. It is the happy privilege of an Englishman, that his "lot is cast in a fair place." His most essential natural rights are guarded by the sanction of a wise government; his moral sentiments are not cognizable at the bar of a capricious jurisdiction; his religious persuasion he is at full liberty to avow and exercise; his property is not subjected to an arbitrary alienation from his prince; and, against any illegal incroachments from others, his access to the protection of an equitable code of laws is, in general, fair and open. It therefore only remains for him, in order to gain an easy and comfortable passage through the walks of life, to demean himself as a peaceable subject and as a quiet member of domestic society: and, in proportion as he cultivates this disposition, he will generally find the concurrent social endeavours of his fellow-citizens exerted to promote his laudable designs.

In order for a man to be happy on the subject of religion, which I define to be, simply, *A comfortable intercourse between the invisible rational spirit of man and the invisible God, who made him*, he has no occasion to busy himself about the multiplicity of opinions which have prevailed, and do still prevail, in the world; the sum of the whole matter is, a quiet attention and obedience to that well-known voice of conscience, which perpetually and uniformly speaks the substance of this short injunction: *Thou hast nothing which thou didst not receive: — be thankful. Thou hopest for nothing which thou canst give thyself: — be reverent. Do unto others as thou wouldst they should do to thee.* — The genuine precepts of this voice are not of an austere and gloomy nature: they are always reasonable in themselves and amiable in their influence; the main characteristics of that influence being an even cheerfulness and serene complacency. It doth not delight to inculcate narrow illiberal sentiments of any human being, or of any religious community, under heaven: it teaches us to consider the whole rational world as equally under the notice of its Creator; all fed, warmed, and enlightened, by his providence; alike sensible of, and thankful for, his benign regard; and, consequently, all actuated alike by the main fundamental spring of piety.

There is one error, very prevalent in the world, which has been the source of infinite confusion in the accounts we have of the religious opinions of different nations and communities; and that is, an aptitude to catch at, and record, vague and uncertain reports,

reports, with an ardour always proportionate to their share of the marvellous, without a proper regard to authority, or even to probability. It is, nevertheless, a truth, established beyond dispute, that there is, annexed to some systems of religion, a multitude of external appendages, adapted more to excite our risible admiration than to convince us of their propriety. But we should impute the origin of most of them to the sinister motives or enthusiastic reveries of particular men, and their prevalence to the influence of custom, rather than consider them as descriptive of a general propensity to extravagance and irreligion.

The longer I live, and the more I reflect, the more am I persuaded of the uncertainty which attends forming a judgement of the devotion of any nation or church from oral tradition or even historical evidence. Many religious establishments have been represented as founded wholly in absurdity, and their members as the common objects of ridicule and disdain: but the man of candour, who writes from personal observation, and with a disposition to give an impartial account, though he often finds something to censure, can also find something to commend. And when, on this side of the question, we find a generous and elevated sentiment recorded to the credit of any body of men, it should influence our judgement more, with respect to their real character, than all the bugbears of absurdity which a wanton and credulous historian may have written to degrade human nature.

When we speak of some of the eastern nations of Africa and Asia, we are apt, from the force of prejudice, to annex to them, almost involuntarily, the complex idea of idolatry, superstition, and barbarity of manners; not remembering, at the same time, in palliation of this general character, that it is to writers of these very nations that we are indebted for the origin of many of those sentiments and much of that fine description which are now the ornaments of our language.

I cannot more fully enforce the impropriety of characterizing whole nations of men, under the general notion of ignorance and superstition, than by transcribing, from some of the eastern writers, a few passages respecting the Deity, which now occur to my remembrance.

Mohammed being asked, by Jews, Idolaters, and Christians, what was the god he worshipped and preached to others, answered, "It is the one only God, self-existent, from whom all creatures derive their being, but who begets not nor is begotten, and whom nothing resembles in the whole extent of beings." Another learned Mohammedan, speaking of God, says, "The perfect knowledge of him is impossible to all beings but himself; he is covered with a veil of his own excellence, concealed under
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the royal mantle of his majesty, and thus guarded against all approaches of the knowledge and conception of his creatures." In the 89th chapter of the Koran, God is introduced as pronouncing his decrees by *even* and *odd*; which the interpreters thus explain. "By *even*, they tell us, we are to understand the creatures, all whose qualities and properties are double; for, if they have power on one side, they have weakness on the other; if, in any thing, there is abundance, we find, likewise, in it, defect: knowledge and ignorance meet; vigour and imbecility; life and death. But by *odd* we are to understand the Creator himself; whose power is without bounds, riches without want, knowledge without obscurity, and life without any attacks of mortality." Another writer relates a tradition, which prevailed among his countrymen, that Moses, having once enquired of the Almighty where he was to be found, received this answer: "Know, that no sooner wilt thou search after me, than thou shalt have found me." He farther relates, that an Arabian, being asked how he knew there was a God, replied, "After the same manner that I know, by footsteps in the sand, that a man or a beast hath passed that way. Do not the heavens, with the brightness of the stars; the earth, with its vast extent of countries; and the sea, with its innumerable billows; sufficiently demonstrate to us the greatness and power of their Author?" Another Arabian, in answer to the same question, only said, "One need not light a candle to see the sun." The same person, in offering consolation to a friend under affliction, said to him, "There is no other refuge against God than God himself."

The Arabian and Persian poets have some of the most sublime sentiments concerning the nature of God. One of them speaks of his incomprehensibility in the following manner.

"To what purpose all these efforts of the human mind, to comprehend that Being which admits of neither combination nor distinction?

It is a tree, which has neither trunk, branches, nor root, for thought to lay hold of.

It is a riddle, in which we can neither find a natural nor metaphorical sense, and of which there is no satisfactory explication.

God is infinitely above the capacity of our understandings, and we always lose ourselves when we would comprehend him or guess at what he is.

Let it therefore suffice us to adore him with a respectful silence."

Suffer me, before I conclude, to hazard a few sentences on another very interesting and delicate subject.

You are now advanced to that period of youth, when not only judgement begins to ripen and taste for literature to refine, but
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at which those softer affections of the mind, which lead to *female society*, begin also to unfold themselves. This, therefore, is a period which demands the exercise of all your prudence, as much of your future happiness and reputation in life depend upon it. I am not going to insinuate that prudence consists in attempting wholly to repress the infant spring of these affections: that would be to inculcate a lesson not only imprudent but absurd. Affections of this sort are the result of nature, and indisputably a part of that plan of divine wisdom which is consistent and perfect in all the variety of its dispensations. But "reason" should be the "card" where "passion is the gale."

In the composition of the female mind, there are peculiar qualities, of the attractive and amiable kind, surpassing all description; qualities, which are adapted to soften, to regulate, to subdue, the impetuosity of those more choleric passions which enter into the composition of ours; qualities, so happily blended and so admirably proportioned in their operation, that, while they convict of inferiority, they supply the defect; while they cover with confusion, they please; while they cut like a file, they polish. And, as I have never seen one of our sex so constitutionally regular and agreeable, as to be incapable of receiving great advantage from conversation with the fair, I should be wanting in friendship to you were I to wish to deprive you of so capital a benefit. But here I think proper, on general principles, to make this distinction, (not as supposing it particularly necessary to you,) *viz.* that those happy effects, of which I am speaking, are only to be expected in proportion to the chastity and delicacy of the intercourse between the sexes. There is a boundary, which terminates every allowable pleasure, and even every virtue, beyond which we cannot penetrate without encroaching on the borders of vice. If, therefore, a young candidate for a polite and respectable character, would avail himself of so natural, so pleasing, and so sure, an advantage, as female society, it is necessary that he early prescribe, to such a growing attachment, a fixed inviolable boundary; a line, which, if possible, must exclude every idea of indelicacy, but which may include all those rational gratifications, suited to his age and station, which can refine his sentiments, polish his manners, and prepare him for the most exquisite relish of a matrimonial junction. This is an engagement, which, as it is of the greatest moment, he should enter into with a proportionate deliberation. There are few occurrences, in human life, in which a man can discover more sagacity, not only with respect to the object of his choice, but also the time and manner of declaring that choice. Peculiar circumstances may sometimes warrant a deviation from general rules of propriety; but those circumstances must

must be very peculiar indeed which can justify a matrimonial address, before a fair prospect, at least, of the requisite accommodations is seen. A premature step, of this kind, may subject a young man to great inconveniences, and perhaps the most amiable object, which could have engaged his affections, to the most cruel anxiety. I will conclude this subject and my letter with a familiar simile. A wise man will chuse a bride, as he would chuse a flower, more for the beauty of its grave and blooming colours, than for the magnitude of the stem, or the number and *weight* of its grosser leaves: he would not wish to transplant it at an improper season, or without the consent of the original proprietor; but would let it remain in its native soil till, having duly prepared a bed in his own garden, he might safely remove thither his favourite flower, and on the authority of an honourable purchase. Adieu. X.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Remarks on Dr. Ogilvie's Day of Judgement concluded.

THE poet next represents the great Judge of quick and dead as taking one comprehensive view of the vast assemblage of created beings, which stood before him, awaiting the decision of their fate.

*O'er all the crowd he took one vast survey,
With eyes that view the darknesh as the day:
Each deep design, though hid behind a cloud,
With secret acts, a countless multitude,
Whate'er beneath the conscious sun was wrought,
He knew, and weigh'd in one prodigious thought.*

He then describes, with great energy, the awakening of conscious guilt in the minds of those, who (as another great poet expresses it) "had within them undivulged crimes, unwhipt of justice;" and proceeds to a pathetic expostulation with them, for their past folly and forgetfulness of the divine omniscience.

After describing the different emotions of justice and mercy in the Deity, the poet represents him as rising in all the terrors of incensed omnipotence, and pronouncing to the wicked their irrevocable doom.

*He rose — His looks the coming judgement shew;
Resentment darken'd his majestic brow;
Then view'd the throng beneath his footstool spread;
Shook with a nod the burning skies, and said,
Depart, ye damn'd!*

The removal of the wicked, to their eternal habitations of woe and misery, is then described in language properly adapted to the horror of the scene and the common orthodox opinion of that fatal catastrophe.

He next addresses the reader with the following beautiful advice.

*Would'st thou, O man, avoid th'unbounded woe ?
 Would'st feel thy breast with endless raptures glow ?
 Would'st thou with triumph hear the thunder roll,
 That rocks the trembling earth from pole to pole ?
 Retire ; — be deaf to grandeur's vain alarm,
 Its gilded darts, that sting thee while they charm ;
 Let life's gay scenes engage thy soul no more,
 Pomp, beauty, youth, the bubbles of an hour !
 Fix ev'ry thought on thy immortal part ;
 Bid heav'n attend — then ask thy trembling heart,
 How have I walk'd through all this mazy road ?
 How liv'd, to gain the plaudit of my God ?
 How spoke ? how acted ? — — —*

He next represents, in the most animated manner, the change of the scene that ensues ; and adds a fine and just simile, to set forth the glow of joy that fills the minds of the virtuous, on the approaching sentence, which consigns them to endless felicity.

*But lo ! my soul, the clouds at length are o'er ;
 The storm is calm'd ; the thunders cease to roar :
 See, blooming love, as cloudless skies serene,
 Smiles heav'nly sweet, and brightens all the scene !
 So some loud whirlwind, with resistless sweep,
 Heaves the wild waves, and blackens on the deep ;
 The fainting mariners, with pale despair,
 Behold the ocean's boiling bosom bare :
 When, lo ! at once the roaring winds subside ;
 A gentle breeze plays smoothly o'er the tide :
 Now each, enraptur'd, views th'emerging ray ;
 Now breathes, delighted, in the blaze of day :
 Groves, mountains, woods, appear, a charming train !
 The ship glides lightly through the liquid plain ;
 The liquid plain reflects the waving beam,
 And heav'n's fine azure glitters in the stream.*

In this simile, which I think one of the finest in the poem, the contrast between confusion and terror, and peace, order, and beauty, is strikingly exhibited ; and, in many of the lines,

lines, the sound is a fine echo to the sense; particularly the 2d, 5th, 6th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 14th, 15th, 16th.

Then, after the following invocation, —

*Some seraph, teach my daring song to rise;
O! let me catch the music of the skies;
Illumine my breast, exalt, refine, the whole;
And pour melodious numbers on my soul —*

he proceeds to the following sublime description of the celestial scene in prospect.

*What glories burst on my transported sight!
What charms, with more than mortal beauty bright!
What anthems ring! what melting lays inspire!
What godlike angels strike the sounding lyre!
See ev'ry face the softest smiles assume!
How glows each feature with celestial bloom!
A bloom untouch'd by all-devouring time,
Like flow'rs that blossom in perpetual prime!
Lo! where in sight th'angelic armies move!
See, op'ning fair, the balmy climes of love!
Blest climes! where music strikes the warbling string;
Where Joy, exulting, spreads his airy wing;
Where, shrin'd in bliss, triumphant beauty reigns,
And spring's eternal blush adorns the plains.*

The poet then proceeds to describe the supreme Judge, as divested of his terrors, and appearing in all the mild glories of beneficence and love, to reward the virtuous with glory, honour, immortality, and eternal life.

*For, lo! he comes, a victor o'er the grave,
In triumph mild, exalted but to save:
In crowds th'applauding hosts surround their King;
They tune their harps, and touch the finest string.
Angelic concert! musically slow,
It steals more soft than vernal breezes blow:
Then swells a sprightly note; — all heav'n replies,
And lab'ring echo rings it through the skies.*

Now, bright as heav'n, as mild Aurora fair,

*He rose, with mercy beaming from his sight;
Then smil'd, and look'd ineffable delight.*

“Come now, ye blest’d.”

After having ended the glorious sentence, which he had represented the Deity to pass on the virtuous, (and which has, throughout,

throughout, a beautiful allusion to what is left us on the subject in sacred writ,) the poet closes the august scene with the following animated lines and pertinent simile.

*Here pause — no more by man can be express'd :
Ye saints, ye wond'ring seraphs, tell the rest !
As through the clouds some tow'ring eagle springs,
And flies, like light'ning, on impetuous wings,
He views, unmov'd, the burning sun display'd ;
The waving fire plays harmless round his head :
Quick as a thought of the aerial mind,
To heav'n he mounts, and leaves the stars behind :
Thus, wrapt at once from our attending view,
Through the broad gates the rising concourse flew,
Till, far remov'd, scarce to the distant sight,
The triumph glow'd, with fainter glories bright,
Ascending still, till it appear'd no more ;
We look'd, and all the swimming scene was o'er.*

I have now finished the quotations I intended making from this excellent poem. The intelligent reader will be sensible, that, beautiful and striking as they appear in this detached state, they must lose much of that propriety and beauty which adorn them, when read with, and joined to, the context, and the whole fabric is viewed together. None but the insensible can read them without a secret glow of delight ; and for such I have not written.

I shall conclude the above remarks with a few general observations on the whole. The poet's design, in this work, seems to have been, not merely the entertainment, but the moral and religious instruction, of mankind. To afford the former, he has combined, in one sublime picture, all the graces of poetry, rich imagery, and harmony of numbers : to effect the latter, he has chosen a subject of all others the most awful and interesting ; and enforced the motives to virtue, with the charms of eloquence and strong energetic thought. It is easy to perceive, that many of the finest passages in this work owe their excellence to that sacred source of divine intelligence, the sacred writings. It was here, and here only, that he could find a basis, whereon to erect that beautiful fabric with security. From this peerless source of all that is beautiful, sublime, and great, he has drawn the richest materials, and erected a structure, which will outlive obscurity, and bid defiance to the shafts of envy.

In this poem, the graces of elocution, harmony of numbers, and loftiness of thought, are all powerful candidates for our praise. They are all, indeed, intitled to it, and have obtained

tained it from the judicious part of the public. There are, however, some imperfections which offend our nicer feelings, when separately considered; but these seem to proceed from the exuberance, rather than the barrenness, of the poet's imagination; and, on an enlarged view of the whole, they are swallowed up and lost in that bright constellation of beauties which surround them.

The public are certainly under very great obligations to Dr. Ogilvie, for adding this treasure to the republic of letters; and I hope they will not think I have impertinently trespassed on their time and patience, in pointing it out to such of my readers as have not yet seen it.

EUSEBIUS.

To the EDITOR *of the* MONTHLY LEDGER.

AS you are an author, I dare say you will agree with me, that reading, of all occupations, is the most instructive and entertaining. Of those who pursue it, some do it for profit, some for pleasure, and some for neither; viz. those who read to kill time. But the motives for reading are not more different than the manners of doing it. Some read only the title-page; others proceed to the preface; to these, some add the marginal notes and index; and some dull fellows drudge on, through thick and thin, from beginning to end, as lawyers do through bills in chancery.

Now, master Ledger-Keeper, you must know, that my method partakes of all these: but my principal view is to the signature; and, of course, a news-paper affords me more sublime entertainment than all your Miltons, and Lockes, and Popes, and Robertsons. When I see a real name to a piece, I lay it down; it is telling one too much: for to me it is the most pleasing of all researches, to try to discover, by comparing the text with the signature, what sort of man the author is; and I can tell you it is an excellent touchstone. When I see a fellow sign a stricture on a farce, *Tacitus*: a dissertation on American affairs, *Apelles*; or a whipt syllabub on love, *Hannibal*; I "set him down an ass."—This is a matter of much moment, but not sufficiently attended to by some of your correspondents, who, though in other respects judicious writers, are not aware of the great necessity for circumspection in this point. I subjoin some strictures on their conduct, not without giving praise where it is due. I must, before I conclude, tell you, that your works afford me much delight in this my favourite pursuit.—They may, indeed, tend to inform the mind and amend the heart; but this, you know, is a vulgar consideration. Yours,

A HATER OF MISNOMERS.

P. S.

P. S. I wish such of your correspondents, as only sign a single capital letter, or nothing, would be more explicit in this point, as otherwise I cannot judge of their merits.

Machaon, on preserving birds. I should have supposed him a physician, were it not well known, that when the subject was dead the doctors have finished their work.

X. one of the last letters, on frugality, one of the last in the catalogue of modern virtues: right.

Rationalis, on benevolence, deserves his name.

Philo-Science, on composition: right again. This most comprehensive title is equally adapted to the composition of an epic poem or of a salmagundi.

T. L. must be either *Titus Livius* the historian, or *Tom Long* the carrier. I prefer the latter explanation; for verily he bringeth us wholesome council, and carrieth no small weight.

Galen; medical cautions: extremely proper. You know, *Galen* was a foreign apothecary.

Eusebius, on divine love, &c. &c. &c. This gentleman and his name seem adapted to every thing.

Rusticus, on the town, shews himself a mere *rustic* in his observations on us citizens. Quite proper.

Brutus, on youth and age: not the least of a *brute*, but very rational. Mr. Brutus was a soldier and politician, and passed the Styx too soon to know any thing of old age.

Amelia Gray, if not a lady, should observe, she said full enough of herself. But the ladies must be allowed some liberty on so agreeable a topic as themselves.

Nobody to *Esfatorius*: reverse it. It would be better if *Esfatorius* had been the author, and had written to *Nobody*.

S. on providence, is very shrewd and very sensible.

P. on beans and bacon, would have suited *pease* better. It may be explained *P*—— —y.

Veritas, on parliaments. I wish the parliament would return the compliment, and pay more regard to *Veritas*.

Lye! oh fie! this word would shock us, had we not heard it so often, lately, at Guildhall.

Q. in a corner: some *sly quaker* or another, I'll warrant you.

P. on the country; rather more Polite than *Rusticus*, and full as much to the Point.

Esgbee cannot possibly mean any thing.

Expositor, on dancing-rooms. Having read the name first, I expected an elucidation of some dark passage of scripture.

Apraxia. This cramp word cost me more pains than all the rest: — As it sounds something like *Apraxin*, I thought at first he was a *Russian*, and so away goes I to the East-Country

Country Walk on 'Change, to enquire for him ; but the merchants knew nothing of the gentleman : so I quitted them in despair. But, a few days after, I met a *Cambro-Briton*, who informed me it was *Welch*.*

Time, on himself. It might be thought impertinent for a person to make himself the subject of his writings, had not *Colley Cibber*, *Julius Cæsar*, and other ancient and modern prigs, set the example.

Eusebius, on the gradation of beings, seems puzzled what to do with the *monkeys*.—Clap a modern fine gentleman between a man and a monkey, and the gradation is imperceptible.

Historicus. Very proper.

Cato, on charity, quotes *scripture* charmingly, for a *heathen* : he should have signed, *Paul* ; *Cato Censor* being a *cenfurious* old hunk, who knew nothing about *charity*.

B, the Female's Guardian, is *Bonus*.

Maria. What abundance of discontented *Marys* we have ! some because they are married ; others because they are not.

Candor, on malice — rightly named.

W, the poet, must mean witty, or wise.

G. R. with great reason talks of *pregnant scenes* to a lady.

Mentor, on wits. Wise men rail at wits, and wits laugh at wise men. These last should confine their ridicule to such as, in days of yore, under the sanction of a thread-bare cloak, a long greasy beard, a string of old saws, and an impudent solemn face, humbugged mankind under the name of philosophers. Thank Heaven ! the race is extinct.

Serious, on life and death — Very serious indeed !

Piscator, with reflections on virtue and vice. Why a *fisherman* ? I cannot conceive that *virtue* and *vice* are either *fish*, *flesh*, or *red-herring* : though *vice*, indeed, has something to do with the *flesh*.

Mentor, with a hare. If his letters are always thus accompanied, he may choose what title he pleases.

Zeno, on the price of corn. This sensible benevolent gentleman has no right to that *stoical* appellation.

Nestor, on matrimony. A fine old Grecian ! who, for a man of his years, handles his subject with great *warmth*, and no less reason.

Sleep, on himself. Very *sleepy*, truly.

If

* It is presumed, our ingenious correspondent wants not to be informed, that *Apyrexia* is a word derived from the Greek, and means literally, *a habit without fire* ; which is figuratively adapted to the temper of the author, who reasons dispassionately ; and, if his signature is not generally understood, his arguments stand in no need of a comment.

If these cautions have not the desired effect, I shall send my observations on your future numbers. It is pity these gentlemen (most of whom are men of *sound parts*) do not take care that the *tail* of their performances answer the *head* and *middle*, as that part of every thing is not without due honour. But I hope to have no farther occasion of complaint.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

*A Dissertation on the Scriptures, from a learned Work.
(Concluded from P. 633)*

IF we enquire into the versions of the Bible of our own country, we shall find, that Adelm, bishop of Sherburn, who lived in 709, made an English-Saxon version of the Psalms, and that Eadfrid, or Ecbert, Bishop of Lindisferne, who lived about the year 730, translated several of the books of scripture into the same language. It is said, likewise, that Venerable Bede, who died in 735, translated the whole Bible into Saxon: but Cuthbert, Bede's disciple, in enumerating his master's works, mentions only his version of the gospel of St. John, and says nothing of any other books of the Bible. Some pretend, that king Alfred, who lived in 890, translated a great part of the scriptures. We find an old version, in the Anglo-Saxon, of several books of the Bible, made by Elfric, abbot of Malmesbury: it was published at Oxford in 1699. There is an old Anglo-Saxon version of the four gospels, published by Matthew Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, in 1571, the author whereof is unknown. Dr. Mill observes, that this version was made from a Latin copy of the old Vulgate.

As to the English versions of the Bible, the most ancient is that of John de Trevisa, a secular priest, who translated the Old and New Testament into English, at the request of Thomas lord Berkly: he lived in the reign of Richard II. and finished his translation in the year 1357. The second author, who undertook this work, was the famous Wickliff, who lived in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. The manuscript of his version is in several libraries in England. In the year 1534, an English version of the Bible, done partly by William Tindal and partly by Miles Coverdale, was brought into England from Antwerp. The bishops found great fault with the translation; upon which a motion was made, in convocation, for an English translation of the Bible, to be set up in all churches. This motion, though opposed by bishop Gardiner and his party, succeeded at last. The king gave orders for setting about it with all possible haste; and within three years the impression

impression of it was finished. Cromwell procured a general warrant from the king, allowing all his subjects to read it; for which Cranmer wrote his thanks to Cromwell, "rejoicing to see the day of reformation now risen in England, since the word of God did shine over it all, without a cloud." Cromwell likewise gave injunctions, requiring the clergy to set up Bibles in all their churches, and to encourage the people to read them. In 1542, an act passed, for restraining the use of the Bible. The preamble sets forth, that many seditious and ignorant people had abused the liberty granted them for reading the Bible, and that great diversity of opinions, animosities, tumults, and schisms, had been occasioned by perverting the sense of the scripture. To retrieve the mischiefs arising from hence, it is enacted, that a certain form of orthodox doctrine be set forth, as a standard of belief, and that Tindal's false translation of the Old and New Testament be suppressed, and forbidden to be read in any of the king's dominions. In the reign of Edward VI. Fuller mentions another translation of the Bible, printed in two editions; the first in 1549, the other in 1551; but neither of them divided into verses.

In the reign of queen Elizabeth, came out the bishops Bible, so called, because several of that order were concerned in that version. The work was divided into several parcels, assigned to men of learning and character. Most of the divisions are marked with great initial letters, signifying either the names or the titles of the persons employed. William Alley, bishop of Exeter, had the Pentateuch for his share, and, at the end, there stand the capital letters W. E. Joshua, Judges, Ruth, and the two books of Samuel, were given to Richard Davis, bishop of St. David's: it is marked R. M. The four books of Kings and Chronicles were assigned to Edwin Sandys, bishop of Worcester. The books of Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, and Job, were done by one, whose name is marked A. P. C. The book of Psalms is signed I. B. The book of Proverbs is marked A. P. C. The C set at some distance, to distinguish it from the former A. P. C. Ecclesiastes and Solomon's Song are marked A. P. E. for Andrew Perne, bishop of Ely. Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the Lamentations, were done by Robert Horn, bishop of Winchester, as may be conjectured from the letters R. W. Ezekiel and Daniel were translated by T. B. L. which is supposed to stand for Bentham, bishop of Litchfield. Hosea, Joel, and the rest of the minor prophets, were done by Edmund Grindal, then bishop of London, who signs himself E. L. The Apocrypha, it is said, was translated by Parkhurst, bishop of Norwich: the capitals subjoined are I. N. The four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistle to the Romans,

were given to Cox, bishop of Ely: the capitals are R. E. The first Epistle to the Corinthians is subscribed G. G. which probably may stand for Gabriel Goodman, then dean of Westminster. The remainder of the New Testament had no capitals subjoined. Archbishop Parker had the principal direction of this affair, revised the performance, and perhaps gave the finishing hand to it. He employed several critics in the Hebrew and Greek languages to review the old translation, and compare it with the original. One Laurence, famous for his skill in the Greek, was employed to revise the New Testament.

In the second year of James I. a resolution was taken, at the conference held at Hampton-Court, for a new translation of the Bible; which design was executed in 1607. The number of the translators was forty-seven. They were thrown into six divisions, and particular books assigned to each division.

The first division consisted of persons residing at Westminster. They were Dr. Andrews, dean of Westminster; Dr. Overall, dean of St. Paul's; Dr. Seravia; Dr. Clark; Dr. Leifeld; Dr. Leigh, archdeacon of Middlesex; Mr. Burleigh; Mr. King; Mr. Thomson; and Mr. Beadwell. These translated the Pentateuch, and the books of Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, and Kings.

The second division consisted of persons residing at Cambridge. They were Mr. Lively; Mr. Richardson, afterwards D. D. and master of Peter-house and Trinity-College; Mr. Chaderton, afterwards D. D. and master of Emanuel; Mr. Dillingham; Mr. Andrews, afterwards D. D. and master of Jesus-College; Mr. Harrison, vice-master of Trinity-College; Mr. Spalding, Hebrew-professor; and Mr. Bing. Their share of the translation was the books of Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Solomon's Song.

The third class of translators resided at Oxford, and were Dr. Harding, president of Magdalene-College; Dr. Reynolds, president of Corpus-Christi; Dr. Holland, rector of Exeter-College; Dr. Kilby, rector of Lincoln-College; Mr. Smith, afterwards D. D. and bishop of Gloucester, who likewise wrote the preface to the translation; Dr. Brett; and Mr. Fairclowe. These translated Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations, Ezekiel, Daniel, and the twelve lesser prophets.

The fourth division lay in the university of Cambridge: their names were, Dr. Duport, master of Jesus-College; Dr. Branthwaite, master of Gonvil and Caius; Dr. Radclyffe; Dr. Ward, afterwards master of Sidney-College; Mr. Downs, Greek professor; Mr. Boyse; and Mr. Ward. Their portion was the prayer of Manasses, and the rest of the Apocrypha.

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The fifth division undertook the four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Apocalypse. They resided at Oxford, and were, Dr. Ravis, dean of Christ's-Church, and afterwards bishop of London; Dr. Abbot, master of University-College, and afterwards archbishop of Canterbury; Dr. Eades; Mr. Thomson; Mr. Savil; Dr. Peryn; Dr. Ravins; and Mr. Harmer.

Lastly, the sixth class were employed on the epistles; and were, Dr. Barlow, dean of Chester, afterwards bishop of Lincoln; Dr. Hutchinson; Dr. Spencer; Mr. Fenton; Mr. Rabbet; Mr. Sanderson; Mr. Dekins; all resident in Westminster.

These translators, for the better carrying on this great undertaking, governed themselves by the following rules.

1. The ordinary Bible, read in the church, commonly called the bishops Bible, to be followed, and as little altered as the original will permit.

2. The names of the prophets, and the holy writers, with the other names in the text, to be retained as near as may be, accordingly as they are vulgarly used.

3. The old ecclesiastical words to be kept, (*viz.*) the word *church*, not to be translated *congregation*, &c.

4. When any word has divers significations, that to be kept which has been most commonly used by the eminent fathers, being agreeable to the propriety of the place, and the analogy of faith.

5. The division of the chapters to be altered not at all, or as little as may be.

6. No marginal notes at all to be affixed, but only for the explanation of the Hebrew or Greek words, which cannot, without some circumlocution, be so briefly and properly expressed in the text.

7. Such quotations of places to be marginally set down, as are proper for reference of one scripture to another.

8. Every person, of each division, to take the same chapter or chapters; and, having translated or corrected them by himself, all the divisions to meet together, to compare what they have done, and come to a resolution what shall stand.

9. As every division has finished any one book in this manner, to send it to the rest, to be thoroughly examined.

10. If any division, upon the review of a book so sent, shall doubt or differ upon any places, they are to acquaint the committee appointed to manage it, to mark the places, and report their reasons; to which, if the proper committee dissent, the difference is to be referred to a general meeting,

which is to consist of a select number of each division, to be nominated when the whole is gone through.

11. When the sense of any difficult place is doubted of, letters are to be directed, by authority, to any person of character in the kingdom, to have his judgement upon the point.

12. Letters to be sent from every bishop to the rest of his clergy, putting them in mind of the translation in hand, and charging those, who have skill in the languages, and have bent their studies that way, to send their observations to the committees, either at Westminster, Cambridge, or Oxford.

13. The directors in each committee to be the deans of Westminster and Chester, for Westminster; and the king's professors in Hebrew and Greek, for each university.

The judicious Selden, speaking of the Bible, says: "The English translation of the Bible is the best translation in the world, and renders the sense of the original best, taking in, for the English translation, the bishops Bible as well as king James's. The translators, in king James's time, took an excellent way. That part of the Bible was given to him who was most excellent in such a tongue (as the Apocrypha to Andrew Downs); and then they met together, and one read the translation, the rest holding in their hands some Bible, either of the learned tongues, or French, Spanish, Italian, &c. If they found any fault, they spoke; if not, he read on. X.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

IT is necessary to the very idea of a perfect system, that there should be a proper subordination, a scale, rising by easy and just degrees, of the various ranks of creatures; and, consequently, that there must be such a creature as man, to fill up the space which he possesses. And it is also plain, that, as his place is immediately above the brute, and below the angelic, nature, he could not possibly have been formed otherwise than he is. He could not be superior to the animal rank without having powers and faculties superior to theirs: nor could he have been inferior to the angelic order of beings, without falling short of their powers and faculties: it is the very thing which places him beneath them. Man, or whatever creature should have been made to fill up the chasm between angelic and animal natures, must have been exactly what our species actually is; for, without such a rank as man, the moral system could not have been perfect, consequently could not have been at all; for it is impossible that

that an absolutely perfect Being should produce an imperfect work. From these considerations it will appear that there is no room to complain, that, by creating man in such a station, he is placed improperly. It is true, that very few of the brute species are likely to fall short of the happiness designed them, they being more effectually confined to the track appointed them than it was proper such a creature as man should be: but is not the immense superiority of happiness, to which the human mind may with proper attention rise, a very great overbalance for all the disadvantages our species labour under? Would any man, had he his choice before hand, whether he should be of the human or brute species, deliberately chuse the latter, in which he knew it was impossible he should ever attain any considerable degree of perfection and happiness, rather than the former, in which he was sure, if he was not wanting to himself, he might rise to greatness and felicity inconceivable? Would any rational creature make this absurd choice, merely upon the consideration, that, if he was of a species endowed with liberty, it was possible he might abuse it, neglect his own interest, and with his eyes open run into ruin and misery? What no reasonable being would chuse, let not presumptuous man blame his Creator for not putting in his choice. If a man is what he ought to be, and placed where he ought to be, what has he to do, but to think of filling up his station with such propriety as is necessary for a reasonable being to study, who his desirous of attaining his own perfection and happiness in the only way in which they are attainable? if the perfect concurrence of reasonable beings, as well as others, with the divine scheme, were necessary to the very notion of a regular universal system with a universal Governor at the head of it, it was to be expected, that the final happiness of such beings, as should habitually conform themselves in disposition and practice to the divine scheme, should by the positive ordination of the supreme Ruler of the world be closely connected with their character and behaviour: and, if it be impossible to conceive a plan of universal oeconomy, laid by an universal and all-perfect Mind, that should not be suitable to his own necessary nature and character, but founded in mere arbitrary will, it is likewise impossible to conceive a system in which the habitual conformity of reasonable beings, to the grand scheme of the universal Governor, should not, naturally, and, as it were, of itself, produce happiness. The divine scheme of government is founded, not in arbitrary will, but in the eternal and unchangeable rectitude of the divine nature; and therefore it is as much an impossibility that it should be contrary to what it is, or that conformity to it should finally produce any thing but happiness,

piness, or irregularity any thing but misery, as that the divine nature, which is necessarily what it is, should have been otherwise: so that, till the time comes when universal irregularity shall have the same natural tendency to promote order, perfection, and happiness; when the divine will comes to be directly contrary to all the moral perfections of his nature; till impossibilities become possible, and direct contradictions the same; there can be no chance for the happiness of any reasoning being who does not study to conform his disposition and practice to the general scheme of the great Ruler of the world.

Let daring impious man hear this and tremble.

In order to bring mankind to a complete and perfect concurrence with the universal scheme, it was necessary that other means should be used than force or instinct. Had man been only inanimate matter, nothing more would have been necessary than that he should be *acted upon*. Had he been a *machine*, a weight or a spring would have been sufficient to make him perform his motions. Were there nothing in man but the mere animal powers, were he capable of being raised to nothing higher than the animal functions, and, after having lived a few years, and left behind him a successor to fill his place and continue the species, to pass out of existence, there would have needed no very grand apparatus to make him fill a place so inconsiderable, so as to contribute his small share of happiness to the whole, and to secure his own mean portion. But it is very much otherwise. Hardly any one will deny that man is endowed with the faculty of understanding; by which, though weak indeed, and narrow at present, our species are yet capable of distinguishing truth from falsehood in all points of importance, and with sufficient certainty.

Now, in order to a creature's acting properly its part, and concurring with the whole, it is evidently necessary, that it make a proper use and application of every one of its faculties: by these means the perfection and happiness of the universe would be best promoted. On the contrary, every individual's making an improper use of his faculties would introduce confusion, disorder and imperfection, in the system; and be the most opposite to the divine scheme that could be imagined. It therefore follows, that, as man is endowed with understanding, he ought to cultivate and inform, not to blind and stifle, it; to apply it to the searching out useful and important truths, that may tend to promote the general happiness.

Another leading faculty, in the human mind, is *will*! and, in order to man's concurrence in the universal scheme, it is necessary that he regulate his will properly, or in such a manner that

that he may will or desire whatever tends to the general good, and nothing that opposes or counteracts it. That there is, in man, a faculty called the will, or a power of chusing and refusing, is a fact, founded in sensation and confirmed in reasoning. Let any man observe what passes in his own mind, without attending to the perplexing jargon of metaphysicians, and he will soon feel that he has it in his power to will or desire, to determine himself in favour of, or against, any particular object. We have no better proof of our existence, nor is it, in its nature, capable of any other, than that we feel we exist. Suppose, for instance, we are tempted to do a bad action; do the motives, laid in our way, force us to compliance? (If so, virtue and vice are unmeaning sounds, and future punishments and rewards the idle dreams of enthusiasts.) Do we not, on the contrary, feel that we yield to these motives voluntarily, because we preferred a present object, which promises some fancied advantage? Do we not feel, in our minds, a struggle, between considerations of present profit and pleasure and those of wisdom and virtue? Is it possible we should feel any such struggle if we were not free? Does any such thing pass in a machine? Do we not find that we sometimes yield to temptations which, at other times, we get the better of? Were man a machine, he must act as a machine, uniformly and invariably. What is here remarked, with regard to our being tempted to commit a bad action, is applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, to that of an opportunity of doing a good one. Motives, according as they appear, will influence a rational mind; but the appearance of motives, to our minds, depends very much upon ourselves. If we are prevailed on by motives, do not motives force us? Do we not yield to them? if this is not being free, what is freedom? as we cannot doubt of our being free creatures, what have we more to think of, than how to make a proper use of our liberty, how to get our wills formed to a perfect concurrence with the grand scheme of the Governor of the universe, so that we may behave properly within our sphere? if we, and all other agents, did this, every sphere would be properly filled, and universal regularity, perfection, and happiness, would be the result of our actions.

We find, by experience, that we are not of ourselves at first strongly attached to any object but what we are led to by instinct or constitution, in which there is nothing either blameable or praiseworthy. Some minds are indeed observably very well or ill disposed in early youth; but the goodness of every young person is generally rather negative than positive, consisting in a temper fit for virtue, a soil proper to sow good seed in, and free from any unhappy cast of disposition: on the contrary those

we call unpromising children are unfortunate through some redundancy in the material frame, which proves unfriendly to the cultivation of virtue in the mind, which would otherwise spring up almost of itself: for virtue need only to be known, by an unprejudiced mind, to be loved. But the proper notion of goodness in a moral agent is a strong habitual inclination in the mind to concur with the divine scheme, or to act on all occasions agreeable to the rules of rectitude, arising not from mechanical instinct, or mere constitution, but from clear comprehensive views of the nature of things and of moral obligation. In this there is a real and intrinsic excellence; and, were this attachment to rectitude from rational considerations universally prevalent in moral agents, there could be no such a thing as moral evil.

The Supreme Mind, viewing all things as they really are, and having all things in his power, can in no respect be biased against perfect rectitude. He is indeed himself the standard and basis of it. The mind of an angel, or archangel, must, in proportion to the extent of his views of things, be more strongly attached to rectitude than any mortal in the present state. Yet we have no reason to imagine that such attachment was congenial to him, but rather the effect of examination and gradual improvement. We cannot conceive of a mind, just produced into existence, as furnished with inclinations, attachments, or even ideas, of any kind. These we must conceive as the effects of improvement: and we consider a mind, at its first entrance into being, as endowed only with the capacity of taking in ideas, as the eye is of viewing objects, when presented to it: so that we can form no other notion of the elevated degree of goodness, which those glorious beings have obtained, than as the effect of their having passed a very long course of improvement in a state far superior to our own: nor do the accounts we have in revelation, of the fall of some of them, seem so well to suit any other scheme, as that of their having been at that time in a state of discipline and trial analogous to ours. But be that as it will, it is evident, that to such creatures as we are, with capacities and all other circumstances such as ours, nothing but a state of discipline could have answered the end of producing in us the necessary attachment to rectitude or virtue: for this attachment or inclination could not have arisen in us of itself, and without adequate means.

L. QUINTIDIUS.

To

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER:

S I R,

IN conversation with a friend, the other day, I advanced, "that, in common life, the sum of good which we enjoy greatly surpasses that of evils," little imagining that I should be tempted to enter the lists against some of the most learned men of the age: but he gave me no quarter; for, putting into my hands their opinions, he told me, that I must either submit, or prove, by good reasons, that they were mistaken. How great soever my prejudice is in favour of those writers, I must still affirm, that I am not in the least shaken in my notion of the principle in question.

That excellent author, M. de Maupertuis, (whose merit is universally established, for the elegance of his style, and for the justness as well as novelty of *many* reflexions,) speaking upon this subject, says: "J'appelle plaisir, toute perception que l'ame aime mieux éprouver, que ne pas éprouver: j'appelle peine, toute perception que l'ame aime mieux ne pas éprouver, qu'éprouver. Toute perception dans laquelle l'ame voudroit se fixer, dont elle ne souhaite pas l'absence, pendant laquelle elle ne voudroit ni passer à une autre perception, ni dormir, toute perception telle est un plaisir; le tems que dure cette perception est ce que j'appelle moment heureux: toute perception que l'ame voudroit éviter, dont elle souhaite l'absence, pendant laquelle elle voudroit passer à une autre, ou dormir, toute perception telle est une peine; le tems que dure cette perception est ce que j'appelle moment malheureux."—

"I call every perception, which the mind had rather experience than not experience, pleasure; and I call every perception, which the mind had rather not experience than experience, pain. Every perception, wherein the mind would be fixed, of which she wishes the continuance, during which she would neither quit it for another perception, nor sleep; every such perception is a pleasure, and the time of its continuance I call the happy moment: but every perception, which the mind would avoid, whose absence it wishes, and which she would willingly quit for another, or for sleep; every such perception is a pain; and the time of its existence I call the unhappy moment."

In the first place I shall remark, that it rarely happens that the mind has but one perception at one time: it commonly has many; of which, some may be agreeable, others disagreeable: we must therefore understand, in this place, by perception, that sense with which the mind is affected by the

sum of all the concurrent perceptions taken together. Herein I differ not from M. Maupertuis ; but this eclaircissement seems necessary to me.

The meaning of the word *perception* thus being fixed, I will now examine the definitions ; and I should admit, without difficulty, those which this illustrious philosopher first gives of pleasure and pain ; but the explication which he adds, and to which he chiefly adheres, wants precision. If such part of it could be true, it is not by taking the terms in the natural sense : a perception, *wherein the mind would be fixed*, would not be singly a pleasure ; it would be a sovereign good ; at least it would be the greatest pleasure whereof the mind could have any idea ; for what satisfaction should one find in the enjoyment of any good, if one had an idea of another still greater ? would not the mind wish to quit the first, to enjoy the other ? So a perception may be attended with a real pleasure, though the mind would not desire to be *fixed* in it, even though it should wish to quit it for another. When a girl in the prime of youth and beauty, yielding at length to the tender sollicitations of her lover, first confesses that she loves him, the sensation in the mind of the lover must be certainly highly pleasing ; yet, I ask, would he be always contented with that pleasure ? would he desire nothing farther ?

That a perception be a pleasure, it is sufficient that the mind, whilst affected with it, prefers existence to non-existence ; and, by consequence, every perception, which the mind prefers to perfect insensibility, is a pleasure ; and, on the contrary, every perception, to which the mind prefers insensibility, is a pain. This observation will be sufficient singly to destroy all the arguments by which philosophers attempt to prove, that, in common life, the sum of evils surpasses that of felicity : “ How rare (say they) are those perceptions which the mind enjoys ! Is life any thing else than a continual wish to change our perceptions ? and we would annihilate the interval from our wishing to the accomplishment of it. If God should grant our inclinations, the space of the longest life would be but of few hours continuance : now, all the time which we would suppress is composed only of unhappy moments.”

How common, may I say in my turn, are those perceptions with which the mind is pleased ! What is life but a continual enjoyment of pleasures, which are renewed and diversified every minute ? Whilst we are even enjoying some, others arise to our view, and which we are animated with a desire to pursue ; and what is the road that leads to their enjoyment, but a field enamelled with flowers, which charms us to a forgetfulness

getfulness of the distance they lie from us. There is scarce a single object in our nature which administers not to our comfort: even our very wants give rise to as many different pleasures. I could continue in this strain, and bring to view the immense number of objects which seem to be formed to contribute to the felicity of life; but it is time to resume the language of philosophy, and examine singly the reasons of those who take a different opinion. They say, "that all the desires of the mind set it in a painful and unhappy situation:" but nothing is farther from the truth; for, excepting some particular occasions, the mind, in the instant of desiring a good which it hopes to enjoy, is far from being uneasy: for instance, when, after moderate exercise, we perceive the inclination and necessity of refreshing ourselves with food, is not the perception, arising from that desire, grateful? It can never be disagreeable but when our wants are pressing, and we have not the means of satisfying them. That very desire of the mind is a valuable gift of Providence; it fills the mind with vigour which enlivens it, and gives a relish for pleasures: it is from thence that these derive their sweetest attraction; and we may pronounce him, the most unhappy of men, who has no desires.

"Life (it is said) is wasted in a continual wishing to change our perceptions:" I dare not wholly conclude from thence, that life is a continual pleasure; but this at least is certain, that nothing else can be deduced from this general disposition of men, unless it be that they do not enjoy perfect happiness, or, to speak more precisely, a pleasure infinite in its duration. If to wish for a greater happiness than what we enjoy, or to be willing to shift the scene from one perception to another, be sufficient to constitute a man unhappy, who but the eternal all-perfect Being can be said to be happy?

Though a man thinks his present situation infinitely preferable to insensibility or non-existence, yet his mind will not be *fixed* to the blessings which it enjoys, impatient to possess others which it hopes for. Young Alcimus is an example of this. He is the younger son of a noble family, and almost unprovided for. Fired with the desire of glory, he enters himself into the army, and aspires at nothing less than one day to have the command of armies; nevertheless he made his first campaign as an ensign. His behaviour in that post recommended him to the notice of his superiors; and, before the army was yet in winter quarters, he was made a captain. Animated with this success, his joy knows no bounds. Ask him if he would not willingly change his perception, and be carried forward to that point of time when he shall be made a

lieutenant-general or field-marshal ; he would not hesitate to tell you, that he would gladly purchase that happiness at the price of half his blood. Is Alcimus, then, actually unhappy ? certainly no : his happiness is only not perfect, because he desires a still greater than what he enjoys. If you stay to make the reflection, you will see that all men are Alcimi. But says one, " Still we would annihilate the interval ; now whatever time we wish to lose must be composed of unhappy moments." It is true, we often make use of this language, but without weighing the force of the expression. We would strike, out of our lives, months and years, because wholly employed in the pursuit of our principal design, thinking that in the interval we shall not meet with any thing very agreeable to us : but is this a demonstration that we shall not enjoy, in fact, any pleasures during these months and years ? To rank them amongst our unhappy moments, we must be able to say, when they are expired, that there was not an instant in them, wherein we had not preferred insensibility, or non-existence, to the sensations wherewith we were affected.

" All the diversions of mankind (say our opponents) prove the unhappiness of their condition : " I should say, on the contrary, that these prove their happiness. " It is (continue they) only to relieve themselves from troublesome perceptions, that men play, hunt, drink, smoke, &c. all men strive by business, whether trifling or serious, to forget themselves : all seek for remedies for the evil of living."

Of what importance is it, to the happiness of life, with what view men divert themselves, so that in effect they escape disagreeable perceptions, and procure such as are pleasing ? Every moment they pass in this manner may be termed happy : it is inaction alone that men avoid ; and we must be greatly mistaken to imagine, that they endeavour to forget themselves ; on the contrary, they are much taken up with themselves, and are fond of employment ; and those moments, far from being troublesome, are delightful to them. The next thought, that " all men seek for remedies from the evil of living," is striking ; but, on examination, it appears to want solidity. If, by life, is meant rest, without motion, and almost without thinking, I agree that life is an evil, to which remedies should be applied : but if, by living, is understood, to have the mind and the body, or both, employed, what will become of their conceit ? I lay it down as a principle, that we can have agreeable perceptions no longer than we make use of our faculties : the mind must be employed, as well as the body. The critics must excuse the expression, when I say, that the most grievous of all employments is that of inaction and repose ; whereas pleasure

pleasure is ever formed with a moderate use of our strength. Such is our nature ; and it would not be difficult to prove, if this were a proper place, that the wisdom and goodness of our Creator appear in forming us such. If, then, business is necessary to us, is it strange that we have recourse to sports and exercises ? Our want is pressing ; but, such is the happiness of our condition, that even trifling employments satisfy. I have made a moderate use of many powers of my mind ; if I continue, I shall fatigue them : I leave, then, these powers at rest, and exercise others : when these are tired also, I let the springs of my body in motion, by walking, riding, &c. I have enjoyed life in serious employment, and I have discovered the secret of enjoying it in trifles : I have known how to avoid painful perceptions, by procuring those that are agreeable : have I therefore sought for remedies against the evil of living ? or, rather, have I not found out the means of living happily ?

It is said, that, “ in examining the natures of the pleasure and the pains of the body, we must begin with a sad remark, that pleasure diminishes by its continuance, and grief increases : the continuance of impressions which give pleasure to the body weakens the intenseness of them ; but the intenseness of pain is increased by the continuance of those impressions which occasion them.” But there is fallacy in this reasoning : a single pleasure diminishes by duration, but not pleasure in general. Because I have taken an agreeable walk, shall I not therefore find enjoyment in my dinner ? or if the meat seems excellent to me, shall the wine, for that reason, be insipid ? After a simple, but delicious, repast, which a good appetite has made still more grateful, shall my ears be insensible to the concord of sweet sounds, or my eyes to the charms of beauty ? I confess, if I should strive to persist in the enjoyment of any one of these pleasures, the duration of it would lessen it ; it would make it painful : but for what reason ? plainly because the very essence of pleasure consists in variety. Pleasures do not, like pain, arise from a single cause. Pain is wholly owing to a disorder of some particular part of the body, and must be felt as long as that disorder subsists : the very continuance of it augments the intenseness, even by the necessity the mind feels of fixing its attention too long on the same object. If the disorder increases, the pain increases likewise ; but, the instant the former is at an end, the latter ceases, and gives immediate rise to a very real pleasure, that of feeling the returns of vigour and good health. If we were always as sensible of this pleasure as we are in a recovery from illness, I might oppose it singly to all the bodily pains of common

mon life ; for we enjoy this pleasure whole years, for a single day we suffer of pain : but we shall soon see what a number of other pleasures is to be thrown into the balance, and which the little ailments of the body do not hinder us from enjoying constantly.

We are told, that “ they are but few parts of our body that procure us pleasure ; but every one exposes us to the sensations of pain.” It might be very difficult to name that part of the body which does not give us pleasure ; but where is that wretch who has been afflicted in *every* part of his body ? If hereby is meant only the possibility of pain, then nothing is proved ; for the question is not what may possibly happen, but what actually does happen in common life. But this calculation in another view is imperfect ; for we are not singly to consider whether the parts of the body, which give pleasure or pain, be greater in number ; we ought to reckon also the number of different pleasures and pains which each individual part of the body gives rise to, and the number of objects which occasion them. A man, for instance, may have lands in twenty counties, and yet be not so rich as he that has possessions only in two. Let us, then, suppose, that our bodies are composed of four thousand different parts, and each capable of being disordered ; here then will be four thousand pains possible ; and, though there should be no more than ten parts of the body which could give us pleasure, if each of these can give birth to a thousand different pleasures, there will be then ten thousand different pleasures, and only four thousand different possible pains. But, though every sensible object can give us disagreeable as well as pleasing sensations, yet, to give us pain, these must be so near as to hurt us with a certain degree of force ; whilst the flight of birds, their various plumage, the beautiful prospect of a well-cultivated country, &c. &c. afford us great variety of pleasures, without the possibility of giving us pain. Without considering possibilities farther, I will boldly affirm, that the number of pleasures, with which the body is affected, is infinite. The sense of seeing only is the source of many different pleasures : the hearing produces about as many — What a number of delicacies that delight our taste ! and of fragrant odours, our smelling ! There is not an atom in our bodies, from which we do not derive some pleasure, by the sense of feeling, though in a different degree. To all these different pleasures, which spring from our senses, what corporal pain can we set in opposition ? singly that which arises from a disorder in some part of the body ; for though the whole may be disordered, yet that never happens, and the other but seldom ; whereas the pleasures

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pleasures arising from the gratifications of the various senses are almost incessant : so that, had we only to oppose the pleasures to the pains, with regard to their numbers, there would be no comparison ; the advantage would indisputably be with the former. But we will even compare their intensity with each other ; and in this respect it is said, that the advantage in point of number will be more than balanced. I confess, if we were to weigh the most lively pleasures with the sharpest pains, the latter would preponderate : nevertheless we must not make the estimate from the complaints of the sufferers nor the sad tales of valetudinarians, but from an examination, what toil and pain men will bear, to obtain what they esteem a great good ; and one would be surprised to see what men would suffer, not only for the enjoyment of pleasures which they had never experienced, but even for a repetition of those with which they had been cloyed. Those pains, which they consent to suffer, must be deemed less poignant than the pleasures thus purchased : even the deliberation of the mind, whether it shall submit, or not, to suffer, proves the equality. But there are some pains, it is said, which a man would not at any rate consent to suffer, and which must therefore be confessed to be more intense than the greatest pleasures ; but it must also be confessed, that such pains happen very seldom in common life, and that numbers die full-aged without ever feeling them. That these can be only momentary, is evident from our very frame ; when they cease to be tolerable, we are no longer sensible of them ; whilst the least abatement is attended with a pleasing sensation. It appears, then, evident to me, that the pleasures arising from our senses greatly exceed the pains we suffer ; and I am persuaded, that no one, who seriously reflects on this subject, will admit the consequence of the illustrious Maupertuis, where he says, “ Being thus exposed, in respect of our bodies, to a greater quantity of pain than pleasure, (the former of which augments by continuation, the latter diminishes,) it would be happy if we could be entirely free from all impressions of the senses, if we could renounce all pleasing gratifications, and be free from corporal afflictions ; for there is much more to lose than gain, by being thus exposed.”

I might observe, that it would be difficult to discover how men would be employed, or what ideas they would have, if all communication with the senses should be cut off. But, without resting it here, I would only ask, what are those pains, in common life, so terrible to the senses ? Some people have sore eyes : but will it be said, that the pains, which all mankind suffers from the eyes exceed the pleasures which

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the organs of vision procure? The same question might be made on every other sense. Let us then conclude, that, since, in respect of our bodies, we feel much less pain than pleasure, (pains which can even arise but from one single cause, the ceasing whereof gives immediate rise to some pleasing sensation, whereas our pleasures have a thousand different sources, and the ceasing of one is only to give place to another,) we should have just reason to lament our condition, if condemned to give up all these pleasures, to be free from the pains which we feel from our senses.

It would be proper, here, to examine the mental pleasures and pains: but my ideas, in this particular, differ not from the generality of writers, who argue, that these pleasures are very solid; that it is in our power always to avoid any disquietude of mind. Since, then, the pleasures of the mind confessedly exceed the pains, and I flatter myself I have proved that the pleasures of the body are much superior to its afflictions, I hope I am supported in drawing this consequence, *that, in common life, the sum of good surpasses that of evil.*

We must not suffer ourselves to be caught with the murmuring of the greater part of mankind: their complaints for something they possess not are often insincere, generally unreasonable, and always unjust and criminal. Can we too much deplore the folly of those who are ever talking of their unhappiness whilst they live, and yet think themselves most unhappy when death is in their view? I can feel what it is to fear death, when one thinks seriously of what is to come afterwards; but wherefore should the idea of annihilation make these people shrink back with fear? is it not from a secret conviction, that, far from being gainers by insensibility, they would be infinitely losers? If any accident should disturb the tranquillity of our lives, let our imaginations turn back to those happier hours, the enjoyment of which will be ever fresh in our memories; let us enumerate the many blessings we still enjoy, and which offer themselves in alleviation of our misfortunes. If we perceive that our hearts aspire to more perfect felicity, let us be careful to strew with flowers the way which should lead us thither, and enjoy with our understanding, and with the most grateful acknowledgements, those blessings which the bountiful hand of Providence has so liberally showered upon us.

EDGAR.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

The Instructions of Virtue : a Vision.

"Virtue sometimes deigns to visit earth ; but her native abode is in the heavens." PLATO.

NOW had the sun, with mildly-beaming ray,
Sunk in th' Atlantic main, and clos'd the day.

Drawn, by mild eve's refreshing sweets,
to rove,
I left the town, and sought the shady grove :

There, on a fragrant bank, I soon reclin'd,

Lull'd by the whispers of a gentle wind.
Moss form'd the couch, with violets purpl'd o'er ;

So beauteous shells bedeck the barren shore.

High o'er my head the verdant branches play'd,

And form'd a peaceful, cool, refreshing shade.

Now shone sublime, amidst the blue serene,

Majestic Cynthia, night's resplendent queen.

Each tap'ring horn with light illustrious glows,

And o'er the scene a silver mantle throws.

Around her throne the golden planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd shine from pole to pole.

Peace spread her pinions o'er the vast profound,

And solemn awe and silence hover'd round.

While thus in ease the whole creation lay,

And chang'd, for rest, the labours of the day,

Her leaden wings the ebon goddess spread,
And wav'd her poppies o'er my drooping head :

With her soft fetters she my limbs enchain'd,

And breath'd repose, and o'er my senses reign'd.

But while within her soft embrace confin'd,

A strange, yet pleasing, vision fill'd my mind.

Methought I stood upon a rock's steep brow,

That over-hung th' extended deeps below :

VOL. I.

Craggy and vast, with rugged thorn o'er-grown,

Its sides appear'd, and steep the passage down.

No herbage green, or flow'rs, the soil supplies ;

But, with a stony front, it frowns against the skies ;

Beyond the reach of cultivation plac'd,
Unfriendly, dismal, solitary, waste !

The sea-mews lurk within its furrow'd side,

And hardy wild-goats in its clefts abide ;
O'er the vast surface of the rolling main

High rose the surge, and curl'd the liquid plain.

At length, far distant on the sea-green flood,

A form I saw, which void of motion stood ;
Unless that, nearer to the sounding shore,

Approach'd the wave which this bright object bore.

Near, and more near, with slow advance it drew,

Till on the beach it stood, full in my view.

In bright array th' ethereal form was drest :

Down from her shoulders flow'd a snowy vest,

Adorn'd with gems and pearl, the shining store

Of ocean's bed, or Indus' wealthy shore.

High o'er her head a radiant crescent shone,

And beam'd illustrious as the rising sun.

Complacent mildness deck'd her beauteous face ;

Yet temper'd with severe majestic grace,
Her piercing eyes to heav'n the virgin turn'd,

Where Phœbus in meridian glory burn'd.

In her right-hand she bore an ample shield,
And light-wing'd angels glitter'd on its field :

Upon her left appear'd a milk-white dove,
Emblem of innocence, of peace, and love.

At length she mounts, with ease, the dangerous way,

Which to the rock's tremendous summit lay :

Swiftly her feet the mazy path explore,
And gain the brow that overlooks the shore.

When on the rugged cliff she saw me stand,
With aspect sweet, she seiz'd my trembling hand,

Her mein was lovely, and her looks were kind;

For soft compassion touch'd her heav'nly mind.

Then with a voice melodious as the sound Of angels, when with praise the heav'ns resound,

The solemn silence she indulgent broke, And, sweetly-smiling, thus benignant spoke :

" O youth, belov'd by heav'n, my words attend,

And learn instruction from a faithful friend :

I, though unseen, thy erring footsteps guard,

At once thy guide, thy glory, and reward.

Of all the human race, there's none attain,

At death, a blest exemption from their pain,

But those who by my sacred precepts move, And their affections fix on things above ; Who, scorning earth's allurements, nobly rise

To objects more sublime, the treasure of the skies.

" Behold, 'tis VIRTUE now before thee stands ;

'Tis she accosts thee, — she who now commands ;

'Tis she invites thee, — she who would restrain

Thy soul from vice and consequential pain.

Regard the counsel of a faithful friend,

And for a moment thine attention lend : Turn now thine eye ; the broad expanse survey,

And mark yon prospect on the wat'ry way."

She said, and ceas'd. My eyes I instant cast

O'er the vast surface of the foaming waste. There with tempestuous rage the surges roar,

And furious foam and dash against the shore.

Bright through the gloom the red-wing'd light'nings fly,

And bellowing thunders rend th'affrighted sky.

Far on the main a slender skiff appear'd, Whose masts but just above the waves were rear'd ;

This way and that, to's'd by the angry tide,

With motion swift, it roll'd from side to side.

Sometimes it tow'rs superior in the skies, Then, sunk beneath the swelling wave, it lies ;

While dang'rous rocks in secret ambush wait,

And dreadful whirlpools threat impending fate.

Destruction hovers o'er the trembling crew,

And Death in all his terrors meets their view.

Struck with the sight, soft pity touch'd my breast,

And thus the form celestial I address'd,

" Ah ! why, alas ! should winds and waves conspire,

With furious force, and unrelenting ire, Yon feeble bark untimely to destroy,

In view of port, when flush'd with rising joy,

Their parents, friends, and children, to embrace,

And soon to view each long-forgotten face.

Oh for some friendly hand, the helm to guide,

Amidst the fury of the swelling tide — Some friendly pow'r, that might the storm appease,

And safe conduct them through serenest seas !"

This said, I ceas'd. The form divine rejoin'd :

" Let not despair afflict thy gen'rous mind ; Heav'n's laws are founded on a righteous plan :

Yon's but an emblem of the state of man, Soon as embark'd upon the sea of life,

Dangers invade, and passion's baneful strife

Breaks on his peace ; disturb his soul's repose,

And overwhelm him with a weight of woes,

If virtuous, envy, with envenom'd dart And force malignant, wounds him to the heart :

The blasts of pride o'erset his feeble sails, And adverse fortune blows destructive gales.

Ambition's glitt'ring summits tempting rise,

And pleasure, crown'd with rose-buds, charms his eyes.

Now swift-wing'd Hope his panting bosom moves ;

By her inspir'd, each dang'rous scene he proves.

Then fears alarm, and chill his ardent joy, Reverse the prospect, and his bliss destroy :

On

On danger's dreadful brink he trembling
stands,
And spreads to heav'n his supplicating
hands;
Implores protection from that Pow'r on
high,
Who views creation with a Father's eye;
Who pitying sees the humble suppliant
bend,
And, him to succour, will his arm ex-
tend.

"Now view once more, where late
destruction reign'd,
Behold, and see the furious winds re-
strain'd.

The waves are smooth'd; the thunders
cease to roar;
And curling billows gently kiss the shore:
A peaceful bosom now the harbour yields,
And Sol's bright beams illumine the liquid
fields."

I look'd, and joyful saw the smiling
scene,
The glassy main, and harbour all serene.
Now, from the jaws of death repriv'd,
the crew

Expand the canvas, and the sails renew,
To catch the friendly gale, and make
their way

To where in view the peaceful harbour
lay:

This gain'd, they joyful greet the happy
shore,

And smile on dangers past, and heav'n
adore.

Then, with complacent smile, the
nymph rejoin'd:

"Hence learn the purpose of th'Eternal
Mind;

Nor with injustice charge the fix'd decree,
That governs all, throughout immensity.
Though human knowledge fails to see the
cause

Of God's all-righteous never-varying laws,
Yet in consummate wisdom they are made,
And wise the plan omniscient Pow'r has
laid:

Could'st thou that plan in one vast view
explore,

Thy ravish'd soul would silently adore!
Let this instructive prospect lead thy mind
In ev'ry state of life to be resign'd;
And let this consolation cheer thy soul,
With joy which no events may e'er con-
troul,

That, while in *virtue's* path thy feet are
led,

Blessings divine will o'er thy tent be shed:
Or if, thy faith and constancy to try,
Heav'n ban's the cup of transient mis'ry,

This humbly drank, then sweeter potions
wait,

And joys succeeding will thy bliss com-
plete.

When life's expiring lamp shall dimly
burn,

And thy frail frame to kindred dust must
turn,

The opening prospect shall serenely shine,
And I will waft thee to the realms di-
vine.

EUSEBIUS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Ledger.

RUMMAGING over a parcel of old
papers, once the property of my
predecessors, I laid my hand on the fol-
lowing production; which, (as we are
apt to judge of the taste of others from our
own,) having given me some pleasure in
the perusal, I send for insertion in the
Monthly Ledger, thinking it may com-
municate the same to others.

ICENUS.

Advice to a friend on the score of Marriage.

NOT to let our admiration
Rise beyond a temp'rate sphere,
Horace says is here the ready
Road to happiness sincere.

This is certain, if our minds
Settled, calm, serene, the view,
Wisdom loves to deal instruction,
And teach us what to say and do.

Cease, then, my friend, from anxious
thought;

We cannot others acts controul:
Enough thy breast has learnt to heave —
Hush'd be the tumult of thy soul.

Come, let us count a happier hour,
And sport in reason's cheerful rays;
Laugh, without folly, where we must,
And pity where we cannot praise.

Integrity, with open front,
Pour'd out in love an honest heart:
This be thy wall of brass, and this
Thy fortress, 'gainst affliction's dart.

It met, or seem'd to meet, a smile —
Must those be fickle that are fair?
It bar'd the breast to ev'ry search —
Should those use art who wisdom share?

Strange medley ! — but advert to this ;
 Thy fortress lofty ramparts yield —
 Ascend — lo ! speculation's mount
 To thy rais'd eyes now opens a spacious
 field.

See'st thou two seniors issuing from yon
 town,
 Intent in converse as they cut the wind ?
 Much stress they lay on house and riches
 store,
 To warp the passions of a female mind ;

And shall prevail : for see that slender
 youth,
 Pacing the self-same road with lively
 glee —
 Enough — Descend, and catch the rea-
 s'ning strain ;
 Know thy own worth, and bid that
 worth be free.

Trying 'tis to meet refusal,
 When the fair begin to melt ;
 But she, who frowns *then* without reason,
 Love's true passion ne'er has felt.

And, without the heart's affection,
 Who would wish the hand to gain ?
 Marriage without mutual transport
 Soon becomes a galling chain.

Are riches, house, or situation,
 The fair's chief aim, or those about her ?
 In either case, my friend, believe me,
 Thou'rt a far happier man without her.

Assume the man — shake off her fetters :
 Yet ever let thy wishes rise :
 Tender for her future blessing,
 Be thou merry still and wise.

If they've dealt by artful measure,
 Aft thou on wisdom's open plan ;
 For cunning is to honesty
 But as an ape is to a man.

Then let them, if they can, exult
 In each *prudential* scheme and wife :
 When cunning gets the start of frankness,
 I wonder if the heart can smile.

But if, seeing their own folly,
 They should chuse the nobler part,
 To reward thy honest passion,
 How great the triumph of thy heart !

He, whom the muse, in artless lays,
 Now bids to pour th' instructive tale,
 Claims as his own a female heart,
 Where *steady* virtue does prevail,

Hid from the world he found the fair,
 By foolish tongues traduc'd, malign'd ;
 Her virtue won his youthful heart ;
 Her manners fix'd his roving mind.

Form'd by a prudent mother's care,
 She learn'd her early thoughts to bend,
 Amidst th' employments of her sex,
 To mark the duties of a friend.

Such may'st thou find, my friend ! and
 then
 No fears or clouds thou wilt descry ;
 Clouds which without a reason rise,
 And fears which spring no man knows
 why.

And ere again thou seek'st a mate,
 Let me this useful lesson tell :
 Where caprice, or where cunning rules,
 True love and friendship cannot dwell.

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

COME, Melancholy, musing maid,
 Who seek'st the thick sequester'd
 shade,
 Where solitude erects her silent throne ;
 Or wild umbrageous bow'r,
 Or ivy-mantled tow'r,
 With bats swift wheeling round its shat-
 ter'd sides,
 Where croaks the raven — where the
 owl resides,
 And through the still night, pours her
 plaintive moan :
 Where ruins scatter'd round,
 And crumbling fragments strew the ground,
 Watching the glow-worm's paly ray,
 Or meteor shooting thro' th' aerial way,
 From converse with mankind thou seek'st
 to retire ;
 Thou who, with dishevel'd hair,
 Sit'st musing on a rugged stone,
 With fixed eye, and brow severe,
 Where the gurgling waters run,
 Inspire the song.
 To thee belong
 The sad, yet soothing, strains that wake
 The mournful lyre.
 Slow and solemn be the sound,
 While the strings my fingers sweep ;
 Let the pendent rocks around
 With trickling waters weep,
 And Echo waft my rising sighs
 O'er the wild margin of the foaming deep.
 Sometimes methinks I see thee lie reclin'd
 Beneath the baneful yew-tree's shade ;
 With silent sorrow brooding o'er thy mind,
 Sad by mournful musing made ;

And,

And, while thy pale cheek rests upon thy hand,

The chrysal drops soft-trickling from thine eyes,

Descending, strew with pearls the barren strand,

While ev'ry hollow breeze comes loaded with thy sighs.

No more the gay, the festive, throng,

The mazy dance, the sprightly song,

Softly warbling, charm thine ear ;

Musick swells the notes in vain ;

Pleasure, with her sportive train,

Scarce can keep thee from despair.

For thee, in vain, sweet spring awakes the flow'rs ;

In vain gay summer shines in varied dyes,

Or autumn sheds her fruits in golden show'rs ; —

To thee each beauteous scene no joy supplies.

Far from these, to dreary scenes,

A lonely haunt, or gloomy shade,

'Mongst the mournful evergreens,

Thou retir'st and hid'st thy head.

The rifted rock, the column's shatter'd brows,

The blasted oak, by Jove's dread bolt deform'd,

The crumbling tow'rs, where clasping ivy grows,

The tott'ring battlements which war has form'd,

With pensive pleasure feed thine eyes,

And lull thy woes with fancied ease,

While the pale moon her shadowy beam supplies.

Sometimes, where sepulchral stones

Proclaim the spoils of Death's all-conqu'ring hand,

And o'er the slow-corroding bones

Their name and age in frail memorial stand,

Thou sit'st, and, poring o'er the tale,

Becom'st thyself a monument in tears.

There, beneath the vaulted skies,

With pallid cheeks, and tearful eyes,

While the chilling damps arise,

(Peace a stranger to thy breast,)

Joyless, pensive, and distress'd,

(The bleak winds beating o'er thy naked head,

And sporting with thy hair,)

Thou see'st around thin shades arise,

And sheeted ghosts, and spectres drear,

Glide tedious with averted eyes,

Shoot up in lambent flame, and tow'r along the skies.

Then hollow groans thine ear invade ;

Echoing through the gloomy shade,

Disturb the deep silence :

The moon retires behind a cloud,

And Night puts on her sable shroud,

And horror cloaths the scene.

Now, with silent steps and slow,

Inly pining with thy woe,

To thy solitary cell,

Where thou ever lov'st to dwell,

Thou, retreating with a sigh,

Seek'st, but in vain, to close thy ever-wakeful eye.

Around thy couch, the family of Spleen,

With aspect wan, and ghastly mein,

(Ideal shapes, in terror clad,) arise ;

And discontent, with baneful wing,

Of ev'ry joy pollutes the spring,

And spreads a dark veil o'er the brightest skies.

Not all the blifs that Eden could bestow

Can light up sunshine in thy pensive breast ;

Fix'd are thy sorrows ; rooted is thy woe ;

And nought on earth can yield thee peace or rest.

EUSEBIUS.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

CURIO presents his compliments to your ingenious correspondent, W. who gave us a *poetical Walk* from Norwich to Walden, in your last number ; and, as he has created a *Gothic spire* to the steeple of Attleborough in Norfolk, will be much obliged to him to give a *poetical* description of its *altitude* in your next. Curio will also esteem it a still farther obligation if Mr. W. will also tell us what he means by *Hadley's dome* near Walden.

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